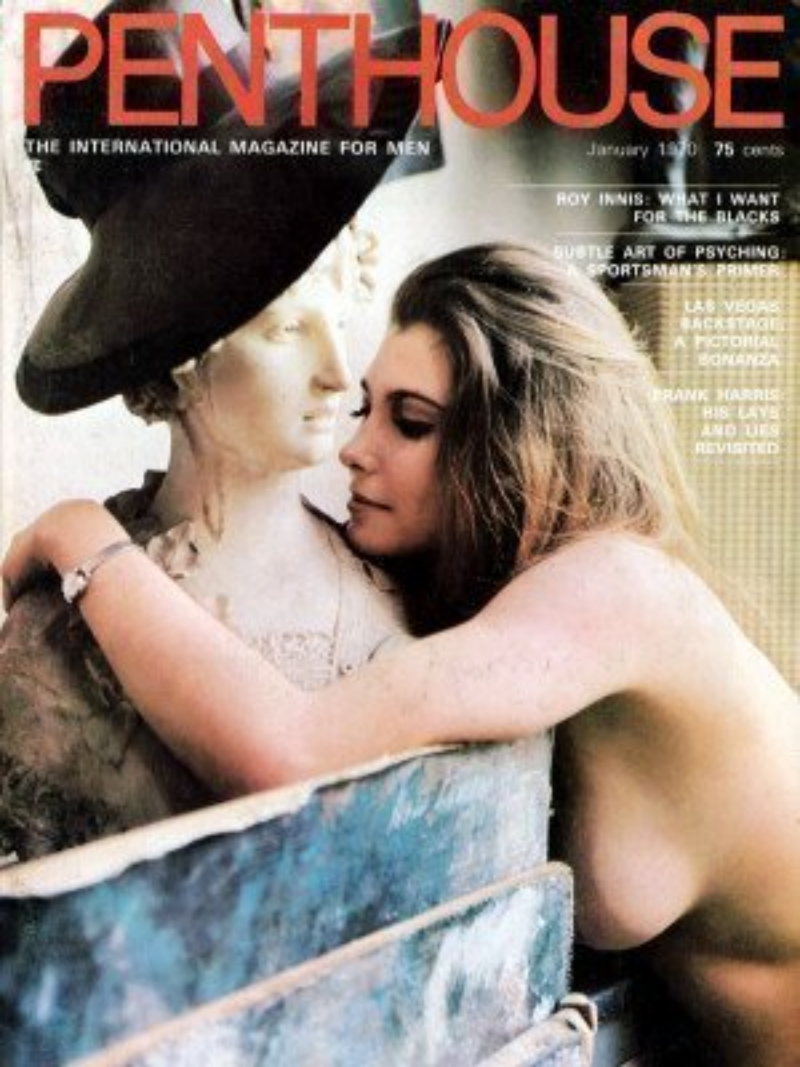


PENTHOUSE



THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

January 1970 75 cents

ROY INNIS: WHAT I WANT
FOR THE BLACKS

SUBTLE ART OF PSYCHING:
A SPORTSMAN'S PRIMER

LAS VEGAS
BACKSTAGE:
A PICTORIAL
SONATA

BRANK HARRIS:
HIS LAYS
AND LIES
REVISITED



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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/JANUARY 1970 

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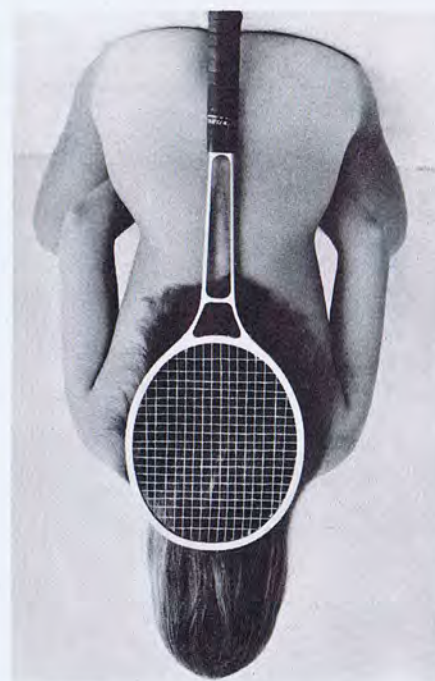
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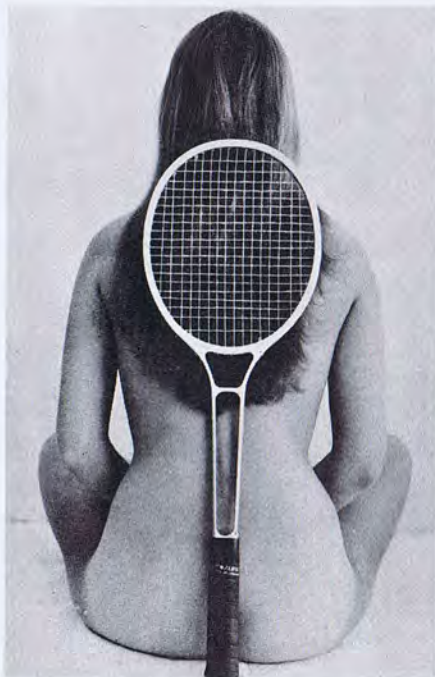
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"TIME" ON OUR HANDS

In an article entitled "Penthouse vs. Playboy", *Time* magazine's press section (November 7, 1969) ran an hypothetical exchange of letters between Penthouse and an imaginary Penthouse reader. The intent of the mock correspondence was to vitiate the early and much publicized success of Penthouse by making disproportionate comparisons to its older and wealthier rival. The following is a gentle reminder that when the going gets rough anyone can take *Time* off.

Dear Time: As a long-standing reader of your excellent magazine, I would like to query an article you carried in a recent edition entitled *Penthouse vs. Playboy*. My interest in this matter is purely academic as I am told by my press staff that Penthouse is a British publication and that it is very widely read by our friends abroad. Could you possibly clarify one or two points concerning this magazine as I found the *Time* article a little confusing.—RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON . . .

Dear Mr. President: Allow me to say how flattered we all are that you have taken time from your busy schedule to comment on our recent

formed that Penthouse is the only men's magazine in the world now selling openly and by official government order behind the Iron Curtain, i.e. Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland, etc. In view of this information, you will understand my concern for further and better particulars.

Dear Mr. President: Once again, let me say how pleased we are that you continue to find the time to discuss one of our less important items. Since we up here at Time Inc. do not regard this sort of magazine seriously, we naturally assumed (with all due respect) that no one else does either. If we have failed in this instance to keep you properly informed we apologize and look forward to providing any further details you may require.—TIME . . .

P.S. Incidentally, the European sale of Penthouse, though admittedly larger than *Time's* does not have quite the same social significance.

Dear Time: Thank you for your recent letter and, whereas I do not wish to engage in any discussions on the social significance of *Time* as opposed to any other publication, I would like to note that other magazines such as Penthouse and *Playboy* promote a style of living somewhat more palatable to the European reader than that normally found in the news pages of *Time*. This is not an impeachment of the editorial policy of your own excellent publication but rather a frank acknowledgement of the potentially agreeable propaganda that might be obtained from magazines in which the accent is centered on entertainment and other leisure activities.

What concerns me more, however, is that Penthouse originated in Britain and is, for all practical purposes, a British effort. I therefore feel that your treatment of its sudden and obviously successful appearance on the American market could have been a bit more informative. It is not so much a question of diplomacy as one of practical friendship and hospitality as required in the true manner and spirit of American democracy.—RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON . . .

Dear Mr. President: Once again let me reiterate how very impressed we all are up here at Time Inc. to note that you are still able to find the time, despite the pressures and commitments of your busy schedule, to discuss what we all believe to be an irrelevant and undistinguished *Time* feature. Since there seems to be some doubt as to our editorial integrity in the *Penthouse vs. Playboy* piece, I hasten to reassure you that informed opinion rather than pussyfoot diplomacy has always been the cornerstone of our policy. As to Mr. Bob Guccione, founder, editor, publisher and (if I may press the point) sole owner of Penthouse magazine, he is as American as instant pizza. Admittedly, Mr. Guccione started the magazine in Britain some five years ago and its popular identity is most certainly British, but we still fail to relate the "manner and spirit of American democracy" to a sex magazine. Out of deference

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

HOUSECALL

Penthouse vs. Playboy article. My staff and I would like to apologize for any confusion which may have disturbed your appreciation of the article and look forward to the opportunity of clarifying any points you may have.—TIME . . .

Dear Time: Thank you for your prompt reply. As the *Penthouse vs. Playboy* article tended to contrive a comparison between the two magazines, I fail to understand on which level this comparison is being drawn. The article did not provide your usual in-depth coverage of the facts, nor did it provide any background to the case whatsoever. In the circumstances, I am frankly unable to draw any conclusion on the relative merits of these two publications and must turn to you for further clarification.—RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON . . .

P.S. My press department informs me that the British edition of Penthouse outsells all other English-language magazines in Europe with the occasional exception of *Playboy* and that its coverage of the Anglo-American oriented societies of Western Europe is considerably more extensive than that of your own excellent publication. I am also in-



Samuel A. Eisenstein

For one of our occasional incursions into the world of sport, we enlist in this issue the services of Leonard Koppett, outstanding sportswriter long admired by readers of the *New York Times*. The theme explored in his entertaining article is the contemporary value of the old-fashioned skulduggery of gamesmanship. Russian-born and New York raised, Koppett lives in midtown Manhattan with his wife Suzanne and two small children, and finds



Leonard Koppett

his work so much fun that he says he has yet to see a ball game he didn't enjoy. Switching from outdoor to indoor sport, we introduce Zie Tzaro, who contrived the numbers game called *It's sex that counts*. Tzaro is a Danish cartoonist who for several seasons has been dropping into our London office with ingenious graphic inventions for our U.K. edition. Another European contribution comes from author John Deane Potter, biographer of



Fred Darwin.

Yamamoto, the Japanese admiral of World War II. He became interested in the Japanese war leaders when working in Tokyo as editor of *Japan News*, and has also written a biography of Field Marshal Yamashita. In these pages he casts a probing professional eye on the celebrated autobiography of Frank Harris. More probing is performed on CORE leader Roy Innis in the exclusive interview conducted by Mark B vs Monkys. An award-

winning newspaperman before he switched to broadcast journalism, Monkys is currently a writer and producer for C.B.S., and is also at work on a novel. An earlier appearance of his in Penthouse was as co-author of our November study of whiskers as a guide to character. Two newcomers we're glad to welcome to our pages are Samuel A. Eisenstein and Fred Darwin. Eisenstein, who teaches English and creative writing at Los Angeles City College, is the author of this month's outstanding short story, *Post Cortus Tristus*. He is 37, married, and has written three unpublished novels, though we feel confident in forecasting a happier fate for the fourth. Fred Darwin, a new View from the Top contributor, is the maverick news commentator of WFTM (103.5mc), who holds several journalism awards and also reviews books for *Saturday Review*. He has finished a book on the urban crisis.

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P238. ENDLESS WINTER. Ski bum paradise in blinding day-glo red, chartreuse, blue & white. 29" x 41". Only 1.98



P239. PHOENIX. Rebirth of the legendary Phoenix; dayglo cerise, burnt orange, purple, green, chartreuse & black on blue background. 29" x 23". Only 1.98



P294. TIMOTHY LEARY for GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA. Silkscreen day-glo greens, cerise, blue, brown. 20" x 28". Only 1.98



P246. BAEZ GIRLS. Photograph in full color. "Proceeds from the sale of this poster go to The Draft Resistance". 29 1/2" x 42". Only 1.98



P147. HUG: LION'S HEAD. On Canvas: in brown tones and yellows. 22" x 28". Only 5.95



P663. ZONK. In brilliant dayglo colors on black. 39 1/2" square. Only 2.49



P146. HUG: LEOPARD. On Canvas: a leopard in repose, lithographed clad in Saran in brown tones and yellows. 28" x 22". Only 5.95



P127. MARIE THREE. The famous Marie in a Recamier pose—a leopard in repose, lithographed clad in Saran in brown tones and yellows. 20 1/2" x 31 1/2". Only 1.98



P117. PINK LADY. In day-glo pinks and burnt orange. 20 1/2" x 31 1/2". Only 1.98



P110. THORAU: ON INDIVIDUALITY. Painting by Hazard Duffee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". Only 3.95



P876. MARIE. Photograph in full color. 29 1/2" x 52 1/2". Only 1.98



P676. OSAKA EXPO 70 POSTER. Chroma-themum in bronze-gold with red center on black background. 29 1/2" x 42". Only 1.98



P111. Faulkner: 'I BELIEVE... that man will not merely endure/he will pre-empt it.' 30" x 45". Only 3.95



P109. Lessing: 'EDUCATION IS REVELATION THAT AFFECTS THE INDIVIDUAL.' 30" x 45". Only 3.95



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P880. BRIGITTE BARDOT. In Full Color—Bardot in necktie, golden hair, and water. 29 1/2" x 42 1/2". Only 1.00



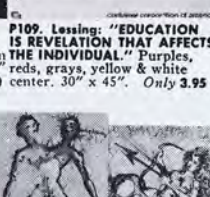
P667. ENDLESS SUMMER. Irrescent hues of fuchsia, orange and mango with figures on white canvas. 20" x 24". Special 2.98



P737. Picasso: DON QUIXOTE. On Art Canvas—silk-screen in black and white. 20" x 24". Special 2.98



P301. Dali: SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC—12 Plate Portfolio. Reproduced in eight colors. Incredibly imaginative, each a masterpiece. Each 14" x 18". Portfolio of 12, Only 9.95



P793. WANDA EMBRY. In full, delicious color, life like! and life size! 12" x 63". Only 4.95



P187. GRETA. Painted lady motorcyclist atwart a Los Borrachos M.C. rod; full color. 42" x 29". Only 1.98



P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Color blocks in rhythmic pattern; dayglo black, red, blue, orange, on black. 29" x 23". Only 1.98



P130. TOM THUMB. Dayglo greens, reds & yellows on a blue background. 21" x 27". Special 1.98



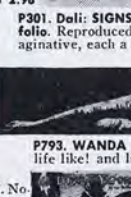
P789. SIGNALS. OP circles and squares in day-burnt orange, rose, dayglo green on matte black. 25" x 23". Only 1.98



P240. U&I. Dayglo cerise, chartreuse, green on matte black. 29" square. Only 1.98



P311. PEACE NOW. November March poster. 20" x 34". Only 1.00



P573. Toulouse-Lautrec: DIVAN JAPONAIS. Collotype in shades of green, gray-green, yellow and subdued orange. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. Special 1.00



P780. Klee: FLOWERS IN STONE. Lithograph in orange, pale cream, green, blue, and rose. 18 1/2" x 23 1/2". Pub. at \$7.50. Now Only 2.98



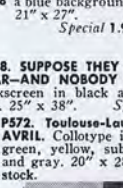
P665. Klee: SENECIO. Hues of red, pink, yellow, cream and burnt orange. 15 3/4" x 17". Only 2.98



P666. CHIQUITA BANANA. In ripe banana yellow. 19" x 48 3/4". Special 1.00



P572. Toulouse-Lautrec: JANE AVRIL. Collotype in shades of green, yellow, subdued orange and gray. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. Special 1.00



P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen in black and dayglo red. 25" x 38". Special 4.95



P177. '2' The world dot of a question mark, with a mushroom cloud swirling above; in 4 colors. 23" x 29". Only 1.98



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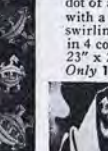
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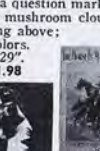
P837. Chagall: THE PRAYING JEW. In dark tones, icy blue-white, and yellow-green; 18 1/2" x 24". Pub. at \$7.50. Only 2.98



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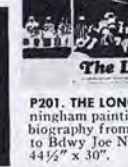
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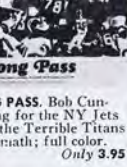
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 110 East 59th Street, New York, N.Y. Correspondents will be asked to confirm authorship by signing and returning a verification form. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Consumer report

Your magazine finally made it to the war zone. I don't know how many copies made it here but they are selling at a much greater rate than *Playboy*. I bought a November issue and was greatly impressed with the articles and photography. I'm sure your magazine will really go far.

I would like to see a Penthouse calendar come out, though. Particularly for counting off the days over here.

Your centerfold in the November issue, Ulla, is the best I've seen over here. I would like to know if I can get some more pictures of her. Pinups are rather hard to get and they are about the only things we are allowed to interior decorate with, and remind us of what is in the world and what we are fighting for there.

Well, I guess I'll have to close this letter now, as I have to go fix some planes. But you will hear from me again—this payday when I send in my subscription. Thanks for a decent magazine.—*Sgt. Charles F. Hensley, Vietnam.*

Thanks for the appreciation. Sorry about the pin-ups, but the Ulla originals were color transparencies, and no prints were made from them.—*Ed.*

I have read the first three issues of Penthouse with great interest. I was pleased with the frankness prevalent in each issue, especially in the Penthouse Forum. I was glad to see that you make no bones about printing letters you receive, no matter how much they degrade your work. Unjustly, of course!

My point is this—please stop taking seriously the accusations that you are stealing from *Playboy*. Except for the well done pictorial essays, Penthouse is different in many ways, and you know what they are. Congratulations.—*Dustin Madison Pharoah (address withheld by request).*

I've always believed that one's first impressions or intuitions are most likely to be accurate. But of course, an opinion doesn't always categorize as truth. I want to mention that today I saw a copy of Penthouse (September) in the PX, and just on pure speculation and out of curiosity I gambled my 75 cents. I don't feel you've come any closer to competing successfully with *Playboy* than have so many other similar publications. I commend your attempt, and the layout is very good. Your art and illustration, as well as lettering, is good—I enjoyed it.

I was grossly disappointed in your letters section. It resembled so many of the so-called case histories, and I'm sure will bore many readers. The "Shazam" feature I found amusing and loved the illustration by Forbes for "Wanda". The lettering is beautiful, too. The fable of the Amorous Armadillo left me cold.

I wish you every success.—*SP/4 Ron Brown, U.S. Army, Nha Trang.*

It's a comforting thought to know that your "adult entertainment" magazine will now be here to compete against *Playboy*. And to think we used to have only one nudie magazine to choose from. To know that there are people out there who will "give us the pictures" without all that philosophy crap warms my heart. By all means, make sure you show as much as you can and put in as few words as possible. If anyone calls it filth, don't listen to them; they can't help it if they're not mature enough for such "adult entertainment".—*Clark Dugger, student, U.C.L.A.*

I wish to congratulate you on the appearance of Penthouse. This marvelous magazine has a lot to say (and show). No wonder the rabbit is worried!—*Carl Freeman, Burton Avenue, Plainview, N.Y.*



I came across this magazine quite by accident. It is without a doubt one of the filthiest books I have seen. It goes without saying that it belongs in the (p) bottom of the garbage can.

How can you sleep nights? Do you realize how many young teenagers you reach by this filth? This is not "Art", so don't try to excuse yourself on that. It is plain dirty pictures. As I am a mother of 10 children, I am against anything that will harm my children's minds. So I begin with your kind of magazine.

I wonder what you would do if you had a daughter or son who would read Penthouse. Would you not be afraid for them?

Do you know about the Ten Commandments? Do you know the 6th and 8th? Look them up in the Bible or catechism and learn them!—*Mrs F.D. (name and address withheld).*

Forbes fans

We are writing in reference to a dynamite drawing in your first American issue. The picture is on page 54 under the title of *Oh, Wicked Wanda!* We were so taken by the picture that we were wondering if it would be possible for you to send us a few poster-size prints.

Think your mag is great, dig the writers, editorial, and especially the groovy round-eyes.

Thank you, keep your heads.—*The Clerks of the 73d SAC, APO SF 96291.*

The illustration was by Brian Forbes, a Penthouse regular, based in London. No poster-size prints in prospect yet, but we've had the suggestion from others too.—*Ed.*

A hit or a Mrs?

I have spent but a mere 21 years on this earth. And in that time I have twice traveled Europe, spanned the U.S. and Canada. Many magazines and films have crossed my eyes. Many girls have I known—many have I not known. But never—truly, never, ever—have I known an Ulla Lindstrom! Not only is she a charming and thoroughly lovable girl—but she also has a very intelligent and well thought-out outlook on life. She is truly a girl that I would like to know better.

However, as that seems unlikely—I am a proverbial "draft dodger" and I will soon be indicted, then imprisoned—I was wondering if it could be at all possible for me to obtain a lovely photo of Miss Lindstrom? I think that might brighten up my cell and my life should I be convicted (probably) and sentenced (possibly).

Why one out of four people into our music is onto our Stereo 8 Tapes.

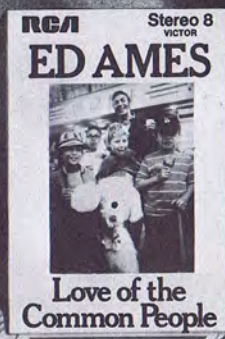
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Perhaps you might let Miss Lindstrom read my fan letter, also? However, this letter is to be disregarded if the ring on her left hand is of any significance—as I might interpret it.—D.K. (name and address withheld).

I bought my first copy of Penthouse today. Perhaps my last! Reason: your November centerfold is apparently married. Look closely at her pictures—note the ring on her left hand. An editing oversight?

Don't get me unnecessarily wrong. If she's married and wants to pose nude—fine. But let's establish our code. I know a playmate who posed nude but she *did* remove her wedding band.

It's my hang-up and quite possibly a great many young people like me (mid-twenties) suffer from the same code. I am not married, but I resent a married woman lowering herself or marriage in the public eye. I, for one, would still like people to look upon marriage as something special to be shared between two individuals.—John Dunning, Coosawattee Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

P.S. I enjoyed the centerfold, married or not. She is especially sharp and desirable. Good luck in your future issues.

Relax! Ulla is both a hit and a miss. European wedding-ring customs are flexible. Outside Great Britain, such rings are often worn on the third finger of the right hand, and unmarried girls can wear decorative rings on the third finger of the left hand.—Ed.

The naked crunch

Thank you for Rimmer's article, *The Naked*

Crunch, in your November issue. I spotted it at Detroit airport this past week. We have become fans of his since recently reading *The Harrod Experiment*, *Proposition 31*, and *The Rebellion of Yale Marratt*. I wonder how women feel about his call for action. This is a human issue, not a male issue!

Your magazine is helpfully and healthily moving beyond sheer sexiness towards a human approach to our sexuality. Like Rimmer, we believe the values controlling naturalness and spontaneity in man/woman relationships stymie growth and development. I see his call for nudity and swiving as a step toward releasing people into themselves and into the world. His statement at the conclusion, "... you will change your world . . . as a by-product of this new kind of man and woman", states my yearning and conviction.

I am over 40, my gal likewise. We are working in the same direction as Rimmer explores in his books. Community pressures limit our nudity times, as well as those with our children. But it is great to be alive, and on the move.

Keep up the good work. Your cover is excellent. I'll be interested in the feedback you get on *The Naked Crunch*. Peace and joy.—Edwin de F. Bennett, Houston, Texas.

I like very much the ideas of R. H. Rimmer in his essay, but I doubt that the Spring Festival of Nakedness would be a wide success next year or the year after. Too many people, men and women, are of the opinion that to be naked in public should be reserved exclusively to beauty contest winners. They don't realize that the naked human body of both sexes is beauty in itself—with many fewer exceptions than they suppose. But we have to take things as they are,

and to make a good move towards Utopia we should try to reach not only the avant-gardists, but the so-called normal male and female up to middle age. Only a few of them will follow through to complete nakedness without an intermediate step.

The see-through fashion in beachwear could be this intermediate step. Women have to get accustomed to their tips of breasts, pubic hair and buttocks being seen. You should therefore support this fashion trend as far as possible by suitable publications, etc.

But what about the men? They are no less hesitant about being naked and—an even bigger problem—women have to overcome their hesitation to see a naked man who is not her own lover or husband. See-through swimwear for men? Definitely not. Perhaps minimum slips consisting only of a small triangle in the dangerous front and sheer cords on the rear would be a step forward. If it is advertised and promoted as the classic male look to meet the challenge of females in see-through wear, it could perhaps be a success.

At any rate practical steps have to be made if there should be any chance that in 1989 a 16-year-old girl could think and look as you described. Please excuse my poor English.—K.W. (name and address withheld), Aachen, West Germany.

Not his Scenes

I had never read Penthouse before your September issue came to Vietnam, a little late—we didn't get it until October 15. You have an excellent magazine, except for Henry Morgan, who wrote the article, *Scenes*, in your View from the Top. Where did he come from? He came up with the worst conglomeration of terms which he probably thought very witty but which I and my buddies here, and undoubtedly a great number of other people, thought very badly used.—Kim Strickler, Warlords, APO SF 96374.

We thought he was a gas—and again this month too. See page 21.—Ed.

Help stamp out tights?

I too would like to join the crusade to ban tights, pantyhose, girdles, etc. In my salad days nothing dampened my ardor quite like encountering a nasty old girdle, or bloomers. You can see I'm talking about the '20s.

While I agree with M.R. in your October issue that nylon is superior, it happens that I came along a long time before nylon, and to me the most thrilling experiences involved silk panties, neatly rolled silk stockings, and the wonderland between.

I'm strong for the Panties Appreciation Movement.—W.A.P. (name withheld), Lake Jackson, Texas.

Men in this day and age should count their blessings. According to a certain Septimus Pierre, author of *The Art of Perfumery 1879*, men were not allowed a look in, let alone a "look up". He records that a Bill was introduced into the English Parliament which included the following passage:

"That all women of whatever age, rank, or profession or degree, whether virgins, maids,



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Enclosed is my check/money order/cash for \$25

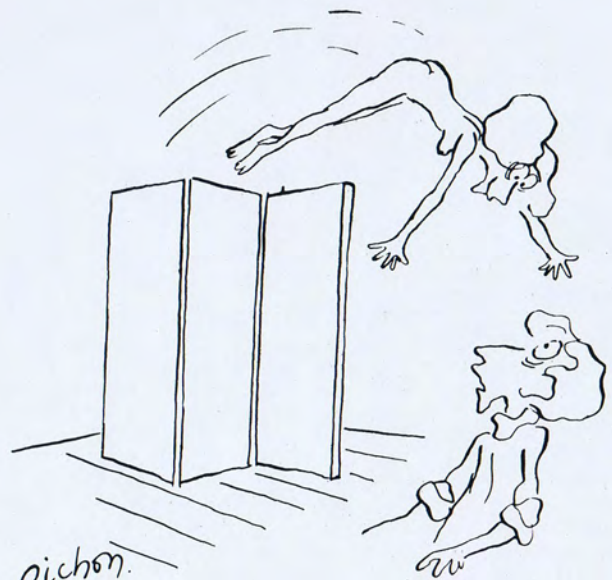
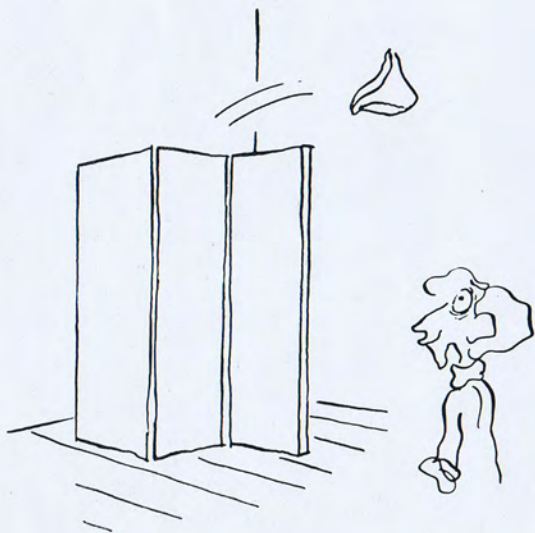
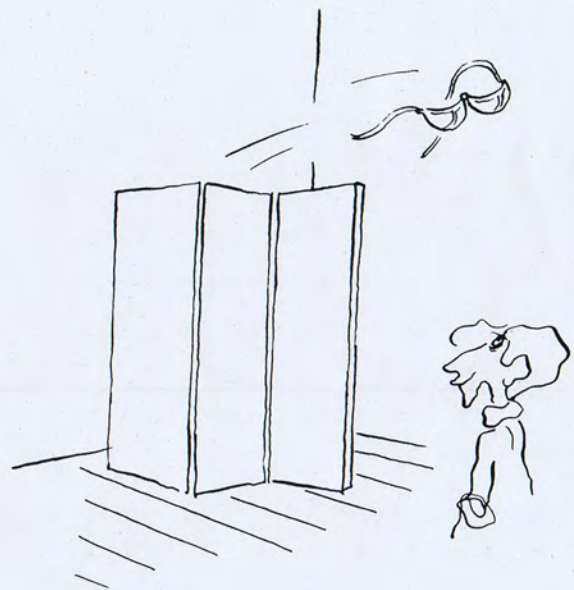
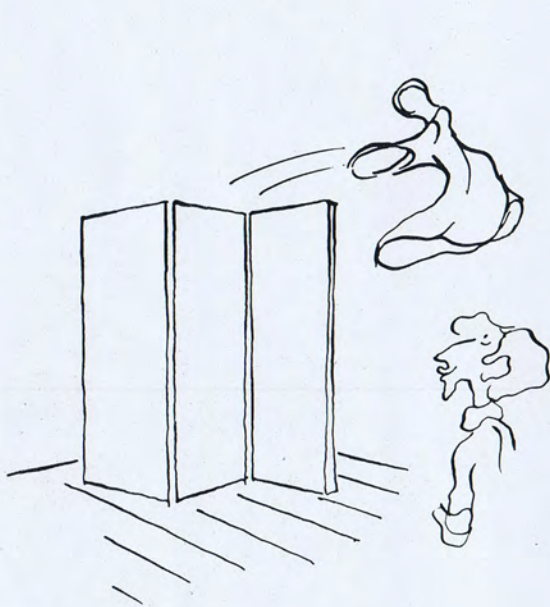
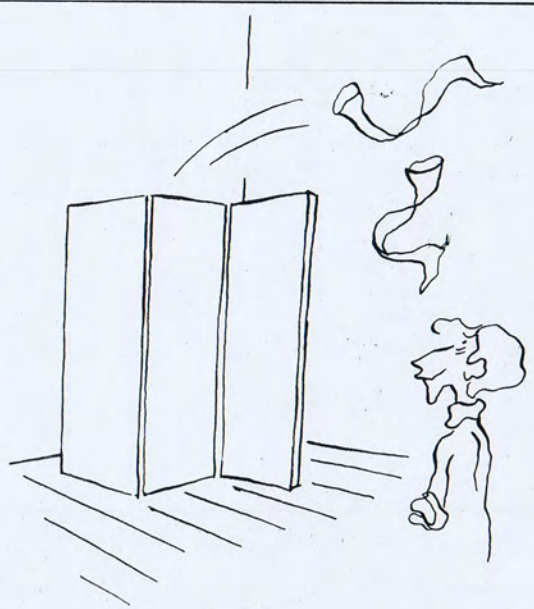
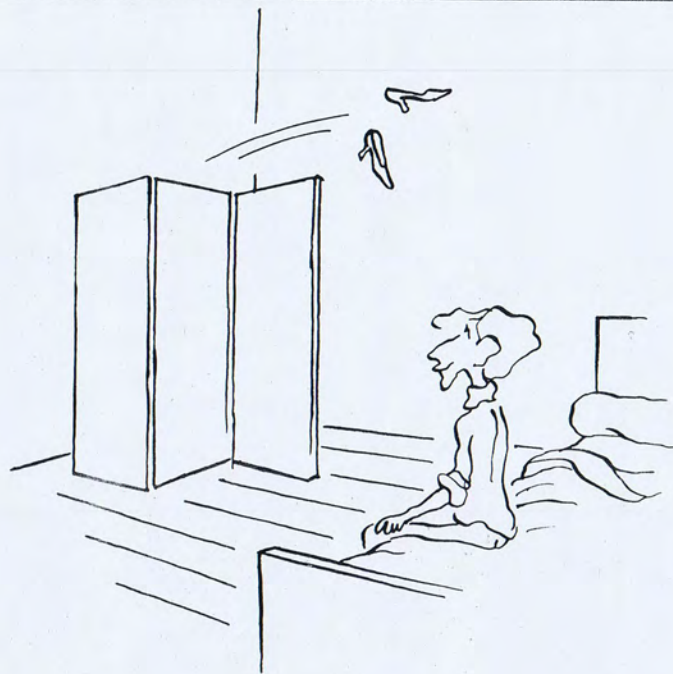
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pickon.

or widows, that shall, from and after such Act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects, by scents, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

There is no record of this Bill ever being made a law of the land. When, however, I see a "flashing glimpse of teasing nudity" I can only pray: "Down with tights, let us see more!"—*R.V. (name and address withheld), Oxford, England.*

At last, a letter *supporting* tights! I would like to add my voice to I.C.'s (November). To me tights are inexhaustibly interesting. They are, of course, a fetish with me and to some extent, their appeal is irrational. But I think there are also quite good reasons why tights should be appealing, and I would be surprised if Penthouse does not have many other male readers who like them.

For a start "tights" just *sound* more exciting than "stockings". The latter term suggests a purely utilitarian garment, whereas "tights" suggests, well, something tight—something doing for the mound of Venus and the legs what a tight sweater does for the breasts. (Incidentally, if what a girl-friend once told me is anything to go by, women find tight trousers on men equally stimulating: as she put it, "when I see a man wearing a tight pair of trousers, I only look in one place".)

To return to stockings, I am prepared to take hold-ups at a pinch. But, suspenders! About as romantic as a male in shirt-sleeves wearing braces must be to a woman!

Readers of Penthouse may be interested to know how tights first became of such interest to me. Just over a year ago I was living in a small, mixed hostel; I was strongly attracted by a girl fellow-resident in the hostel (the same girl I quoted earlier on the subject of the tight trousers). Unfortunately, she found herself unable to return my affection. But she always wore striking, vividly colored tights—red, mauve, green. My bedroom was in the basement and outside my door was a clothes-horse on which we hung up clothes to dry when we had washed them. Very early one morning I emerged from my room, to find there, hung up to dry, about four pairs of this girl's tights. I can vividly remember fingering them and, thinking, as my hands moved up those gorgeously colored tights, of the place where, like forbidden fruit, that ultimate of ultimates would be when she wore them. Ever since that day (and she continues to reject me) tights have been a fetish with me.—*J.M. (name and address withheld), London N.W.3.*

Indian rope trick

I have a tale to relate which might interest others. I arrived early at a party one night (about 8.30 p.m.) and the hostess introduced me to a rather demure-looking American girl. We had been dancing, drinking and talking for about 45 minutes when she suggested adjourning to the nearest pub and returning later. To cut a

long story short we never returned—she asked me to take her home and I had visions of dumping her and returning to the party to find a knickerless girl to play with.

However, on arrival at her flat, I was invited in for a drink and when I got up to leave 15 minutes later, this shy little girl asked me to accompany her into the next room. As we entered she shut the door (bedroom type) and produced a piece of knotted string about 6ins long. This had knots, about one per inch. When we had undressed and were indulging in a little foreplay she tried to put this up my rectum. Naturally I rejected this but was persuaded to agree.

The experience while making love was the most fantastic I have ever known, as she proceeded at irregular intervals to jerk the string out knot by knot. This is something that we both did next morning only this time with a piece of string each. She told me that she had learnt this from a Redskin and I can only class this as one more marvelous Indian rope trick.—*P.W. (name and address withheld), Langley, Buckinghamshire, England.*

Western kick

I have seen many Western films, and the sight of the heroine in cowgirl dress, stetson, colorful blouse, divided riding skirt, and high-heeled cowgirl riding boots, really stimulates me. So does seeing the heroine being captured by the villain, and ending up bound hand and foot, and securely gagged. I know many men who feel the same way.

All the best to your magazine, it is very enlightening.—*G.T. (name withheld), Leadenhall Street, London E.1.*

Hair and where

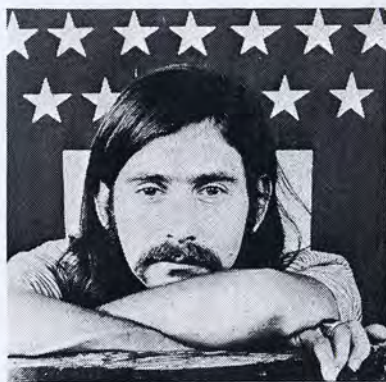
My wife and I are both of the opinion that she has an excessive amount of pubic hair. She has tried various methods of getting rid of it, such as shaving, depilatory creams and electrolysis. We were under the impression that electrolysis was the only permanent method to get rid of unwanted hair.

In your November Forum, Peter B. from Derby said his wife, a beautician, learned a method of depilation out East which is without irritation and eventually permanent. This method was never described. Is there any way we can find out what the method is? We are hoping it would be easier than electrolysis, which is very time-consuming and drawn out. We would be very interested in hearing about any methods of removing hair which are permanent.—*Mr & Mrs E. W. Thomas, Pensacola, Florida.*

The birth of our first child several years ago and the surgical necessity of shaving the pubic hair prior to delivery convinced me that the continuous maintenance of that clean and presentable shaven state was very desirable. This has been done, but, as you might imagine, not without considerable inconvenience and periodic irritation on my wife's part.

Therefore, it was with great interest that we read of the unique depilation method employed by Peter B.'s wife in the November Forum. We would be extremely grateful for any information

I Am Curious (Greenbaum)



Again, we at Warner/Reprise come to you with a problem. It's not just Norman Greenbaum, a recording artist whose new album is hardly a household word. We who try to sell the LPs were hoping for at least a Crosby, Stills and Greenbaum.

No such luck this month. Norman Greenbaum, plus nine other neo-folk-rock messengers most people never heard of, or have gone very damn unappreciated.

How, we pondered, to get them across to you.

Another big money-losing album offer was the answer. We call it "October 10, 1969," the date we released these albums.

This capsule taste-maker (a full stereo LP) has new goodies not only by Greenbaum, but also these other underknowns: **The Kinks, Fleetwood Mac, Levitt and McClure, Ruthann Friedman, Denny Brooks, Eric Andersen, The Fifth Avenue Band, Frank Zappa, and The Mike Post Coalition.** The whole LP costs you a buck.

If you are curious (Greenbaum), this heady experience may be had thusly:

	To: October 10, 1969 WARNER/REPRISE RECORDS 4000 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Calif. 91505 Dear Libra, here's my \$1. Send me my stuff.	P
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that either Penthouse or Peter B.'s wife could give us on how this permanent depilation process is accomplished.

Thank you for any assistance you can give

and, more importantly, thank you for your refreshingly new, fine magazine.—*R.T. (name withheld), Arlington, Texas.*

Dressing for kicks

I am not the least bit excited by vinyl or rubber, but the sight of a girl wearing a leather coat is guaranteed to attract my attention. When a girl thus clad sits near me in the bus it frequently stimulates an erection.

I have a recurring fantasy of sexual intercourse with a girl naked except for a black (or sometimes green or blue) leather coat. I cannot work up enough courage to tell my girlfriend, but in any case she does not possess one.

I also find myself extremely excited by female trench-coat-style raincoats. There is scope for a serious and considered Penthouse article on this subject. Such an item might remove much of the bewilderment and furtive feelings experienced by the sizable number of devotees of these unusual fascinations.—*R.D. (name and address withheld), Stirlingshire, Scotland.*

Pain and pleasure

I have been practising corporal punishment for 15 years. As the eldest male in the family, I was forced to continue the duties of my deceased father. At the age of 15 I was in charge of all punishment of my two sisters. One was two years older than me, the other one year younger.

After one or two sessions I found this job enjoyable. I would make my sisters undress from the waist down and lean against a wall with their arms outstretched. I would use a cane or a strap against their naked thighs and

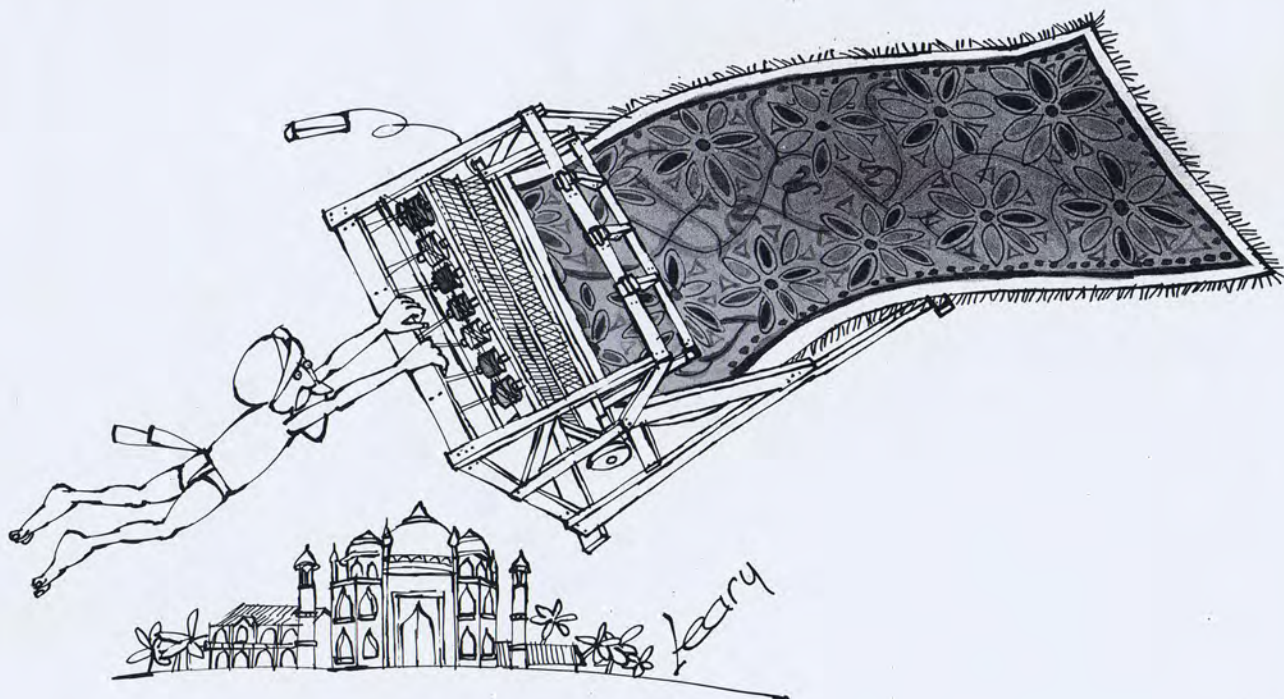
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buttocks. When the punishment was over, we would kiss and make up.

All punishments were administered in private and as time wore on, the beatings were more often and I made the girls disrobe completely. My sisters enjoyed it as much as I and we are still practising it. It is now pleasurable for all of us and our spouses, who now take part.—*Paul B. (name and address withheld), Philadelphia, Pa.*

I was brought up in a strict and rigorous Victorian atmosphere and beaten on occasions by both my mother and father. Up to the age of 12 I was spanked more than ten times on the bare bottom with a hairbrush. However after this age I was beaten with thin, bendy canes. The castigation took place in my father's study where I was made to bend over his desk. My dress was lifted and my panties and stockings taken down and then my bottom was rubbed rather viciously to increase the pain of the stripes. The experience led to nothing but bitterness between myself and my parents and I now realize that this punishment was applied sadistically for their sole pleasure and in no sense was important as a method of discipline.

Now I am very happily married to an extremely loving and tender man who deserves everything I could possibly give to him in all fields of our manner of life. We have experimented fully in our sexual life and I have now found that beating has taken on a new and pleasurable aspect. At first, of course, my reactions were entirely repugnant to beating but through our sexually stimulated caresses and love play he has gently led me to an increase in sexual pleasure through carefully administered strokes of the cane, slaps and even strappings across the bare bottom.

Surely, this was what de Sade was on about in experimenting in the relation between pain and pleasure, which under certain conditions must be very close? Where love is concerned, beatings can in no sense be viewed as portraying inherent sadism or masochism; only as a natural excursion into increasing sexual pleasure and the happiness and love between happily married people.—*Mrs Jane H. (name withheld) Durham, Co. Durham, England.*

None of your correspondents have commented on the apparent distinction between the two types of corporal punishment—the disciplinary and the erotic. As a psychiatrist I believe I can reconcile the two viewpoints with a theory of my own, using examples.

As a boy I was brought up by an aunt, not strict but old-fashioned. Until I was about 14 she would take me, when I deserved it, into a back kitchen and with a hard ebony hairbrush would thoroughly warm the part of me normally decently covered by my pants, but temporarily not. This was purely disciplinary; though my yells were loud there was no resentment later. The pain factor is in fact only a secondary reinforcement. The main process is a psychological one: that of *forced regression* (my own term).

Regression, being the reversion of the organism to an earlier state, is normally spontaneous—when forced, it is punitive. So when a youngster of 12 or 13 is spread across

Mum's knees, especially if the buttocks are bared or he is nude, he is suffering forced regression. He is in the position of a baby receiving its matter-of-fact maternal ministrations, e.g. nappy changing, powdering. The pink skin, the squirming, the pleading and the characteristic screams of any youngster having his bottom smacked in this position complete the picture.

So a person whose psychological and sexual needs are those requiring a dominant relationship with the love object can obviously increase the dominance by forcing regression on it. The sadistic schoolmaster, for example, tended to feel inferior to other boys in his youth, and can satisfy his psychological needs by forcing regression on the boys in his charge. The man who spansks his wife and daughter was probably unable to fulfil his psycho-sexual needs when younger because of a shyness of girls, and so on.

An example of this brings back the day when at 13 I suffered the acutely embarrassing experience of a bare-bottom spanking, witnessed by my aunt's daughter, a year older than I was. She teased me frequently about this and I grew shy and nervous of her. This feeling vanished for ever the day when I watched, clandestinely, the forcible taking down of her knickers and the slapping of her bottom by Aunt, who didn't spare the blows. Having seen her in a position of forced regression I found my feelings of inferiority vanished. She often wondered why, but I never told her.

This theory is capable of endless exploration.

I very much hope to be able to report further to you.—*Dr Who (name and address withheld), Newtownabbey, Northern Ireland.*

Sock it to me

H.C. (November) put the spotlight on wrestling between the sexes, but I prefer boxing. The first "punch-up" I had was with a girl of 11 (I was 13). In the course of the fight I put her down with a right uppercut. She lay spreadeagled, and I have never had such an erection as her exposed white cotton briefs gave me . . .

Since then I have had many fights with girls, always as a prelude to sex. Nothing excites me more than giving and getting playful "lumps". My ex-girlfriend was great at the game. Her bouncing breasts made marvelous targets, though I knew she could beat me with one punch to a strategic point. She never did employ such a punch, except to stimulate me, and possibly herself—even then it was only a tap.

Our fights would land us on the bed after she took a right uppercut, was counted out, and lay with her arms and legs widespread, eyes closed. During intercourse we would continue punching each other lightly. We had both had sex with others, but the orgasm achieved by using this foreplay game was never surpassed. Now I am at a loss to replace her, rather sadly.—*Michael S. Mears, Mead Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex, England.*

Feminine release

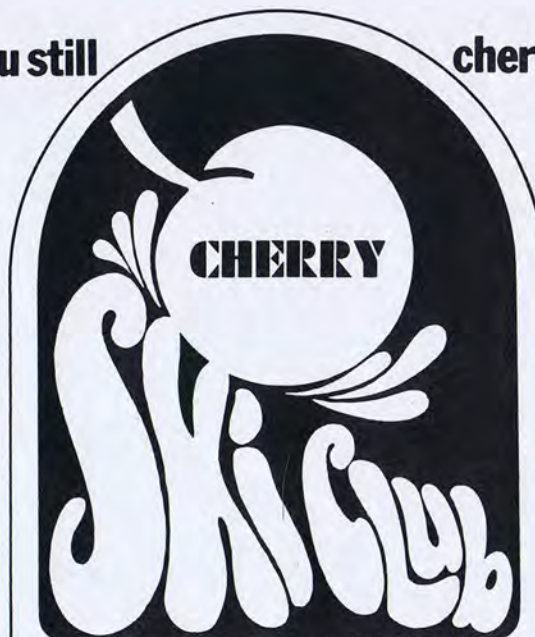
It is immensely gratifying to see our "fair sex" beginning to come out of their Victorian shells

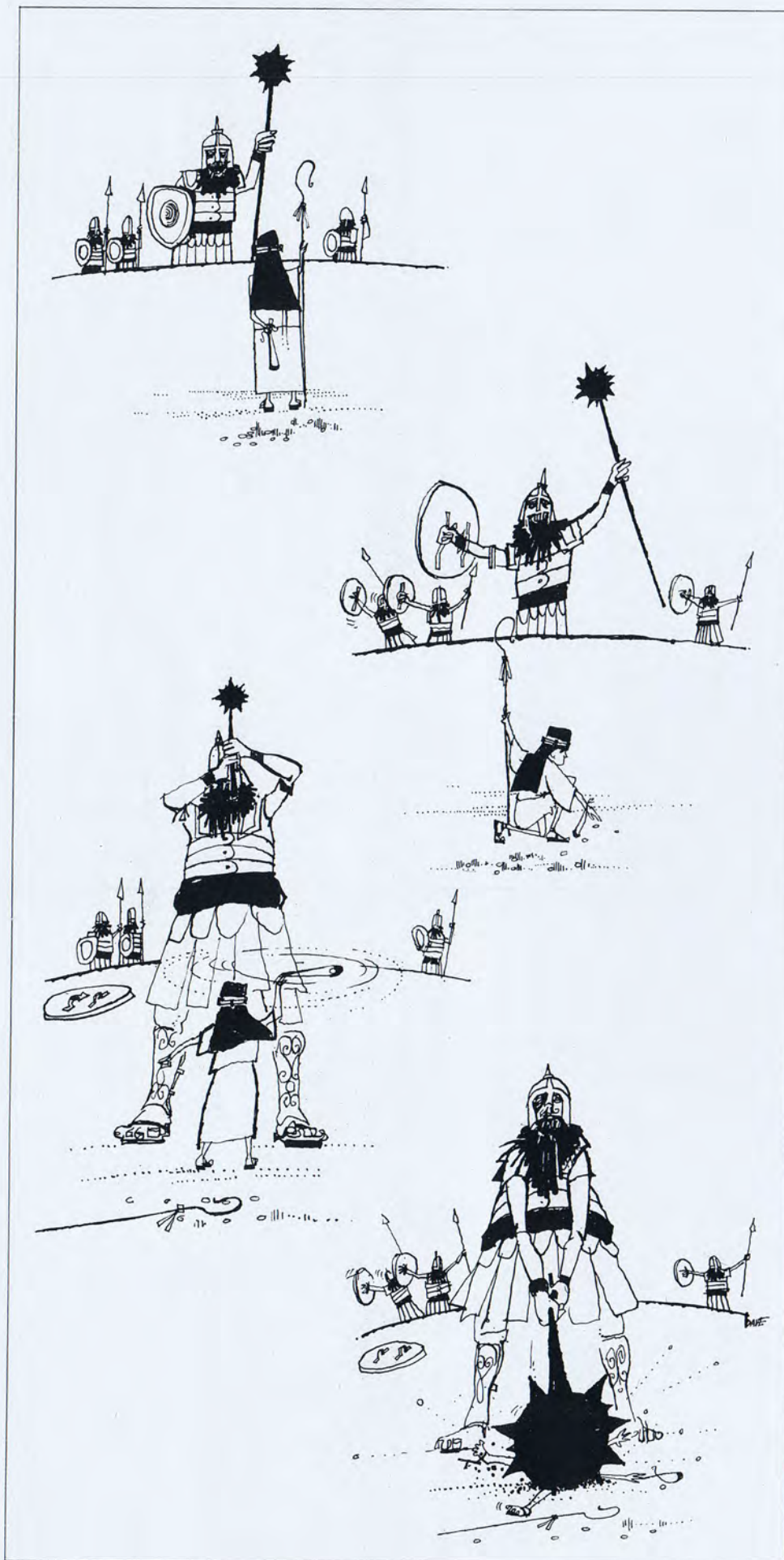
Here's a ski club that will fracture you. So if you're cherry from body fractures, due to skiing, send for your cherry ski club emblem.

Day-glo cloth ski patch \$1.25
Day-glo ski decal 50¢
Send check or money order to Cherry Ski Club, 18369 Kesh, Southfield, Michigan 48075.

are you still

cherry?





and give their side of the story. In this age of equality women should have no fear of thinking and speaking as we men have always done. I certainly do not think that this undermines their femininity in any way. In fact I think this will give the final blow to the conversational brick wall that has existed between the sexes for far too long. Perhaps it will help men to understand the female attitude to sex before they are married and so make for a better and more pleasurable relationship after.—*J. Hunt, Red-dich Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham, 30, England.*

Teat rings

My girl friend, who is a university student, and I were reading an article in a magazine about "teat rings". The girl has her nipples pierced and then wears earrings from them. My girl friend, being the type who will try anything once, had this done through a doctor friend, and I may say the result is fantastic. She is now more daring than ever, and walks around my flat bare-breasted with huge rings dangling from her nipples—a truly magnificent sight. I hope this craze will catch on here, but somehow I doubt it.—*P.R. (name and address withheld), Swansea, Glamorgan Wales.*

Sporting sex

It seems to me that there is a trend towards the general outlook that sex should, and can, be treated in the same light as any sport. When you come to think of it, there is little difference aesthetically and, after all, why shouldn't one pursue and practise sex just as one follows tennis, squash, basketball or poker? But, naturally, in more secluded surroundings!

In all sports one needs a partner (or opponent) to play with, and when you want a game of tennis or wish to go sailing, you join a club or get in touch with other interested parties, so why shouldn't it be possible to follow the sport of your choice with a member of the opposite sex in a similar manner? Perhaps it is possible, but if so how does one find out? I'm sure there must be hundreds of young ladies (excluding "call girls") who would welcome the chance of meeting a suitable partner purely in the interests of sex, without any ties.

For men living overseas and only able to spend relatively short periods of leave in their home country, valuable time can be wasted on returning if one doesn't know exactly where to begin.—*D. Sloan, Nairobi, Kenya.*

Forbidden fleece?—

Ah the lovely Ulla, lusciously eyeing the reader, presenting her womanly loveliness thru pages 43, 44 and half way down page 45 . . . what's this . . . a nice three-quarter flank shot of her draped over a chair and not a whisker in sight. I can only come to one of several conclusions: 1. The girls of Sweden do not develop pubic hair (which must be an anatomical miracle); 2. A well-placed studio light casts a convenient shadow (possible . . .); 3. The poor girl was born sans genitalia (hardly!); 4. A deft photo-retoucher has denuded and removed all traces of her goodie!

Let's see a bit of it (tastefully) on occasion . . . O.K.?—*Howard Shoemaker, South 35th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.*

What every creative person should know about writing for money

Here are interesting facts about full-time and part-time careers in writing — and how 15 Famous Writers are ready to help you get started

By Gordon Carroll

Writing today offers a life of financial reward, personal recognition and the freedom to live as you please. You can work full-time or part-time in a wide variety of challenging jobs. Or, if you prefer to write at home in your spare time, many opportunities are available to you. But...not everyone can or should become a writer. Before you decide to pursue a career in writing, here are some facts you should know about this challenging field.

How much can you earn?

Jobs for writers range all the way from \$6,000 to well over \$35,000 a year, depending on ability and experience. Staff writers on magazines are paid \$7,000 to start and advance rapidly. Topnotch advertising writers can make as much as \$30,000 a year. Editors with experience earn \$15,000 a year; executive editors get much more. If you free-lance, you can sell your work to newspapers and magazines for fees up to \$3,500.

What do top writers earn?

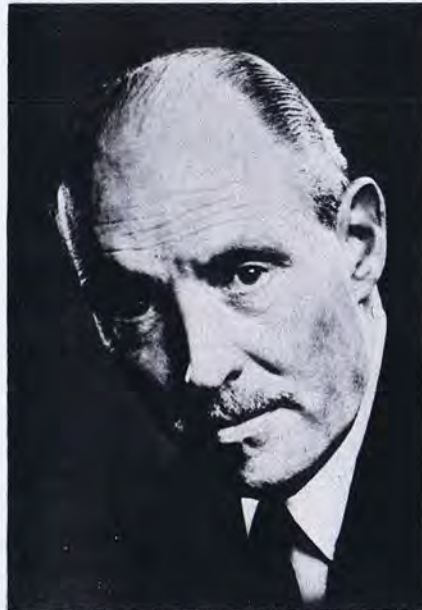
For those who reach the top, the rewards are truly substantial. Max Shulman received \$250,000 just for the movie rights to one of his novels, "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys." Bruce Catton earned over \$100,000 from his Civil War books. Rod Serling has a contract with a major television network that runs into six figures.

Can you live an independent life?

Certainly. As a free-lance author, you can live where you want and work on any schedule that suits you. J. D. Ratcliff, a leading article writer, works in the mornings and has his afternoons to relax. As a writer, you don't have to travel to work. And you can submit your stories and articles by mail.

Can you have job security?

Yes. In most large corporations, a number of offices along "executive row" are occupied by trained writers. You might be employed as a writer for a magazine, as a journalist, an advertising writer, a staff



Gordon Carroll has spent a lifetime helping writers break into print. He is a former editor of the *Reader's Digest*, *Time*, *Inc.* and *Coronet* — and has been Director of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960.

writer for a business firm. On these jobs, you enjoy a good salary, fringe benefits and full security — as in any other field.

What are your major markets?

There are 1,100 book publishers turning out 12,000 new titles a year. There are 700 magazines — 11,000 newspapers — 12,000 trade publications — 500 radio and TV stations — 2,800 advertising agencies — 2,000 publicity firms. All are looking for writers.

What is the best age to write?

There isn't any "best age" for writing. You can begin when you're 18 or take up writing when you're 65. Truman Capote was an established author while still in his twenties. But Thomas B. Costain didn't begin until he was well into his fifties. Far more important than age is the willingness to learn.

Is writing for you?

Writing is *not* for everyone. You must have a basic aptitude to start and be willing to develop it. But if you possess this aptitude, you can learn the techniques of writing and seek a rewarding career. Fifteen famous authors are ready to help you get started.

A new kind of writing school

Several years ago Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Rod Serling, Bruce Catton, Bergen Evans, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff, Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, and Red Smith joined

forces to start the Famous Writers School; to help promising beginners acquire the skill it takes to break into print. Since then, Phyllis McGinley, Clifton Fadiman and Paul Engle have joined the faculty. They poured everything they know about writing into a new kind of home-study course. The Course begins with the principles of good writing. Then you get advanced training in the specialty of your choice.

You are a "class of one"

You write in your own home — on your own time — and send your lesson assignments to the School by mail. Here each one receives the personal attention of a professional writer-instructor who carefully edits your assignment. He goes over your work word by word, blue-penciling his changes on your manuscript just as an editor does. Then he returns it to you with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your writing.

Students sell their writing

Famous Writers students are successfully selling their work. Here are a few of them:

Doris Agee of San Mateo, California, sold a "Most Unforgettable Character" article to the *Reader's Digest*. "Without your training, the article never would have been written," she says. Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Conn., writes, "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for \$2,050." Janice Ellen Brinkman of Springfield, Ohio, got a job as copywriter at a local radio station. "I am sure it was this Course that got me the job," she says.

Take our Aptitude Test free of charge

To help you find out if you have a talent for writing, the 15 Famous Writers have devised a special Aptitude Test. There is no charge for taking it. You complete the Test in your spare time and mail it to the School. It will be graded and returned to you. If it shows you have aptitude, you will be eligible to enroll in the School. But there is no obligation whatever.

Famous Writers School

Dept. W-4718, Westport Connecticut 06880

I want to know if I have writing aptitude worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, your Aptitude Test and illustrated brochure.

Mr. _____ Age _____
Mrs. _____
Miss [Circle one and please print]

Street _____

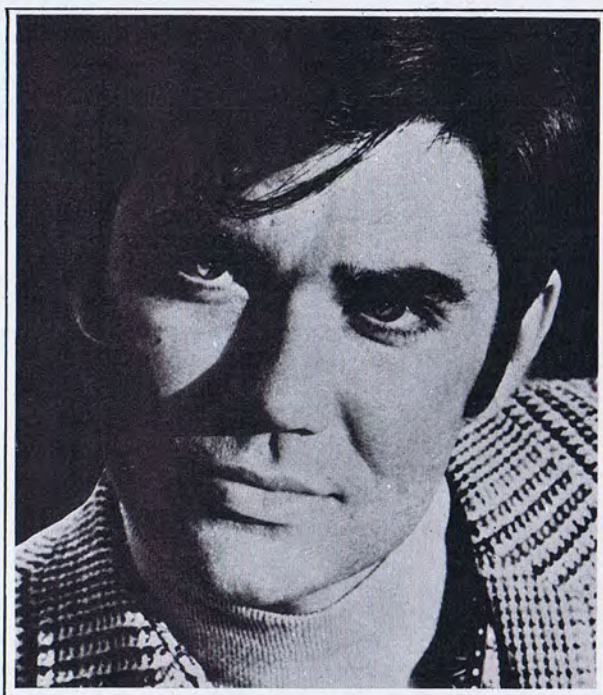
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bare is at it again.



CONVERSATIONS IN THE RAW

DIALOGUES, MONOLOGUES, AND SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS

by the **author of the bestselling**
"DO YOU SLEEP IN THE NUDE?"

What exactly is Rex Reed? He is: "Saucy, snoopy, bitchy."¹ He is: "Frank, irreverent, mod, cynical, funny—and readable."² He is: "The most entertaining new journalist in America...the most unprincipled knave to turn name dropping and voyeurism into a joyous journalistic living...a fas-

cinating gossip."³ He is: "Pretty damned lively."⁴ And there are two more words that describe Rex Reed and his new book of interviews with celebrities you either love or hate—Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, Patricia Neal, Patty Duke, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, Omar Sharif, Jean

Seberg, Jon Voight, and lots of other undressed personalities. Those two words are "great fun."⁵ At bookstores \$5.95



WORLD PUBLISHING

TIMES MIRROR
New York and Cleveland

VIEW FROM THE TOP



Speak low

The standard greeting used to be something like "Hi! How are you?" or "What's new?" Today you're more likely to be hit with "Hey, did you hear the latest Agnew?" or "Did you hear what he said last night?"

Sometimes in what remains of polite society, the Quotations of Vice-President Agnew must be revised to protect the squeamish, robbing them of some of their saltiness. But on the whole he remains unchallenged as the most colorful character in government since Huey Long, the most explosive orator since George Wallace (to whom his political resemblance, we're told, is not entirely unintended) and in terms of vocabulary at least, the undisputed sex symbol of the Republican hierarchy.

And funny! Not since Jack Benny discovered Cucamonga has the mere mention of a name evoked such fits of laughter. With all that going for him it would be a showbiz crime to muzzle the man, and nobody with the power to muzzle him has shown any inclination to do it. "Why keep picking on Agnew?" administration spokesmen have chided us off the record. "Sure he talks a lot. But he doesn't *do* anything."

Besides, nothing in the First Amendment says freedom of speech does not apply even to Vice-Presidents (though there have been rulings that the protection of that Amendment does not extend to obscenity). And despite his irrepressible humor, he is entitled to be taken seriously by virtue of his position. If the standard cliché about his being just "a heartbeat away from the Presidency" fails to impress you, consider the fact that of the last five Vice-Presidents over the past quarter-century before Agnew, three have gone on to the most powerful office on earth—Truman,

Johnson and Nixon—two of them on the death of the President. As Herman Kahn says, there are times when we must think about the unthinkable.

Agnew does not agree, therefore, that Vice-Presidents should be seen but not heard. He believes the dictum should apply as originally intended, only to the young. Especially those of the young and their followers who participate in moratoria protesting the war in Vietnam. Agnew wants a moratorium on *them*. And he says so every chance he gets, which is increasingly often.

In the process he has shocked millions, amused hundreds, and attracted a coterie of journalistic apologists who needle the rest of us by pointing out that Agnew has become "a household word." A more persuasive justification for allowing him to be heard is his obvious talent for verbal invention. In an administration characterized by blandness, Mr. Agnew stands out in almost Churchillian proportions as a word-coiner and phrasemaker.

We refer not to such feeble stabs as "Polak" and "Fat Jap." Those were merely pre-election efforts wholly lacking in originality or flair—barely a hint of the virtuosity lurking beneath the surface. The real Agnew did not emerge until after the election. To find the precise moment we must go back to the historic occasion of January 20, 1969, when President Nixon delivered his famous "Lower Our Voices" Inaugural Address. Agnew was seated just a few feet from the podium as Mr. Nixon intoned:

"In these difficult years, America has suffered from a fever of words; from inflated rhetoric that promises more than it can deliver; from angry rhetoric that fans discontents into hatreds, from bombastic rhetoric that postures instead of persuading. We cannot learn from one another

until we stop shouting at one another—until we speak quietly enough so that our words can be heard as well as our voices."

That did it.

From that moment, the new Vice-President determined his course. He would channel his energies in to the cause of lowering people's voices—to putting an end to the fever of words, the inflated, angry, bombastic rhetoric of those who disagree with him and his boss. He would become the evangelist of serenity for an administration already bolstered by the original Billy Graham. While Billy crusaded for Christ against the Devil, Agnew would crusade for the war (now known as the "quest-for-peace"), directing his own zeal against the dissenters who wallowed in the sin of posturing instead of persuading.

It took him a while to gather his forces. But his moment came when the Great Unwashed took to the streets for the first national Moratorium in mid-October, 1969. Nixon's vaunted "plan" for ending the war had gestated the full nine months without delivering. Americans, young and old, gathered not only in the streets but also in meeting halls, houses of worship and other public places. They lit candles in the dark, sang hymns and peace songs, listened to speeches and prayed. They did not fight or burn flags or draft cards. But as Agnew saw it, they sure as hell postured. And they needed to have their voices lowered.

"An effete corps of impudent snobs," he called them in his memorable New Orleans speech, "who characterize themselves as intellectuals."

"Effete" is one of the Vice-President's favorite sexual terms, meaning "spent and sterile." Which is really hitting below the belt.

A few days later, Senator Ed

Muskie of Maine who but for the grace of a few hundred thousand voters would have been Vice-President, suggested a unilateral halt to the testing of nuclear weapons. The Agnew response: Muskie is "playing Russian roulette with United States security."

What did the President think of that?

"I am very proud to have the Vice-President . . . in our administration," he told a Republican gathering at the White House, "And he has done a fine job for this administration."

To some observers this pat on the back indicated that the Vice-President not only had his chief's permission to wield the verbal ax but was indeed doing it on his behalf.

Thus armed, Agnew that very night betook himself to Harrisburg, Pa., where he repeated his earlier remarks and vowed: "I do not intend to repudiate my beliefs, recant my words, or run and hide." He likened young demonstrators to "rotten apples" who could be separated from society without regret (no elaboration on what he meant by "separated"). The impudent snobs were further Agnewed as "immature . . . arrogant, reckless."

On election night, the White House gave a dinner in honor of visiting Prince Philip. Among the invited dignitaries were two former secretaries of state, the Deans-Acheson and Rusk. The witty remarks were of a caliber suited to the event and the company. That is, until Spiro arose. Briefed to the extent that the affair was "a stag dinner", the Vice-President of the United States sought in his own way to reassure the guests he would say nothing out of line. Said he: "All of you with tightened sinews and constricted sphincters can relax!"

One White House aide, according to *Washington Post* reporter

Maxine Cheshire, was seen to "put his head down on the table in pained reflex and cup both hands over both ears."

But it was at Harrisburg that the Veep delivered the unkindest cut of all. The dissenters, he said, were a bunch of "ideological eunuchs."

Well, Sir, if deballing doesn't put a crimp in his critics' bombast, nothing else will. But Mr. Agnew, for all his apparent preoccupation with sterility and castration, should be aware if anyone is that the operation definitely does not have the effect of lowering the victim's voice.—**Fred Darwin.**

Lock up your daughters

"A heavy pall of lust covered the upper two-thirds of Texas last night and was expected to drift south-east over the state by morning."—*Yankton* (S. Dakota) *Press & Dakotan.*

Nothing by half-measures in Texas.

Keep the old party clean

"Dr Gordon Nikiforuk of Toronto University told the Ontario Dental Association that a person can help prevent decay by vigorously rinsing his mother after each meal."—News telegram from Toronto.

And if she's not there at the time . . . ?

Sporting England

"Can you provide hospitality when a mixed party visits Newbury for

Festival Week? Offers with preference for sex, will be gladly received by Mr W. Jackson." *Newbury Weekly News*, Berkshire.

Yes, please, sex preferred.

Don't look now

A couple back from holidaying on the Balearic isle of Ibiza tell of a new bathing hazard. They climbed down the cliff to a splendid sandy strand and headed for a distant spot where two girls from the same hotel were settled on beach towels. As they trudged towards it they saw the girls go in for a swim, leaving their clobber spread about the sand. Almost at once two Spanish boys emerged from the water and ran over to the girls' towels.

One of the boys reached for the camera left behind and focused it on his companion's crutch. The second boy swiftly lowered his swimming trunks, and the camera clicked for an intimate close-up of his masculinity. Then, with the film wound on to the next frame, camera returned, and swimming trunks rehoisted, the boys hot-footed it back into the water.

Daddy, will you get my holiday snaps developed for me, please? Oh, boy!

Old wife's tale

"A former Flossmoor resident, Mrs H. Roy Gordon, has an exhibition of water colors at the

Esquire Theatre, 58 East Oak Street, Chicago, until July 8th. Never having studied painting in water colors, Mrs Gordon has seven grandchildren." — *Home-wood (Illinois) Star.*

Doing what comes naturally.

A happening

"Mrs George Earl, who gave birth to a 19-year-old daughter, is reported as getting along fine. A. J. Dill of Farley, who suffered a broken leg in the same accident, is recovering."—*Moran Times*, Tennessee.

Nothing serious, then.



The Airlines' Cookbook

After having eaten about a thousand complimentary meals aloft, the price of which was included in the cost of the tickets, it occurred to this ptomaine ptaveler that other passengers might want to duplicate airlines cooking in their very own homes. Well, the research wasn't easy. The people who cater to the various companies are secretive, as you may imagine. For the inside information hereto appended, the author is most grateful for their help to the following suppliers: (international flights) Athenian Delights Restaurant, Abe the Greek, Prop., 17 Albemarle Road, Edinburgh; (national flights) Soul, Inc. Crawdaddy, Texas; Ye Meat Mart, Vern Chalk, owner, 118 N. Gum St. Dog Holler, Appalachia.

These recipes are used by all airlines today and are listed here in the usual order.

Breakfast . . .

Orange Juice: Take three medium-size carrots and marinate overnight in four gallons of water to which a semi-lethal dose of cyclamates has been added. Remove carrots to another tub of water and repeat process. The carrots may be used over and over until they disappear. The mixture should be slightly cooled and served in three-ounce glasses with false bottoms.

Eggs (Scrambled): Chop one whole New York *Sunday Times* into very fine pieces. Beat an egg slightly and mix well with the *Times*. If a somewhat thicker mix is desired, add part of the *Sunday News*. This should be heated a bit

before serving and, if spooned out in the usual portions, should be enough for a whole DC-9. Be sure to serve with tiny look-alike containers of salt and pepper. The kind with "bend me back" corners is particularly recommended. These can be depended on for fast full flowing all over everything.

Eggs (sunny side up): These aren't served at all. They require the use of real eggs.

Ham: Take a dozen used football shoulder-pads. Remove the softer inner material and reserve. Take the fine, curved outer pieces and cut into quarter-inch slices. The left-overs may be cubed and used in New York *Times* omelettes. The ham slices should now be left out in the sun for three days, which will bring out the true hickory flavor. Note: if it is desired to serve the ham as a steak at lunch time, cut the slices a bit thicker, say three-eighths of an inch, and serve with a slice of canned peach blob.

Sweet rolls: These may be the usual crumble type, which can't be buttered and thereby help save butter, or the crumbly muffin type which can't be eaten at all. It is unnecessary to give any details about rye bread, hard rolls, pumpernickel, *et al*, since these are never served in any conditions.

Coffee for 120: Take enough water for 120 cups and swirl a jar of instant coffee in it real good. Serve from separate pots so it looks as though the coffee had just been made. On the side, put irregularly shaped cardboard containers of Goobar's CREME-ISH, the kind that comes with the invisible flap over the hole. It is nice to have some paper envelopes of SHUOG-ISH, the fake cyclamate, for those who may have a "sweet tooth".

Options: (1) Fried Potatoes—For these you may use real potatoes or not, as you wish. The point is that whatever you decide to use, it should be cut up in one-inch slices and then swilled around in some oily substance until lukewarm. You can test the temperature by dipping the end of of your luke into the mixture until you get a match. (2) Mashed potatoes. Surprisingly, some airlines serve these at breakfast time. Take whatever you use for fried potatoes and cut up as before. Add hot water until they have the texture of plaster of Paris. With a large fork, press out a few of the lumps. Serve cool. (3) Fresh fruit compote. Take half a slice of



canned pineapple, garnish with half a canned cherry. Add a sprig of tired watercress (often called "mint") and serve in a frilled paper dish.

Some Recipes at Random . . .

Steak (cooked "on board"): Take a one-pound prime sirloin steak and cook it medium rare. This should be meat that has been aged in order to have a flavor of its own but it may be desirable to add a bit of Worcestershire, salt and pepper. Eat this at leisure. This is to give you an idea of what we're going for.

Now, in order to appreciate this result for the passengers riding first-class in a plane, do the following: take a side of beef and cut away the short ribs, loin, sirloin, flank and plate. These can be sold to any fine restaurant. Cut up the rest into small portions. These are then pounded with a meat mallet until they are soft enough to take a liberal spreading of tenderizer. This can be papaya-enzyme, Uncle Billy's, or any of the popular brands. The "steaks" are then cooked to a light grey color and quick-frozen. Once aboard the aircraft, any dummy can stick them under the infra-red for a minute or two until they thaw a little and turn a darker grey. At this time they may be sprinkled with essence of hickory or whatever is desired. (In some cases it may be advisable to sprinkle with essence of meat.)

String beans: For years the airlines have been using that fine old product, duPont Bean-a-loid. These plastic beans have the desirable too-green-to-be-true bean color and a snappy texture. They are all the same length and, once they've been prepared by letting them stand at room temperature for a few hours, they look fine next to the "steak". It is well to vary the menu with others of duPont's fine manufacture, i.e. Mother's Peas, of high-impact styrene, Mother's Rice Lookalikes, etc.

Desserts: These are, for the most part, quite simple to prepare. Take a small cup of frilled paper and fill it with a mix of saccharined flour-and-water and cover with melted yellow acetate. Place a gob of ReddiPoof near the center and add a dollop of Certified Harmless Color Matter. (This recipe has been used for years by Howard Johnson.)

N.B. To get a real "flying" effect it is necessary to use cold silverware. On airliners they hang the silver out the window in a net bag.

You can duplicate this satisfactorily at home by keeping the utensils in the refrigerator for three hours before dining.—**Henry Morgan**



Reprosex out, funsex in

Everything you always wanted to know about sex but were afraid to ask is right at my fingertips. In fact it's in a new book of that title by psychiatrist **David Reuben** (McKay, \$6.95). It belongs to a literary genre that I normally find depressing, but it happened to remind me of Dr Hall, the scourge of my youth, who never smiled. **Winfield Scott Hall**, Ph.D. (Leipzig), M.D. (Leipzig), wrote *Dr Hall's Sexual Knowledge* in 1913 and for years his work lurked patiently in the back-hall bookcase waiting for me to get born and learn to read. I was marked for a life of sexual confusion. When I remembered Dr Hall, I searched him out to introduce him to Dr Reuben.

The subtitle of Dr Hall's manual was explicit: "The Knowledge of Self and Sex in Simple Language: for the Instruction of Young People, Young Wives, and Young Husbands, Fathers, and Mothers, Teachers, and Nurses, and All Who Feel a Need of Reliable Information on the Best Way and the Best Time to Impart Sexual Knowledge to Boys and Girls".

For boys, here is the Best Way and the Best Time: "The wise father leads the boy far afield". (Dr Hall may be the last man to use "afield" in the literal sense of "into a field".) "If they are in a city, let them ride to the end of the car line, and then walk away out into the country. It would not be a bad plan for them to take a little lunch with them—a few slices of bacon, a couple of potatoes, some bread and butter, and, far out in the woods, perhaps on the gravelly banks of a brook or pond not in a wood or forest, to build a little camp fire, roast their bacon and potatoes, and sit there and eat their frugal meal after the fashion of our primitive forefathers . . . And there, perhaps under the spreading boughs of a great primeval oak tree, the father reveals to the boy, in a very frank talk, *the secret of manhood*." The italics are Dr Hall's; and the secret

is his too. It is *continence*, practised in order to save the vital fluid that makes you manly.

At this point I tried to see what Dr Reuben says about continence, but the word is not in his very thorough index.

Lacking the juice, Dr Hall tells us, "the boy would develop, first, into a sissy, and finally at 25 he would be a slope-shouldered, narrow-chested, flabby-muscled, beardless, squeaky-voiced molly-coddle, absolutely lacking in every instinct and attribute of manhood". However, there is hope for young Portnoy if he finds Dr Hall's book in time. This is because the sex glands are sending their exhilarating elixir coursing through the young man, as Dr Hall spells out, "hour after hour, seven days in the week, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, nights, Sundays, and holidays included". Even on Sunday. So supposing you open a savings account and start banking virility until you're the juice-richest man around? As Dr Hall lets you have married sex, you get the preacher to unlock the vault and VROOOOM! all day every day and double time on Sunday, and it was all worth it.

Not so fast, though. "We must note," Dr Hall warns, "that every procreative act is performed at a sacrifice of some of the vital fluid on the part of the male", and "... excessive sexual intercourse, in wedlock or out, would certainly not be recommended . . ."

Whatever sex Dr Hall's stalwart does get is strictly for procreation. Dr Reuben, on the other hand, is bored stiff with procreation, and has felt it necessary to coin a word to distinguish it from the real thing.

Reprosex is dismissed as "simple, straightforward, easily understood, and, relatively speaking, unpopular". He suggests that it could be "done better by a disinterested third party—as it is occasionally in artificial insemination". He finds reprosex "uniformly unpopular with teen-agers, unmarried lovers, gay young bachelors, single girls, and ladies with ten children".

If not for procreation, sex must then be for love? Love-sex, as he calls it, is okay with Dr Reuben, but he doesn't evince much interest in it. "Not everyone," he points out, "has the chance to be exposed to it." What is sex for, then? Just what you always knew it was for—fun!

Funsex (I guess the word was inevitable) turns Dr Reuben on.

"Most Western religions are against it," he gloats, "moral educators unanimously condemn it, parents are (apparently) against it, and everyone wants to do it. This is sex for fun, for the sheer physical and emotional exhilaration of feeling all the good feelings that come from a complete sexual experience. This is recreational sex at its best . . . There is nothing wrong with funsex. Human beings—and for that matter, all mammals—are provided with penis or vagina and an overwhelming compulsion to use them. There is no reason why they shouldn't, and specifically in a way that will bring them the maximum pleasure."

The major obstacle to funsex Dr Reuben finds to be lack of knowledge—and he sets out to remedy that. (He regards the school sex education course as joke, a grim one, and he makes the unanswerable point that the physiology of reproduction is of negligible interest compared to the physiology of orgasm.)

Of course, sex for fun is no startling thought, as Dr Reuben recognizes. "Almost everyone under the age of 25 is for it openly, and nearly everyone else seeks it actively if secretly." Because there is no cant, Dr Reuben's book has a reassuring light-of-day air as he presents a lot of accurate information bluntly, casually, and with nothing of Dr Hall's urgent polemics or the rational piety of Hall's successors. "Impotence is a penis that won't do what it's told," fairly represents Dr Reuben's style. His clear description of pot and LSD as aphrodisiacs is an example of the lack of moralistic clutter.

Funsex, however, may have its problems beyond lack of knowledge. As Dr Reuben is preparing his pleasure disciples for their role, he runs quickly over the other two kinds of sex again (repro- and love-) and ends with some kind words for love-sex. (Dr Reuben is married.) Hastening on, however, to the fun Dr Reuben modulates through a key that suggests the ominous chill underlying simple hedonism.

"Recreational sex," he mentions, "is more demanding (than love-sex). Here the primary goal is pleasure, and often there is not the depth of emotion available to compensate for any lapses in sexual function. The accent is on performance—and performance begins with the individual."

The pursuit of perfect perfor-

mance in a world of imperfection can be a harsh discipline, as any acrobat can tell us. Earlier in the book, Dr Reuben is asked by his ventriloquist's dummy, "What percentage of men suffer from impotence?" (I have spared you up to now the fact that this is a question-and-answer book.) Dr Reuben replies, "The figure hovers around 100 percent, depending on the precise definition" (which is to be based on how often failure occurs).

Surely we can hope that sex will keep some quality beyond performance of perfect pleasure. If love is too much to ask, compassion maybe? It has been suggested that passion can feed on compassion.

There is no generation gap from Dr Hall to Dr Reuben, really. The new generation hasn't changed sex. It invented sex. Each generation does. Physical sex can't change much, but our inventiveness of significations for sex is fecund beyond sex itself.—**Norman Hoss**



Hair hanging down

In the early days of the Beatles it became fashionable to sport a Beatles wig occasionally if one didn't have the necessary hair to

be genuine in style. Now the wheel has turned full circle, with the news of long-hairs in "straight" jobs acquiring wigs under which to hide it all away during working hours. Thus prompted, this column's Girl Friday visited the library to research the subject of long hair in general, with the following results.

Ancient Egyptians let their hair grow only when they were in mourning; "the ancients looked upon hair as a source of power and magic. Primitives still do" (story of Samson) . . . rainmakers of Zambezi do not cut their hair for fear their powers will disappear . . . 12th century A.D. Bishops protested "men's vanity" in growing their hair long, priests carried scissors to arbitrarily chop off locks they felt exceeded permissible limits. This culminated in a public shearing of Henry I, king of France, by Bishop Serle, who not only cut the king's hair but then had him stamp on it "for repentance" . . . Several centuries later Lord Byron restored a fashion for "free-flowing locks", which endured after his death.

Vogues for wigs came in and out of style in such bewildering fashion in the heyday of the Greeks and Romans that celebrities who had stone busts made of themselves ordered removable stone wigs to go along with them . . . Louis XIII introduced the wig to his court because he was already bald at 23 . . . Louis XIV's long, blonde hair was emulated

by his courtiers, who wore long wigs to compliment him. Soon even small boys were wearing them . . . In the 18th century the British army issued its men with one pound of flour each week for wig powdering.

In general, long hair has always tended to represent a certain freedom and independence whether on English Cavaliers (whose Puritan opponents, the Roundheads, wore Ivy League crewcuts) of Cromwell's day or the Indian sadhus of today. Rousseau appraised "the natural liberated wildness" of untrimmed hair, and after the French revolution young patriots combed their hair tousled, "as a sign of freedom".

The lady is a poet

The major creative powerhouse in New York in the past year has been what's termed loosely "the lower East Side poetry scene", a score or more of poets who meet weekly in each other's homes and publicly in the seed parish hall of St Marks-in-the-Bouwerie church. Behind all this activity is a woman, **Anne Waldman**, who's not only a respected poet herself but pretty, too. She evokes admiration even from people who couldn't care less about poetry by never wearing a bra and interspersing discreet nude pictures of herself between the poems in her book.

One of those rare Greenwich Villagers actually born in the Village (23 years ago), she graduated from the notoriously permissive Bennington college for young ladies, and then the San Francisco acid scene before marrying another poet, Lewis Warsh, and settling down in the East Village.

She took over organizing the poets from Joel Oppenheimer last year and has been "a very important influence", says writer Peter Schjeldahl, "not only because of the way she keeps all the poets together but because her mimeographed monthly magazine appears so regularly, printing everybody's poems while they're still hot from the typewriter".

Fidel's fate

Fidel Castro's horoscope forecasts that he'll start having some tough times from September 15 this year and won't be out of his unlucky spell until June 23, 1973 according to a writer in India's *Astrological Magazine*.

Go to a movie

Radical members of Newsreel, which concentrates its coverage on anti-war and anti-cop demonstrations, have been discussing other ways to reach audiences "brainwashed" by commercial films: (i) Jab at the screen intermittently with beams from long flashlights over which have been pasted negatives of sexual acts; (ii). Leaflet susceptible audiences as they emerge dreamy-eyed from commercial movie houses with hard-headed interpretations of the film they've just seen. Meanwhile, Chicago filmmaker **Ray Craig**, 28, has fitted out a bus as a mobile screening-room and travels around showing underground movies.

Trusting travelers

Sometimes referred to as "the underground passport", the 56-page *Travelers' Directory* is a listing of almost 300 like-minded people around the world who have agreed to offer some form of hospitality to any fellow-listee who happens to be in their neighborhood. Though mainly American, addresses are also spread sparsely over such places as Australia, Belgium, India, England, Hongkong and Uganda. The only people who receive copies of the directory are those listed in it, providing instant verification of callers.

The offered hospitality, of course, varies. A perusal of the unedited listings reveals a fairly common knowledge of the writings of Robert Heinlein (several listees describe themselves as "water brothers") and of the marihuana culture. Some offer "sex in several varieties", others home-brewed beer, exhilarating conversation, and space for a virginal sleeping bag.

Totally uncommercial (the directory is paid for by listees' voluntary contributions) the 10-year-old club has remained "unspoiled" because of the "honesty, commonsense and courtesy" of its members, according to **Peter Kacalanos**, its executive editor, who will send information and a copy of his infrequent newsletter, *The Anemic Traveler*, on request to 51-02 39th Avenue, Woodside, New York 11377.

Irrelevancies

The men's john in Washington's



Supreme Court Building dispenses watered soap . . . Round dice is the new best seller in the mailorder catalogs . . . John Harriman's poems written in Manhattan taxi cabs, are invariably titled with the driver's names . . . A New York magazine, Les Levine's Culture Hero, runs reviews of frozen TV dinners.—John Wilcock.



Antipasta to zabaglione

If all the dishes ordered in New York restaurants in a single evening were placed in a mammoth stewpot and gently simmered, the resulting aroma would carry more than a soupcon of garlic. This by way of praise and tribute . . . for no national cuisine has done more to content the stomach of the diner-out in almost any metropolis than has that of the Giovannis, the Alfredos, the Tonys and the Angelinas of this world. New York without her Italian restaurants would be like Italy herself without her vineyards, her laughter, and her people. So doffing our cap, in a brisk and happy holiday mood, to *bella Italia* permit us to lead you to some of the outstanding exponents of cisalpine cooking here and abroad.

What could be more Italian than the bustling **Romeo Salta**, 39 West 56th Street, with its *scampi alla Griglia Romeo* (broiled giant shrimp from Italy), its *Cotoletta Colombo* (stuffed veal chops with prosciutto and cheese), its rich and creamy *fettucini Alfredo* and, above all, the smiling presence of its durable flamboyant proprietor, Romeo Salta, one of the real masters of fine Northern-Italian cooking in New York?

By dint of pleasing them dynamic Romeo has gathered his own crowd, many of whom live in Manhattan and eat here two or three times a week, keeping his few tables well-filled and his bar business lively. This top-flight Italian cuisine is not inexpensive, but it is value for money all the way. Luncheon and dinner are served daily. Closed Sunday.

Countless people's first Italian meal in New York was had at **Barbetta**, 321 West 46th Street, a proudly prosperous showplace, going and growing since 1906. The personality of its blond-haired owner, Laura Maioglio (the founders' daughter), is reflected in

art, design, menu and service. She drew decorative inspiration from a region in the northwest of Italy known as Piedmont. Small groups of luxuriously upholstered chairs arranged around cocktail tables confront you as you enter. Wherever feasible, genuine antiques have been used—the shimmering chandelier dominating the dining room that once graced Victor Emmanuel's palace, the golden picture frames and lamp shades, the delicate sconces casting discreet light on highly lustrous wood paneling.

The menu scope is broad and luxurious, taking in all the traditions and offering many specialties, including game. Here *bagna cauda* (hot anchovy dip to scoop up with cardo leaves), *filet of beef Conti* (medallions of beef with wine and mushrooms prepared at tableside), and *spezzatino of chicken* are sauced up seductively. Veal variations and *fritto misto* (assorted fried meats and sweets) compete for your vote, putting you in a quandary. And picturesquely bottled and mighty pleasant wines imported from Barbeta's own vineyards in Piedmont certainly ring the well-known bell. Open for lunch and dinner daily, this restaurant is inside the wider spending arc. Closed Sunday.

A diminutive dining-room and a place dear to the hearts and appetites of those who have sampled the food and grown enamored of the atmosphere is **Via Veneto**, 56 West 56th Street. Pasta here is the tastiest, the soups excellent, the seafood, beef, chicken, and veal delicious, the salads crisp. If your tastebuds want to picnic in pastures new, seek guidance from the *padrone* himself, Angelo Pacifici. Reasonably priced so that a few dollars procure a very good meal. Open daily for lunch and dinner. Closed Sunday.

Gian Marino, 716 Lexington Avenue, and **Gian Marino Secondo**, 221 East 58th Street, are softly lit, cheerful and warm. Distinguished Italian cuisine featuring specialties from six different Provinces of Italy is the foundation on which the reputation of each place has been solidly built. Cooks are at work preparing *sweetbreads marsala*, *lobster fra diavolo*, *sausage and peppers alla pizzaiola*, *boneless chicken Florentine* and *filet mignon alla Caruso*.

Quality of olive oil used in cooking has a lot to do with flavor and Gian Marino's res-

taurants have always been a stickler of sticklers, lavish with the best; charges accordingly. Luncheon and dinner daily, entirely *à la carte*. Secondo closed Sunday.

The **San Remo**, 29th Street and 8th Avenue, is small with a dime's worth of decor, good food and plenty of it, inexpensive, sound, economical and near Madison Square Garden. It's dedicated to introducing West Side palates to the delights of subtly seasoned Italian provender and vino. Examples offered are distinctly good, particularly the ambrosial variety of pastas. Open for bargain priced luncheons and dinners every day, except Monday evening.

Tomaldo, 230 East 51st Street, is an old favorite relocated in new quarters. You can expect to find some very acceptable Italian dishes. When you taste the *savory linguine* which is prepared in clam sauce, you will have a clue to why. Further explanations are to be had in the form of plump *shrimps marinara*, *veal scallopine*, *chicken Tomaldo*, and a prized version of *zabaglione* . . . a sort of Italian fluffy eggnog spiked with Marsala. Moderately priced, Tomaldo is open for lunch and dinner daily; closed Sunday.

Established since 1925, **Rocco**, 181 Thompson Street, in Greenwich Village, has two dining rooms the size of thumbnails and nearly always packed to the jaws. Home-made Southern-Italian food is the thing and prices are truly painless. *A la carte* dishes include an opulent *antipasto*, mouth-

Pampered by la patronne: Sheldon Landwehr with Laura Maioglio of the Barbetta restaurant.

melting *egg plant parmigiana*, palatable *steamed clams marinara*, and *veal scaloppine a la Sorrentina*, which has a goodness and a character of its own. Open seven days a week for lunch and dinner.

Firenze, 40 West 45th Street, is a pleasant place conveniently close to Manhattan's theater district, hosted by food-sagacious Joseph Benveniste. It has proved a worthwhile addition to the Italian eat-beat, with an atmosphere favoring leisurely enjoyment. Rewarding baked clams and excellent versions of other standard favorites prevail. Luncheons are *à la carte*; dinner embraces both *table d'hôte* and *à la carte* meals. Prices are reasonable. Closed Sunday.

Orsini's, 41 West 56th Street, is a small romantic Italian-tile-exposed brick-and-stucco affair, crowded daily and sprinkled with some of the most stylishly attired people in town, notables of the stage, screen and TV worlds, the international set, fashion designers and models. Owner-host Armando Orsini, a European charmer, blandishes them into a state of palate bliss and general felicity of the interior. Skepticism just hasn't any staying-power when pitted against such a flavor orgy as *Tortellini al sugo* (dumplings filled with chicken). Or *Uccelletti all'Abbruzzese* (rolls of veal stuffed with cheese and prosciutto). Or *Piccata al limone* (tender scallops of veal in lemon and butter sauce). Or *noodles Alfredo*. Or quintessential scampi. However, just in case a flicker of fault-seeking might still persist, Orsini has a final demolisher for it: *Elvetia* or rum cake, a flavorful creation that literally floats down your throat,



singing songs of triumph all the way. Luncheon and dinner (until a late hour) served daily, except Sunday. It can be expensive.

Chianti in Chicago

Care to be minestrone-enthralled in Chicagoland? Then take a cautious taste of the **Corona Cafe's** (501 North Rush Street) bowl of hot thick minestrone, a-sizzle crammed with alphabets. It's a place where Italian dishes croon tunes of flavor and perform accordingly, which means "jump-into-the-mouth", and so on and so forth, as per close to 50 years of Corona's career. A brand-new building of its own design has transformed this oldie but the kitchen hasn't switched its cookery. Reasonably priced *table d'hôte* and *à la carte* meals are served daily, including Sunday. Open for luncheon, dinner and supper.

Lovely War scene: A confusion between peace propaganda and buffoonery.



London pride

Ultra-smart place of strikingly fantastic design in London is Mario and Franco's **Tiberio**, 22 Queen Street, Mayfair West 1. A lushly foliated salon nabs your gaze as you enter; stairs descend to a luxurious dining department dominated by an imposing table enticingly laden with a profusion of provender. Tables and chairs have been tenanted by all the great culinary specialists of Italy dedicated to fashionable dining on classic Italian cuisine. If you haven't guessed that it costs money to eat here, the menu will break the news, and you'll understand those prices more fully when you contact the juicy texture of the veal, or note the thickness of the oh-so-devourable beef, or watch your waiter prepare a rich pasta dish. Tiberio . . . open for dinner and supper, with dance music from 10 . . . operates on the theory that good nutriment is a sound investment, to be tucked away with a feeling of satisfaction, if not outright jubilation. The wine list is, to say the least, remarkable.



Constant Prince scene: Cieslak and Mireck in Grotowski's Christ-like climax.

This splurgeous establishment is closed Sunday.

The Via Veneto mood with Tiberio food might seem to be an odd combination, but it has clicked. **The Trattorio**, 2 Abingdon Road, Kensington West 8, is a narrow de luxe balcony-rimmed eatery, providing memorable meals under a glass roof, mirrored walls, latticework, distinctive blooms, and a great quantity of green frondescence which is charming. So are the Italian specialties. Indeed, they are as good as you can get at the treasured Tiberio, whose management has branched out here. Service is substantially less starchy than that of Tiberio, being dispensed by waiters dressed in black and white striped boat-neck polo shirts.—**Sheldon Landwehr**.



How movies lose a war

Perhaps there is no way to make a truly effective anti-war or anti-violence film. If the action is depicted, it tends to excite or even, as many behaviorists argue, incite

movie-goers. If the violence is kept off-screen, there is difficulty in understanding why it should be opposed. For example, by now you have seen *The Wild Bunch* and you may have noticed that far from being repulsed by its excessive violence, most audiences revel in the blood baths (your agent must report, however, that *he* was repulsed). Perhaps the only truly effective anti-war film is Peter Watkins's *War Game*, and that was more of an anti-holocaust movie than anything else—and who could be for the end of the world?

Movies that attempt to approach anything as heavy as war are usually devoid of a wider political context than themselves, which is to say that for the most part the violence takes place in a political vacuum. Movies as diverse as *Paths of Glory*, *How I Won the War* and *La Grande Illusion* all fail as anti-war statements—though they may succeed as films—because they never make it clear why the war or violence occurred in the first place, and what might have been done to prevent it. *Paths* for example ends up merely an anti-bastard film, while *How I Won* is amiably anti-authoritarian, and *Illusion* romanticizes the poor saps who have to do the fighting. As Robert Hughes once asked, what are we to make of an anti-war film that can inspire members of the audience to shout "Kill him!



Kill him!" during its performance?

These thoughts are prompted by seeing Richard Attenborough's pathetic film production of Joan Littlewood's revue *Oh! What A Lovely War*. Not only does the film fail to attack war effectively—as the stage production did—but it doesn't work as a film. In the first place, the charming energy of the original is dissipated on the screen where, as it always does in this medium, reality intrudes. The stage production, using a minuscule cast and no sets, was able to recreate the First World War in all its horror and idiocy. Although it's easy to see how tempting it was to use the affectation of a Brighton pier as the "set" for the War—movies need to be visually exciting after all—the cuts to the trenches are jarring, making the movie unnecessarily choppy, and serve to undermine the point of the piece, namely, that imperialism not (as the movie seems to argue) buffoonery was responsible for the war.

On stage all the characters, high and low, were played by the same actors. In the movie, the generals and politicians are cameos for the cream of the British acting community—Michael Redgrave, Jack Hawkins, Gielgud, Olivier, Maggie Smith, Vanessa Redgrave, Dirk Bogarde, John Mills, and so on—while the common soldiers and citizens—a family named Smith—

are played by an admirable collection of unknowns. The effect is to undermine the point that all humanity was the victim.

And the movie itself is undermined because the high points for the most part result from the brilliant camping of the stars. The event itself becomes so truncated that whole periods and cataclysmic incidents have simply disappeared from the film. For example, the Russian Revolution is mentioned in one line and the arrival of the Americans is the occasion for slapstick humor, but nothing more. The most one can hope for is that the inevitable success of *Oh! What A Lovely War* will inspire investors to try more serious films on the subject. Peace is one thing that we can only, and must, try and try again.—**Penniman Smith**



The art of Grotowski

Whether the story is true or apocryphal, it fits with the advance image the Western world has of Jerzy Grotowski and his Polish Laboratory Theater. At a recent Edinburgh Festival, so it goes, Grotowski discovered that a pair of discarded wheelbarrows would

do the trick as props for one of his pieces, so he transported them to the stage and left them there. Next day—performance day—he discovered that some enterprising cleaning ladies had cleared them away. In despair and disgust he cancelled the performance—stranding a far-traveling audience, including—so the story goes—one Princess Margaret. They were out in the cold, at least as far as finding out what the new Polish theater movement was all about.

The tale parallels my own observation of his off-stage behavior when his company began playing in New York. Grotowski asked one of his benefactors, a producer, and the press agent who had made sure that all of us critics were stuffed into place, to leave because they were standing in the back and constituted an audience figure of more than the prescribed 100. He has been known to limit his audience to under 50, but for this debut in America he had gone to 100.

The stage was not so much a stage as a pit. Set up in a Greenwich Village church auditorium, it was a wooden rectangle fence apparatus with two banks of benches arranged around three sides for us to sit on. This first production was *The Constant Prince*, based on a 17th-century play by the Spaniard Calderon. There is no scenery, just one platform, an umbrella and six actors. Put simplistically the play pits a group against an individual. The first victim is intimidated by the group and, after being castrated, becomes one of them. Then comes the Prince, who withstands the mad antics of the group and by passivity and his own presence as a human being overcomes their demands on his soul. After suffering an eternity of repeated assaults and degradations, which he turns into triumphs, he is finally free.

The company in all their frenzy of attack are the world gone mad. The Prince in his agony is the passion of all real purity standing against such a world. His triumph is our triumph, and his last writhing moments of nudity as he withstands the terrors of assault by the sheer force of his vulnerability cannot escape Christlike imputations. His body and his psyche have withstood the ultimate siege by a crazed mankind and he has survived to be elevated into a higher state of grace. He is clearly all of us as we would be, and when he is finally dead it is in a

spirit of ecstasy that immediately turns the hostility of his murderers into tranquillity.

Grotowski admits that he has grasped only the inner spirit of Calderon to mount, not the literal play in translation. I would submit that this inner spirit is his alone, and that he merely found a vehicle for its expression. He has peeled the original down to a fine nub and he has accomplished his self-appointed mission.

But what is this mission? The play was performed in Polish and yet I would venture to guess that a native Polish-speaker would have been hard put to understand the words as spoken. They were, indeed, not so much spoken as emitted in a torrent, or as a slow mud slide. The actors spewed, mewed, hissed, shouted, whistled, sobbed. They were birds and cows and donkeys and priests—their voices were instruments. They were instruments—that's it. They were instruments and the words were atonal notes.

To understand what Jerzy Grotowski is about and to grasp his concept of theater as a medium of expression, you must first fit into his own pattern of audience. The many levels of theatergoing can be no better illustrated than by observing the New York theater scene. *Cactus Flower* and *The Sound of Music* obviously appeal to people whose level of interest in the theater as an art form need be no less serious than a Godot or Grotowski fan's but who admit that entertainment and levity are the prime thrust of their ticket buying. So be it. Grotowski admits that people who will grasp his meanings are less in abundance, and to ensure that only those who seek to be at least uplifted, involved, and interested enough in his work to bring more than casual attention to his performances, he limits his audiences. Why not? He expects them to contribute generously of their intellect while in his presence. Why not? He is a demanding theater person, but he offers rewards of exaltation that far transcend the giggles or even horse laughs of a transitory contemporary comedy.

The key to his technique is music. He moves his actors in gusts, in stops and starts enmeshed with their soundings and cryings and the sonata-like form unfolds in a production such as *The Constant Prince*, which is without intermission and runs for about 80 minutes. The graph of a

musical score could be well applied to the essential crescendo of the play.

Yet there is a basic dichotomy of purpose in what results. Grotowski declares that the actor is the only and ultimate power in the theater. Bereft of scenery, effects, words as we know them, even working with only the soul rather than the meat of a classic play, the actor alone must spell out the particular human magic of the moment. There can be nothing but total commitment on the part of the actor, or there is no production. The actor is all. And yet, in what I consider a strangely antithetical attitude, Grotowski has so denuded his actors of personality that they are merely his extensions, each a vital but undistinguished part of the overall Grotowski kaleidoscope of effect. Grotowski admits to their usage as his malleable tools.

But serious theater does not necessarily mean the only good theater. *Three Men on a Horse* (in revival, obviously) was for me a genuine groove. *The Constant Prince* was also a definite groove. As audience pure and simple, I used different muscles for each of them. George Abbot directed *Horse*—he's done quite a few—and I am still reeling from Sam Pevine's Patsy. I remember the play because of all the people in it who made it so funny. With *Prince* I remember the rush of the group, the sound of the "a cappella" unsung music of their voices, and the way Grotowski impressed me with his ability to make whatever nobility I may have lurking beneath my life-battered exterior stir at least in an attempt at being recognized.

They are both theater, and both good theater. Let's not snob a healthy production of *Horse* to death. Grotowski wouldn't want it that way. There's room for both. At least in my house there is.—**Sandy Lesberg.**



The C&W comeback

One vast area of pop that's usually ignored is country and western, presumably because most of the people who write about pop are middle-class and urban-oriented and, at least until the past year, have found c & w too jingoist, too

racist and too male-supremacist to be talked about with anything but scorn. Besides, it's working-class music and, while most intellectuals "admire" working-class values, they don't take working-class lives seriously. At least not white working-class lives.

But the times they are a changin'. Television, for one thing, has brought America closer to universal experience than any culture has yet achieved, and a generation has grown up that accepts—needs is perhaps a better word—the *sound* of country music, but demands a change in the content and attitudes. C & w has always been reality-oriented, though usually of the Job variety. If God didn't want my life to be crap, He wouldn't make me live in this outhouse, and like that. It is usually maudlin and self-pitying and rarely does it see life in other terms than Fate and Me. As Gene Lees once put it, "Birds still languish in gilded cages, pictures are still turned to the walls, and little girls are still trying to telephone mothers in heaven." Now comes a generation that has grown up with "God is dead", opposition to the war in Vietnam and to racial injustice in the United States, the Bomb, and education. So they demand a music that speaks for and to them, and they are beginning to get it.

The revitalization of c & w is happening in four ways: a) by rock groups—the Byrds, Moby Grape, Dylan—who are lifting the style in about the same way rockers used to steal black music; b) by traditional country artists—Chet Atkins, Jim Edward Brown, Don Gibson—who are using the latest professional methods and performing pop music country style; c) by traditional country artists—Bill Anderson, Mel Tillis, Roger Miller—who are singing and writing in the tradition, but with a greater commitment to today; d) young performers—Joe South, Jerry Reed, John Hartford—who are basically pop or folk musicians but who feel an identification with country music. The last two are by far the more interesting categories.

One of the most stirring composers and performers to come out of traditional country is **John D. Loudermilk** who has a string of LPs for R.C.A., the best of which are probably *The Open Mind* of *John D. Loudermilk* and *Sings a Bizarre Collection of the Most Unusual Songs*. His work is uneven and many of his songs are

banal. I suppose what he needs is a producer who will make him record only his best. But when he is on he is capable of writing excellent and relevant songs. For example, "Brown Girl" on *Open Mind* tells the story of an interracial love affair without copping out. "No Playing in the Snow Today" on *Bizarre Collection* is a lament for the amount of strontium 90 to which we subject our children and ourselves. Loudermilk has also written his share of hits (though never with his own versions) including the blockbuster "Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye" (which he recorded on *Suburban Attitudes in Country Verse*), "Tobacco Road" and "Interstate 40". Loudermilk has written love songs and humorous numbers as well as protest material about Indians, pollution and alienation. John D. Loudermilk is one of the best songwriters in America in any category.

Some country singers who aren't primarily writers, too, have begun to put together excellent collections. Perhaps the first to do this was **Johnny Cash**, who has included contemporary country material in his repertoire for more than a decade. His chief concerns are prisons and Indians, e.g. his song "Folsom Prison Blues" and his recent album recorded there, and *Bitter Tears*, an album subtitled "Ballads of the American Indian." Always a superior narrative singer, his heartfelt readings of "As Long as the Grass Shall Grow" and "The Ballad of Ira Hayes" (both written by the late Peter La Farge) are classics of modern c & w.

Cash's example—and his success—has helped to inspire others to pursue the same course, especially **Bobby Bare** (whose biggest hit was "Detroit City") and **George Hamilton IV** (who has been a fixture on the scene since his "Rose and a Baby Ruth" was a hit in the mid-'50s). (*Margie's At*) *The Lincoln Park Inn*, Bare's most recent release, attacks the war, slumlords and the arbitrary use of police power, describes the despair involved in being a poor white Southerner in a Northern industrial city, takes note of a number of middle-class hypocrisies, and even shows a bit of understanding of women's problems. It is a good album. Hamilton's best album, *Folksy*, draws heavily but not exclusively on such younger folk (country? rock?) songwriters as Gordon Lightfoot, Donovan, Joni Mitchell,

John Hartford and Steve Gillette. It is a marvellous album with which to be introduced to the possibilities of c & w.

Of the writers who have moved into country from folk and rock my favorite is **John Stewart**, a former member of the Kingston Trio who recently bowed as a single with an album called *California Bloodlines*. Stewart is both an excellent songwriter and a remarkably expressive performer. He has a rich voice, like Cash's though mellower, and his songs, usually in the form of stories, show a debt to both country and pop. My favorite is "The Pirates of Stone County Road", although it is marred somewhat by a voice talkover. "She Believes in Me" and "Omaha Rainbow" are also strong, and a smart promotion campaign could have made "Mother Country" a No. 1 song (Stewart did have a hit in some parts of the country with a song about the Apollo 11 moonshot). Stewart is backed by an all-star collection of Nashville support men (Buttrey, Burton, McCoy, etc.), which never hurts. Among other younger singers into similar bags are John Denver (formerly of the Mitchell Trio and the author of Peter, Paul and Mary's "Leaving, On A Jet Plane"), Gordon Lightfoot ("Early Morning Rain") and Steve Gillette ("Back On the Street Again").

Shirley Milete is a singer who combines both strains. He is a protest singer-songwriter who writes and performs material in strictly traditional modes. For example, his song about splitting because of the draft, "I Wonder If Canda's Cold", is addressed, in classic c & w fashion, to the narrator's mother. He expresses his disenchantment with modern life in terms that Hank Williams would have applauded in songs like "Hell Walks the Street" and "Afraid to Rock the Boat". Milete may be a teenie too emotional a singer for some tastes, but most of his material is well-enough chosen to sustain his excesses. For example, he pushes Bob Dylan's sentimental talky "Tomorrow Is A Long Time" close to the maudlin without ever quite crossing over.

There really is gold in them thar hills and it's worth a rush to hear it. Where we all go from here is another question. Singer-songwriter Joe South ("Games People Play") argued recently that c & w had to grow up. It seems to be beginning to.—**Guthrie Bester**

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Once one of the nation's Big Three integrationist groups; the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) has in recent years shifted irrevocably to black nationalism (and away from non-violence). The man who has come to power in the process is Roy Innis, who backed Floyd McKissick's successful bid for the leadership in 1966 and succeeded him when he retired in 1968. It was Innis who staged the take-over coup at the bankers' conference on urban problems in Chicago last summer, striding to the platform flanked by lines of wild-eyed "troops" in leather jackets and colorful dashikis.

Innis rather reluctantly joined CORE in 1963. He still thinks of himself as a non-joiner and anti-organization man, and anyway he was already a black nationalist. So why did he join? "Because I met Doris and she was working at CORE all the time and I couldn't think of any way else to spend time with her." He married Doris Funnye shortly thereafter in her father's church in South Carolina.

At that time CORE "was being run lock, stock and barrel by white and black women", and Innis is not a man to be led by women. He became head of the Harlem chapter in November 1965, and the realignment of CORE was under way. These were the years when the black nationalist teachings of Marcus Garvey were being read by ambitious black leaders, the years of the "black power" chants, and the abandonment of non-violence by many Negro groups. Other influences on Innis were the history of the American Revolution and of Jewish Zionism, both of which continue to fascinate him. He often quotes the pre-Revolutionary period in the U.S., comparing it with the situation of black Americans today.

In this exclusive interview, conducted by New York journalist **Mark B vs Monsky**, Innis discusses his aims and outlook. Readers must judge for themselves how carefully his plans for independent black communities have been thought out, and to what extent his hopes are realistically based.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW / ROY INNIS

BLACK NATIONALIST

Penthouse: Your policies have weakened the possibilities of integration and now the Congress of Racial Equality relies on black nationalism. Do you really think the black people of America are ready to follow a black nationalist?

Innis: The guys who are projecting the advanced and progressive solutions, changes and ideas are always the minority. People follow them when the solutions that they offer satisfy their needs; not before, always after. So that we don't mind one bit being the minority. You know, if you ask how many black nationalists are there in the country among the 25-million-odd black folks, you really couldn't say, unless you carefully define what a black nationalist

is. Is it one who is deeply committed to the conscious ideology and philosophy of black nationalism? Or is it someone who behaves like a black nationalist? Look at the hairstyles being worn by blacks, men and women—the naturals. Three or four years ago, you wouldn't see this. The majority of blacks are moving in that direction. The bleaching cream industry used to be very big in black areas. It must be going down. You see? No longer do we need to lighten our skin to look white—a nationalist expression. So if we want to measure nationalism accurately, don't just measure the activist nationalists but measure also the passive nationalists.

Penthouse: One of the things that has worked

toward your goals is that in the big cities there is a tradition of political liberalism. Now we seem to be seeing some political backpedalling.

Innis: Well we need to discuss in some detail the so-called "liberal" attitude, and whether it might not detract from real solutions to the problems of black folks. I don't go in for chastising whites or something of a flagellation ceremony which both parties enjoy, insulting and cursing. That's not my "stick". You see? But I think I have been one of the most severe critics of the liberal establishment. Not because they aren't nice guys—I mean I've talked to these guys man to man and they're great guys! I hate to say this, but some of my best friends are white liberals. Man, they mean well! And,

you know, if you trace history, the genealogy of white liberal, you will find his forefather in the abolitionists back in the 1860s and before. There's a long line of whites who have solutions to the problems of black folks. People who for so-called "moral" imperatives, decided *they* had solutions to the problems of other folks and were so convinced of this that they refused to let the other folks work out their own problems or bring their own plans to the forefront—I find that very negative. You would hope that we can learn from history how people must move to satisfy natural and legitimate aspirations, and that Americans, the most powerful people in the history of mankind, would be able, you know, with their great wealth and great knowledge, to avoid the catastrophic path that other people have had to take towards liberation. They could avoid this for us by granting this liberation.

Penthouse: Suppose for a moment that your idea of black nationalism can be achieved. Do you want a separate society? Do you want a separate territory? Where is your black nationalism?

Innis: Black nationalism is wherever black people reside. People say how can you blacks be nationalists—you have no nation? That's true. A nation is primarily where people are. If Jews are in captivity in Egypt, there is a Jewish nation in Egypt, and that nation must seek liberation—must move itself away from Egypt. If black people are in captivity in the United States, our nation is there with us and we must seek to move ourselves away. The big difference is that the logistics of moving 25-odd million black folks back to Africa is very complex, and the logistics of even moving 25 million black folks into five Southern states as proposed by some of my colleagues is more possible, but still difficult. So what we're saying in CORE is that the nation will be when we're able to redefine the turf where black people now live—redefine that turf politically from where white people live.

Penthouse: Outside the political sphere of the whites, do you mean?

Innis: Yes, that's the important part of the definition. It's not so much defining a contiguous piece of geography, but recognizing where black people and white people live now. The fact is, whites manage the white part of New York City, whites manage the black part of New York City. Whites manage Harlem as well as Queens, and manage the white part of Boston along with Roxbury. They manage Los Angeles along with Watts. They manage Chicago along with South Chicago. So the black nation becomes a redefinition of that turf politically, so that Harlem is no longer part of the political entity of New York City, and the same thing through the whole nation. The black nation will be the sum total of all the black parts.

Penthouse: So you would have a different police department from ours?

Innis: Different institutions.

Penthouse: A different fire department?

Innis: Different, all the social and political institutions.

Penthouse: Is this separation—like a Berlin wall—what you think the people of Watts,

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One day I'll go back to the
Virgin Islands and go into
politics. I'm certain I'll become
governor

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Roxbury and Harlem want?

Innis: Let me go back in history again for a moment. If you took a poll among American colonists in 1770, you would not find the majority wanted to separate from England. In 1775 you wouldn't see a majority that wanted to separate from England. All they wanted to do was stop paying tax on tea. All they wanted was to have representation in Parliament. If the British had given them some representation in Parliament, and removed the tea tax and stopped billeting troops in their houses, there would be no American separation from Britain. The majority of the people, all they want is to have their needs satisfied. Which ever leader or planner can offer the solution to satisfy their needs, that's the one they're with, and that's usually after the fact.

Penthouse: Who becomes the leader, if there is to be one leader, among so many shades of black agitation?

Innis: It is necessary for one group—and I hope, in fact I do suppose it will be CORE—to grow so strong and develop so flexible and wide a program that every black can feel a part of it, so that this group in fact becomes the organization of the people, and de facto the leadership. Then those outside will join because of these strengths. That's the only way unity comes about.

Penthouse: Harlem—as anybody who knows New York can verify—is heavily influenced by criminal rackets: numbers, narcotics, the trade in stolen merchandise. There have been reports that some black nationalists have been

muscling the Mafia out of Harlem. Also that black nationalists now are running parts of the numbers racket.

Innis: The fact is, control of whatever happens in your area should be in your own hands. If it is true that our people are muscling out racketeers who are not indigenous to our area, that would be a good thing. If there must be crime in a black area, at least let it be controlled by us. But let us define what is crime. Few blacks anywhere will call the numbers a crime. The only crime is that we don't reap the profits.

Penthouse: If you were mayor of Harlem, and Harlem was a political division, would you sanction a numbers racket?

Innis: I would take an immediate poll of the people in Harlem on whether they want the numbers. I'm almost certain they would say yes, and I would support it.

Penthouse: What about the narcotics?

Innis: Narcotics is a different story. I will state categorically that the reason that you see narcotics in black communities is because we don't control crime in those communities. Now, I don't think you'll find narcotics is a problem in Italian neighborhoods. You see? I'll tell you one thing: if I was the underworld kingpin in a black community, there'd be no narcotics in the black community. I would not be feedin' the poison to my own relatives, and all black folks in that community would be my relatives. So it seems to be that the cure for narcotics in the black community is for us to take over the police and all the rackets.

Penthouse: Couldn't you make a step toward that now?

Innis: I'm pretty sure the nationalist drive will move towards eradicating foreign crime from our community—redefining activities that are called crime in our community. And move into control of all the other legitimate institutions in our community, including the police.

Penthouse: There was once a story that you went to Shearson & Hammill, stockbrokers, when they opened up a Harlem office, and told them: "You can't operate in here unless you pay tribute." Is there any truth to that?

Innis: I guess that could be a condensation of what happened. It was more complex. You don't move into a white town any place in this country and just set up shop just like that! You've got to be invited in by somebody in authority, and you've got to work out some arrangements with somebody in authority representing the people of that town. Shearson & Hammill announced to the community, well, we'll walk in with impunity and set up shop! We confronted them at the borders and we said we don't care how many house niggers, how many "pork-choppin'" businessmen invite you in and tell you you can have an entree, we aren't satisfied. We said to Shearson Hammill that we reserve the right to stop, interrupt, by any means possible—and we really meant any means possible—any entry of that investment firm into Harlem at a time when black folks are getting powers of economic development in all areas, and would naturally move toward the investment field. Any instrument they decide to put up in Harlem should eventually accrue to the community. We aren't satisfied with the staff of this establishment being black and the

manager being black—they were “hep” enough to recruit mostly a black staff and get a black manager. They weren’t even taking a chance with a mulatto this time, they took a real, full-blooded black, you know. But that wasn’t a good enough camouflage. We said that should profits be reaped out of their presence in Harlem, they will have to contract to divest themselves of their interest in this establishment when the business is viable.

Penthouse: How long is the period?

Innis: The period was left open, because it’s pretty difficult to predict viability in a business. Also, we didn’t want to pin ourselves down to when we should have to raise the money to buy them out. But the agreement is that we will buy out at the market price so that they will not lose money in the deal.

Penthouse: So you’ve got an option to buy the Shearson Hammill Harlem operation?

Innis: Yes.

Penthouse: What other groups have you done this with?

Innis: This was a first. I think that we have established the guidelines for other white businesses to enter the community. Surprisingly, this was played down by the press, and one wonders why. You know? I think that it was detrimental to America and to the interests of whites to play down this important principle.

Penthouse: How far does the concept go? Does it extend to A & P supermarkets? Does it extend to stationery stores?

Innis: My feeling is that it should immediately extend to any new entry into the colony.

Penthouse: What about the old entries?

Innis: I think we will also have to negotiate the old arrangements. Right now we just have to seal the border and be able to hold any new incursions across the border.

Penthouse: When you took over the bankers’ meeting in Chicago, you called a caucus with the black bankers attending, and they did meet with you. Was that because they were sub rosa nationalists, or because CORE’s aggressive presence was coercive?

Innis: Well, suppose I asked George Washington, Madison and Hamilton and those guys the same question in 1776, what would be the answer? I suppose, to be frank, there is always a certain amount of coercion with any movement. But if you know something about black folks, you know that one thing that black brothers don’t like from other black brothers is coercion. And I’ll tell you quite frankly that in our black strategy for this meeting we had worked out some really detailed tactics, and the one doubtful part was would the brothers oppose us? We had no worry about the whites.

Penthouse: What do you mean by “oppose”?

Innis: I mean even physically. We weren’t certain.

Penthouse: But you were certain there would be no physical opposition from the whites?

Innis: Yes, we were pretty certain that, the way we had worked out our strategy, the white bankers would have considered discretion the better part of valor.

Penthouse: So you are taking advantage of the fact that when you go into a place like that you are organized for this kind of physical clash and they’re not, and they know it.

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I don’t think the radicals really mean business. I’ve a sneaking suspicion that if a great revolution came tomorrow we’d have a new set of oppressors

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Innis: Well, let’s say that we are better prepared for all eventualities and they aren’t. After all, their specialty is not that.

Penthouse: So in the long run, it is almost a holdup.

Innis: Let’s put it this way. It’s a holdup no more than it is if a banker, you know, gives me a loan and puts some stringent stipulations in the contract—makes me mortgage my grandmother just to get maybe a 1000 measly bucks! Now, that’s more of a holdup to me. That’s coercion! You see? I am saying I don’t consider my action against the banker any more coercive than the banker’s treatment of me or the black folks now.

Penthouse: Do you willingly risk losing the sympathies of whites?

Innis: I’m not big on the grand theory of the black-white coalitions. I’m not much on that kind of business. In fact, I differ drastically with many of my colleagues, the Bayard Rustins, or the Cleavers, who counsel this grand coalition. I think blacks suffer too much in these coalitions: the banking industry represents to us an equal stumbling block, and we need not love each other to move against the banking industry. We can hit them simultaneously and with so-called “coordination” and I think everybody will be farther ahead.

Penthouse: What kind of white activists are you talking about?

Innis: Well, it is my feeling that a move against the banking industry could be joined by an SDS, or even any of the milder groups.

Penthouse: Would you prefer to do business

with young revolutionaries, or with the people who are the establishment now?

Innis: I’ll have it either way. All I am concerned with is liberation. One thing is certain. I can’t wait for the radicals to take care of their parents, you know? Frankly, I don’t really think they are revolutionaries. I don’t think they really mean business, and if they disagree with me, then prove me wrong. I’m not going to align myself with them to achieve their end because there’s no guarantee I’m going to achieve mine afterwards. I’ve a sneaking suspicion that if a great revolution came tomorrow, that we’d have a new set of oppressors, and I would still have to worry about liberation.

Penthouse: Just how far would you go on your own?

Innis: I think people involved in the struggle reserve the right to use any means to liberation, but at different levels of the struggle any means will change. You know, if you have me down on the ground in chains with a one-ton rock on my chest, well, any means possible to remove the one-ton rock. Then any means against the chains. So we must talk about any means within certain limits that you operate in.

Penthouse: Sitting here in 1970, what are those limits?

Innis: Today, black folks don’t have an army as big as the American Army. They don’t have missiles or H-bombs. So that my means most surely would not include that kind of confrontation. There are certain things we must do. I will give you an example. I walked into that meeting in Chicago. Now they had adequate notice that I was coming. I told them that if they were going to discuss urban problems, the problems of black folks, now any place the problems of black folks are being discussed, I reserve the right to invite myself. They didn’t invite me. I invited myself, and to guarantee my invitation, I brought some troops with me. The guys moved in in three columns and secured both sides of the meeting, and one group grabbed the mike. It was quick. It was over neatly without any kind of violence, without any chance for a response by those in charge of the meeting. In other words, we had discouraged any kind of violence because of how well we did this. Now, if anyone in that meeting had moved to interfere with our grabbing the meeting, well, it’s hard to predict what would have happened. We were not going to relinquish that mike. We were not going to let business go on as usual.

Penthouse: What you’re saying is that wherever you decide to go, it’s going to be your way or it’s not going to be at all.

Innis: We reserve the right to self-defense. That’s a different thing from going into a meeting and starting to beat people up.

Penthouse: You’re talking in military terms. You use troops, columns, maneuvers. Is an army invading ever talking about self-defense?

Innis: Well, if you ever listen to the Americans, all of their invasions of everybody else’s territory was self-defense; like in Mexico which resulted in the forming of Texas, to mention just a small part. Like Teddy Roosevelt’s little escapades in the Caribbean and Haiti and Cuba and Santa Domingo; Lyndon Johnson’s going down to snatch up six communists in the Dominican Republic. You see? That sort of



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thing. Well, I'm certain we are a long, long way from that kind of action.

Penthouse: You seem to be threatening to play a nationwide game of chicken.

Innis: Not really. It's a dangerous thing to play brinkmanship tactics. What we do is to create a situation and also create options, and offer the options to the American power structure. We say, for instance, that we refuse to stand by idly and have our people oppressed any longer in certain conditions. And what we say is that we are offering you options. You know? You have proposed certain solutions that we say are not working and are counter-productive to both of our interests. Then we offer an option that will not necessarily contradict your interests and will satisfy our needs.

Penthouse: Yet behind your reasoning there is always the implicit threat of catastrophe.

Innis: You know, there's a poem by one of our great poets, Claude McKay. I think it's "Let us not die like dogs". It suggests that if it comes to the worst and we are pinned up against the wall, we go down like men. It could come to that point, become a kamikaze war, and kamikazes never lose. They die, but never lose. Our ultimate weapon is a negative one. It's sad for us. If at any time Americans start moving towards genocide, the one potential we have is to become kamikazes and to say to whites: if you wipe out 25 million blacks, we can wipe out many more of you even though we do die.

Penthouse: James Meredith once predicted a day when there would be white vigilantes riding through black neighborhoods. Other people have raised the fear of concentration camps.

Innis: That's why he walks down the dangerous Mississippi roads with a Bible to protect him. It's almost inconsistent with his behavior to make a statement like that. The fact is, a slight little turn in American society, American politics, could mean concentration camps around the corner. Look at that thing in Allenwood, Pennsylvania, and a few other little places that really are available to detain, by whatever pretext, black folks. The McCarran Act is still on the books and it gives tremendous power to the Attorney General, like John Mitchell. There's the legacy of American history in concentrating the Japanese during the war. The same harsh treatment was not given to the Germans, of course, since they were Western Europeans and whites. So we know that it can happen.

Penthouse: A lot of professional journalists are disturbed about the way the press conference has become a tool for people like you—people who are selling something. To be specific, you can get on the phone and in an hour be speaking into a dozen microphones and a half-dozen cameras, and within the next 24 hours you'll be all over the country.

Innis: Well, it's a two-way thing, isn't it? The press hustle us and we make good copy for them. There are many brothers who sometimes refuse to talk to the press. I tell them no, they should. I say it's a two-way thing. Even then

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people are at war there should be communication, and I think that the only thing that's going to save this country from a catastrophic confrontation is adequate communication of clear pragmatic alternatives. I use it as a tool, all right, a tool to stave off catastrophe, to project alternative plans and programs to those disasters that we have now.

Penthouse: So the press is the buffer between the white population and the black population?

Innis: I say the press, more than any other institution, plays the key role in staving off catastrophe between blacks and whites. The press does a decent job, and if you do a bad job, you can guarantee the catastrophe. If you do a decent job, you can stave it off.

Penthouse: You've been in Harlem and other black communities for years, and often when trouble starts there's the question whether the appearance of a camera or a group of reporters sparked it.

Innis: Well, I'll tell you the appearance of the cops almost always sparks it, not only the camera part. No, I find that the spark to any rebellion—you would call it a riot and I suppose to be frank some of them are riots, but some are rebellions, true rebellions . . .

Penthouse: Was Detroit a rebellion or a riot?

Innis: Detroit was a rebellion.

Penthouse: Was Newark a rebellion?

Innis: Newark was a rebellion.

Penthouse: What was a riot then?

Innis: Any of the Mickey Mouse ones that happened around the place.

Penthouse: If you have to call the National

Guard is that a rebellion?

Innis: The magnitude is an easy guide to whether it's a riot or rebellion, but also the issue that started it. But I would suggest that there can be a combination of both. Sometimes a rebellion can turn into a riot.

Penthouse: When people start breaking store windows and stealing the merchandise?

Innis: Oh, no, sometimes that's rebellion. The taking of merchandise, you know, is sometimes a hostile, rebellious act, similar to Sherman's Army in the South taking property. Were they stealing? Or was it an act of war?

Penthouse: Unlike most other prominent black leaders, you were said to have looked forward to Mr Nixon's administration, from a pragmatic point of view. If I remember correctly, you said that he might very well surprise blacks by adopting what you called the practical view to benefit your conception of black aims. Has that come to pass?

Innis: No. Let me first state that I did not support Richard Nixon. I did not support any of the candidates for the presidency. In fact, I advised black folks not to vote for any of the candidates for the presidency. I did say there was a chance that Nixon stood at the threshold of history. He had a chance to do what the Democrats could not do because they had a legacy they did not want to repudiate. Nixon could have started from scratch.

Penthouse: Did he?

Innis: No, he did not. He failed to make that rendezvous with history. And all he's doing is trying to update or to make minor modifications to old-style Democratic Party solutions to the black-white problem.

Penthouse: There's been some talk that you might decide to go down to St. Croix and run for governor of the Virgin Islands, where you came from as a child.

Innis: I was born in the Virgin Islands and from childhood I suppose I had the ambition to become governor, especially since most of the governors were white, and even when the Americans did pick a native, it would be a white native. The tenure of office in the movement is not the most secure thing, going by my predecessors. The day might come when my "young Turks" decide that I should become an elder statesman or emeritus, as I have suggested, with great sincerity, for Brother Wilkins and Young and other colleagues. Now, I hope to move before I'm pushed. That day I most likely will go back to the Virgin Islands and go into politics. I am certain I will want to become governor and I'm also certain that I will become governor.

Penthouse: Is it your idea to make the Virgin Islands into perhaps a pilot for the all-black power structure that you talk about for Harlem?

Innis: This is one of the reasons why I would cherish becoming governor of the Virgin Islands. I think I could show what a well-managed, well-run black political entity can do for black people; how it can maximize our resources and do it without being particularly negative to anybody else's interests. I think that it could be a clear model for a lot of the things we are talking about now.

Penthouse: Roy Innis, thank you 

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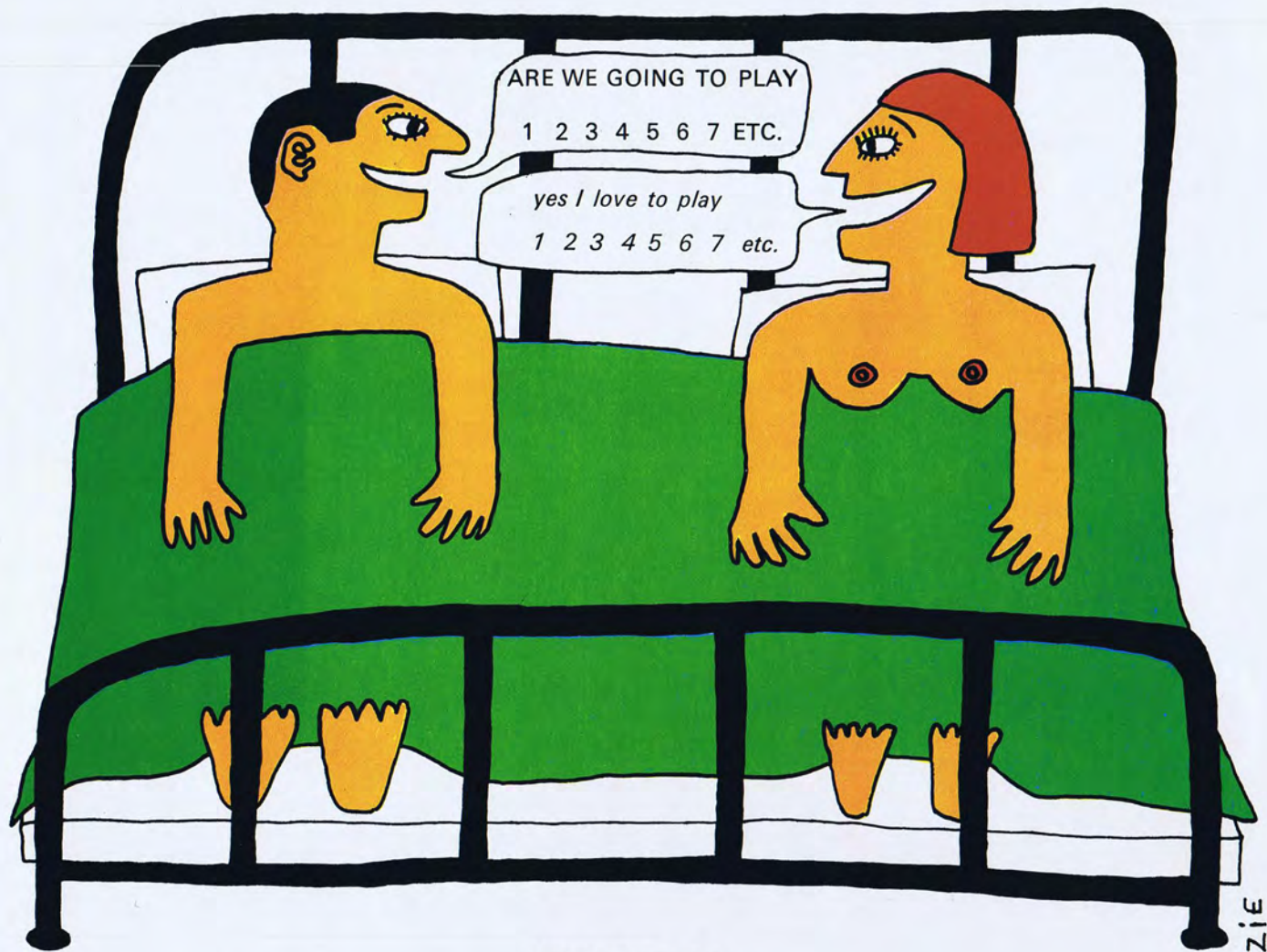
Then mention that the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute reported that Lark's Gas-Trap filter reduces certain harsh gases by more than twice as much as any of the thirteen ordinary popular filter brands tested.

So, tell someone you'd like to like about Lark's easy-taste and Gas-Trap filter. It'll be down hill from then on.



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or 100's





BY ZIE TZARO

IT'S SEX THAT COUNTS

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN
one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve thirteen fourteen

(NORMAL)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN

(SELF-SATISFIED)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN

one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve thirteen fourteen

(LOLITA)

THIRTEEN TWELVE ELEVEN TEN NINE EIGHT SEVEN SIX FIVE FOUR THREE TWO ONE ZERO

thirteen twelve eleven ten nine eight seven six five four three two one zero

(CAPE KENNEDY)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE FOURTEEN

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(SUPERSTITIOUS)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN FIFTEEN

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(STICKLER)

ONE% TWO% THREE% FOUR% FIVE% SIX% SEVEN% EIGHT% NINE% TEN% ELEVEN% TWELVE%

one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve

(CAN'T GET HIS MIND OFF BUSINESS)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN

one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve thirteen fourteen

(VIRGINITY)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN

no no no no no no no no nine ten eleven twelve thirteen fourteen

(NEVERTHELESS)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN

one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve thirteen fourteen fifteen sixteen seventeen eighteen nineteen twenty twentyone twentytwo twentythree twentyfour twentyfive twentysix etc.

(NYMPHOMANIA)

FIRST SECOND THIRD FOURTH FIFTH SIXTH SEVENTH EIGHT NINTH TENTH ELEVENTH TWELFTH

first second third fourth fifth sixth seventh eight ninth tenth eleventh twelfth

(IN A LIFT)

one	TWO	two	THREE	three	FOUR½	four	FIVE	five	SIX	six	SEVEN	seven	EIGHT	eight	NINE	nine	TEN	ten	ELEVEN	eleven	TWELVE	twelve	THIRTEEN	thirteen	FOURTEEN	fourteen
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(IN THE SHOWER-BATH)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN

ein zwei drei vier funf sechs sieben acht neun zehn elf zwolf dreizehn vierzehn

(INTERNATIONAL)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN

one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve thirteen fourteen

(SAFETY FIRST)

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN FOURTEEN

one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve thirteen fourteen

(CHILDREN ASLEEP NEXT DOOR)

(LONG MARRIED COUNTING NOT NECESSARY)



RARE CHEESE— AND A BAITED TRAP

THE STORY THUS FAR: Profligate heiress **Wanda von Kreesus**, at 19 the world's richest beauty, has hustled her father to an early grave and flagrantly compromised the President of France and the Prime Minister of Britain. Her diabolical purpose, aided by her amoral attendant, the nymphet **Candyfloss**, is to use her wealth, wits and charms to subvert the world's top leaders. Having arrived in Washington she is already embarked on an outrageous scheme to seduce the President. **NOW READ ON!**

His Excellency Monsieur Ludwig Kunz-Strukke, the Swiss Ambassador to Washington, had two things going for him with the United States President. One was his ability to yodel while balanced on his head at the dinner table, a feat that never failed to animate even the dullest bunch of guests. The other was his exclusive importation (via the diplomatic bag) of a unique species of cottage cheese made in a village near his birthplace, Leukerbad, in the Bernese Alps.

The secret of this cheese—whose base was known to be ewe's milk inoculated with a pure culture of lactic organisms from "some other source"—had been jealously guarded for more than 1,000 years. It had been handed down through the female generations of this isolated community—also noted, incidentally, for the women's curious custom of denying the breast to their offspring, from 14 days after delivery.

Among certain ladies of Washington's foreign diplomatic community, Ludwig Kunz-Strukke's talent as a yodeller had, it was reputed, a more *recherché* significance than that of light relief at the presidential board. It wasn't easy to pin down the precise connection between Ludwig's yodelling and the extraordinary popularity he enjoyed with these ladies; but that they shared some private and esoteric appreciation of his art seems to have been confirmed by an incident at the White House dinner for NATO's new Commander-in-Chief. On that occasion, the C-in-C's wife, a simple soul from Oak Creek, Colorado, had innocently inquired of Ludwig whether it were possible to "eat

and yodel at the same time". In an instant, the French Ambassador's wife had choked on a fish-bone, the Austrian Ambassador's wife had sprayed a mouthful of imported Chablis over the floral centrepiece, and the exquisite spouse of the outgoing Ambassador for Indonesia had erupted into an uncontrollable fit of the giggles.

"It's not easy," Ludwig had smirked back at the C-in-C's wife. "But I persevere, madame . . . I persevere."

Truth was, he hadn't much else to do with his spare time, for his country was not dependent on the U.S. for much and—Leukerbad cheese apart—the President had few diplomatic demands to make of it. So it was that Ludwig Kunz-Strukke had over the past year or so largely divided his energies between gobbling and gambling. Alas, his virtuosity had not spilt over from the boudoir to the *bourse* and, at the time of Walter von Kreesus's death, the Ambassador was in the red at one of the King-Gnome's banks to the tune of a cool half-million dollars.

No sooner had Wanda von Kreesus elicited this fact from Sebastian Sapiens, resident egghead at the von Kreesus *schloss*, than she put a call in from New York to the Ambassador's residence in Washington.

"I bring you good tidings, Ludwig," she purred. "How would you like to have your little debt to my bank written right off?"

Wanda held the receiver at arm's length, wincing, as Ludwig ripped off a festive yodelling chorus.

"You can save that stuff for your unofficial diplomatic channels," she cut in as he took breath. "Here's what I want from you in return."

President Ray Ackshern had only another year left of his first term of office, and no cause for doubt that he would be re-elected. Through his inspired legislative programme—"Make

Haste Slowly"—America had become the envy of every free nation dedicated to the Rule of Law. Its police force was the finest and the best-equipped. Its racial ghettos were a model of what the President had defined as "controlled ethnic dynamism". The student population was settling down well in the new labour camps, the churches were reporting capacity business every Sunday and the Dow Jones Average continued to climb a steady point or two every month.

As he settled back for his third shave of the day in the private barber-chair (presented to him by the Mothers for God & Ray Ackshern Committee), the President began to hum the new campaign song he had just commissioned from Ayn Rand. Entitled "On to Victoree, with Dough Ray and Mee", it was composed in a jingly double two-time and was vaguely reminiscent of most of the numbers from *The Sound of Musak*. Sidney, his goodlooking young barber, simpered as he smoothed the shaving cream over Ackshern's jowl, using the tips of his elegant fingers.

"It's a winner, Mr. President . . . Mother's crazy about it!"

The President opened his eyes to smile up at the handsome youth, then closed them again. He enjoyed listening to the soft cadences of Sidney's voice, the gentle circular massage of his fingertips about his cheeks. So soothing, after that disagreeable post-prandial coffee-break with the First Lady, whose voice and features seemed to be settling into an ever-more-masculine mould as the years went by. So soothing . . . and yet, at the same time . . .

He was jerked out of a day-dream by the excited voice of his 18-year-old daughter, Prudence, breathless from running up the stairs to his dressing-room.

"Daddy, I've just met the most wonderful person! I simply must tell you about him!"

Ackshern forced an encouraging little smile and closed his eyes again. It did not please him to gaze overlong on his eldest daughter. She was beginning to look more like her mother every day. Her brittle voice prattled on.

"His name is Walter de Bonvin and he's only 21 and a real count . . .! *Watch* it, Sidney! You nearly had daddy's ear off . . .! Anyway, father, I met him this afternoon at the Kunz-Strukkes' garden party. Seems he's a cousin of Ludwig's and enormously rich and speaks perfect English and is just about the most handsome man I've ever seen in all my life! Honest, daddy, he makes Warren Beatty look like—like Mayor Daley!"

"All right, Pru-Pru," the President sighed. "I'll have him checked out. If the C.I.A. clear him, you can have him over for a Sunday dinner."

"You'll do no such thing, daddy!" Prudence stamped her foot. "If your good friend Ludwig vouches for him, that should be enough! I'd *die* if he found out those crew-cut cruds had been snooping around his schlosses!"

"Did you collect any cheese from Ludwig?" her father mumbled through the hot towel Sidney was draping tenderly over his face.

"Certainly, I did! But you're not having any until you promise not to—"

"All *right*!" the President cut in. "I'll call the Ambassador. What did you say the young man's name was?"

In the master-bedroom of the 20-room mansion she had rented in Washington's

select Georgetown district, Wanda von Kreesus lay back across the pillows while her nymphet handmaiden, Candyfloss, massaged her aching breasts with the perfumed essence of spinal fluid extracted from radio-active pouter pigeons. The elegant Brooks Brothers suit she had worn to the Kunz-Strukkes' garden party hung from a dumb valet over by the window. The cunningly-fashioned blonde male wig (groovy London length) had come slightly askew, releasing a few tassels of her own silky black hair. On the floor at the foot of the bed lay the ingenious featherweight bodice-corset Candyfloss had unclipped from her mistress's artificially-flattened torso—clucking, as she did so, over the pink welts the stays had cut into Wanda's pale and succulent flesh.

"Your poor boobs, Booful!" the Ballet Rose-bud crooned, kneading at the pectoralis muscles with her wiry little hands. "I'll have to work them over for hours if I'm to keep em in shape while you're on this male impersonation kick."

"So who's beefing?" Wanda drawled. "And when you're through with the traction muscles you'd better do something about my nipples. Damn things'll be getting concave."

"Not while I'm around, they won't," Candyfloss muttered. And she suited action to words by lowering her head and giving Wanda's left rosebud a crisp little nip of her teeth.

"Ouch—you hurt me, Pusscake! Just

for that, you're not going to be spanked tonight!"

"But, Wanda . . ." Candyfloss's petal-pink lower lip started to tremble. "You promised . . ."

"Get on with the massage. There's always a chance I might relent. I'm feeling pretty chuffed, anyway, after this afternoon's little ploy, over at Ludwig's."

"You mean with Prudence the Pill? What's the next move, darling?"

"Seduction, naturally."

"M'mm . . ." Candyfloss nodded. "She's a virgin, so I s'pose she won't know the difference—" She broke off suddenly, frowning. "You're not thinking of having that pig with *mine*, are you?"

"Relax! She's only the bait. It's her old man I'm after."

"But—he thinks you're a fella!"

"Precisely. I wouldn't get to first base with him as a bird. Why do you think I bought his New York psychiatrist those three oil tankers?"

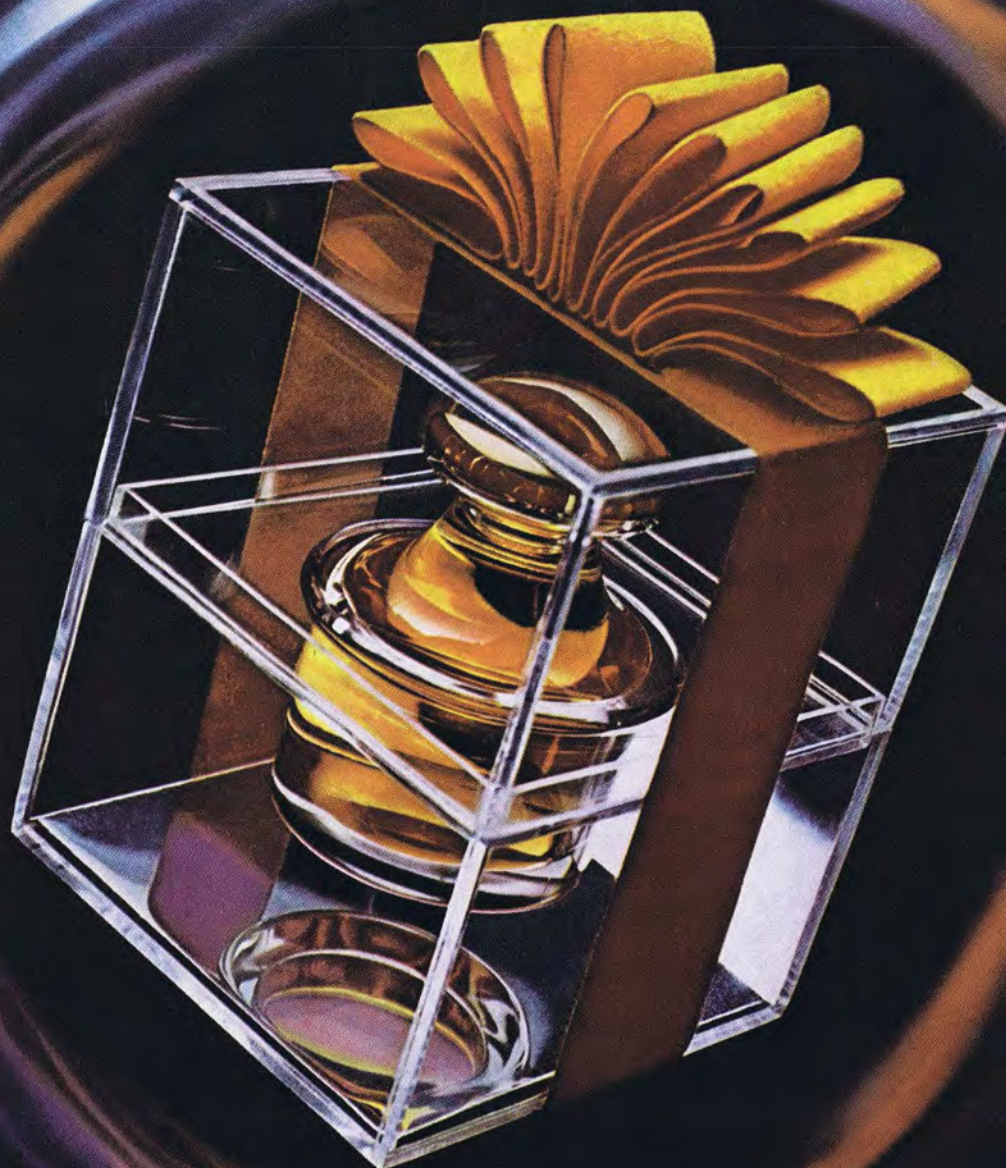
Emitting a low respectful whistle, Candyfloss relinquished her mistress's bosom and sat up straight. "Sock-o! Booful! You really think you're going to be able to make him?"

"More to the point," Wanda smiled, rolling over to present her dimpled derriere to the nymphet's ministrations, "I think he's going to be able to make me!"

What dark secrets of the President's libido have been revealed to wicked Wanda? How will she use them in her bid to enslave the most powerful man in the world? Don't miss next month's depraved episode . . .



Tony Escott



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THE SUBTLE ART OF PSYCHING

by Leonard Koppett



Tricks of gamesmanship
have real value in pro
sport for disturbing
an opponent's
concentration

The verb "to psyche" (or "to psych") does not appear in standard dictionaries, but in the world of sport it is living language. Rarely heard even three or four years ago, it now infests the vocabulary of the professional athlete's in-group, and therefore is seeping inevitably into the speech patterns of fans and amateurs.

However, only the term (pronounced "sike") is new: the practice is as old as competition between thinking humans. During and right after World War II, "psychological warfare" supplied a popular metaphor for sportswriters. Then came the famous humorous codification of unsporting ploys by author Stephen Potter under his term "gamesmanship". Now in our science-orientated times, the vogue word is "psyching" (i.e. psychology at work).

So . . . the pitcher stands on the mound, looks for the sign from the catcher, shakes his head, "No!" He looks again, shakes off another sign. The batter, who has every logical reason to expect a fast ball from that pitcher in that situation, starts to wonder: what sign is he shaking off?

Now the pitcher throws that perfectly logical fast ball and the batter takes it for called strike three. "We psyched him pretty good", the catcher boasts later.

Or on a golf course . . . the weekend golfer, a good one, is about to tee-up on the sixth hole. His opponent says, casually: "You know, I never see you slice a ball. It must be the way you hold the club". Sure enough the victim starts thinking about how he holds the club—and slices his drive into the rough.

He was psyched, this time by that oldest of ploys, the power of subtle suggestion.

Or on a basketball court. A great player steps to the free throw line, and misses three in a row. He's fouled again and he misses two more. "He's got himself psyched," teammates and observers mutter knowingly.

The three examples are taken from real life, involving some pretty famous people. Sandy Koufax, when he was pitching, took delight in the shaking-off-the-catcher device. Pee Wee Reese, once an illustrious shortstop but now living the less hectic life of a television commentator, was the recent victim of the verbal golf trap. And Wilt Chamberlain, the most dominating basketball player anyone ever saw, missed the five consecutive free throws in a championship play-off game and suffers from the foul-shooting problem more and more every year.

But psyching deals with much more than such specific, tactical actions. It also covers the whole realm of mental attitude in athletics, bordering on mass hypnotism of entire teams. Coaches have to get their football squads "psyched up" for a game. One team can

have another "psyched" over a series of games or a period of years. And long-range, strategic psyching is the province of sportsdom's most creative thinkers.

To make the discussion orderly, and the examples representative, some categories must be set up.

The fundamental axiom is: psyching has some effect on the concentration and confidence of the person being psyched.

The principal types of psyching are:

1. Aggressive External Psyching (that is, active distraction).
2. Indirect Internal Psyching (that is, generating a train of thought in the target): (a) Aimed at one's own side; (b) Aimed at the opposition.
3. Auto-psyching (or mild self-hypnosis): (a) Positive (building oneself up); (b) Negative (getting oneself down).
4. Defensive Psyching (that is, preventative measures against being psyched by the enemy).
5. Reverse Indirect External-Internal Aggressive-Defensive Psyching (which can be termed "feedback" or "boomerang" phenomena, in which the response to psyching has a psyching effect on the original psycher).

All these types, of course, may occur planned or unplanned, deliberately or spontaneously, and in combination.

Having systematized the subject, and before proceeding to illustrations, we must ask: is any of this real? Do the many facets of psyching have tangible consequences, or is it all just talk?

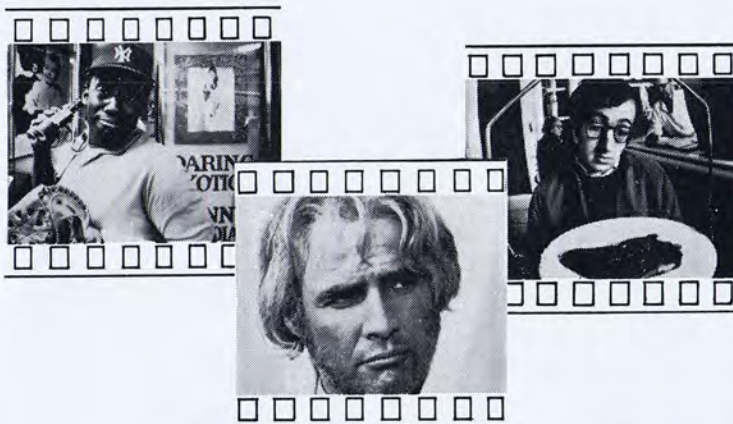
The answer is that it's very real indeed. Intense athletic competition, especially for money, stresses mental and emotional factors. At big-league levels, differences in physical capabilities are relatively slight. All the participants have exceptional skills, or they wouldn't be there. The winners are separated from the loser by the consistency with which they can build a small advantage into a decisive margin.

The key to recognizing and utilizing small advantages is concentration. Therefore, anything that distracts the attention, breaks concentration or raises false questions is a handicap.

The key to performing physically the fine-reflex actions which proper concentration selects lies in confidence. A blend of tension and relaxation is needed to make the body perform movements perfected by practice to the point that they become "automatic". This balanced blend is achieved when the player feels deeply confident that he can succeed. Therefore, anything that shakes the confidence is an advantage to the opponent—and anything that builds it is an advantage to the party of the first part.

Sheer distraction, then, is the crudest (and most effective) psyching weapon. A carefully timed movement, just at the

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SHOW

The Magazine of
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edge of the field of vision of a rival golfer addressing the ball, can be invaluable. The same device, along with a rising shout from sympathetic spectators, works well against free-throw shooters in basketball. A cleverly placed "harrumph!" has been known to alter the trend of a chess match.

Unchallenged masters of the art of distraction are talkative catchers in baseball. Lawrence Peter (Yogi) Berra was one of the most famous. Constitutionally incapable of keeping still anyhow, Yogi put his natural sociability to good use while wearing the mask for the New York Yankees all those years.

"How's the kids?" he'd say affably to the hitter. "Hey, how come he didn't play you yesterday against the left-hander—you bein' platooned all the time now? Boy, it's hot today—and he's had me digging that curve of his out of the dirt all day. You see that movie, *The Vikings*?"

And so on. Apparently innocent, but diabolical underneath. The family inquiry establishes cordiality. The remark about not playing stirs up all the hostility the player feels towards the manager who benched him yesterday. The idea that the pitcher's curve isn't working right has been planted. The irrelevant remark about the movie simply adds to the burden of trying to ignore Yogi. Usually, the hitter knew perfectly well what Yogi was trying to do, and made a determined effort not to listen—and, of course, by concentrating on not listening was distracted just as effectively from concentrating on the pitch.

For consistent, long-range distraction of all opponents, the championship belongs to Bill Russell, the 6ft 10in defensive wizard who enabled the Boston Celtics to win eight consecutive professional basketball titles. Russell revolutionized basketball by using his quick reflexes to block shots in the vicinity of the basket, a tactic now used universally. But as Russell himself has explained many times, the true value is psychological.

"After all," he says, "how many shots can I actually block? One out of ten. But because I block that one when the shooter thinks he has an unobstructed shot, he's looking for me the other nine times. When he drives to the basket he never knows for sure whether or not I'll be able to come from his blind side and knock the ball away. So his concentration on the basket isn't complete, and he misses a shot he might have made. Or he tries to change the arc of his shot, to go over me—and that may make him miss. And when I do block one, he's bound to react. Either he'll try to force it through next time, to prove I can't do that to him, or he'll hesitate and pass up a good shot because he's afraid I can. After a while his team's whole offense may get disrupted.

"Now, I have to be able to block enough shots to make believers out of them—but the real benefits come from their belief, more than from the limited number of actual blocks."

One of the perpetual controversies in baseball concerns the "spitball", a delivery outlawed in 1920 and still the subject of a promised enforcement crackdown in 1968. By moistening the ball where the fingers grip it, a pitcher can make his delivery behave in an unusual way. It is so easy for a determined cheat to get saliva (or other substance) on the ball surreptitiously that no effective policing has ever been done by umpires. Hitters frequently complain, but no pitcher has been caught wet-handed in the last 20 years.

Unquestionably, there are pitchers who use the spitball regularly—but these, and others who don't, benefit from its psyching potential as much as from the trajectory of a real spitball. The pitchers go through all sorts of motions to make a hitter think they are "loading it up", whether they really are or not. And the hitter becomes so absorbed with the problem of catching the criminal in the act that he lessens his attention on the real problem: hitting the ball, wet or dry. While he frets over the possibility of a spitball, a perfectly ordinary curve gets him out.

These examples of distraction shade into the second category, that of generating trains of thought. In psyching, few hard-and-fast distinctions exist.

Muhammad Ali was a confirmed Indirect Internal Psyche way back when he was still Cassius Clay, winning the heavyweight championship of the world. At the weigh-in the day of his first fight with Sonny Liston (when he won the title), Clay put on an act of enraged hysteria so convincing that one of the examining physicians actually suggested that the poor boy might have a heart attack before getting into the ring. Few interpreted correctly the look on Liston's face while Cassius raved—but in retrospect one can understand that Liston really wondered if his young opponent was insane. Such a thought, deliberately planted, certainly didn't help Liston when the fight began.

For most of his fights, under both names, the Talkative One prepared some sort of planned confusion for his opponent. Most of it—calling Liston "the Bear", or Floyd Patterson "the Rabbit", or George Chuvalo "the Washerwoman", or inventing the Ali Shuffle—was publicity build-up for the gate, but the unsettling of the other fighter was also part of the intention. The opponent shrugs it off, perhaps, but he has to shrug it off a dozen times a day because interviewers keep asking him about it, and the repeated denials themselves generate suggestiveness. Few people, and fewer athletes, are

comfortable in the face of unpredictability, and the idea that Clay might just be crazy enough to do anything was upsetting. In the ring Clay's quickness afoot and the speed of his hands, and other admirable athletic qualities, made him a winner anyhow, but softening up his opponent mentally certainly did no harm.

Generating apprehension, if not quite fear, is a fine tactic. Two outstanding pitchers of a decade ago, Sal Maglie of the Giants and Vic Raschi of the Yankees, had it perfected through facial expression. Maglie, unshaven at game time, had a murderous stare and perfect control of his curve. A batter, facing Maglie's glare, soon became convinced that Maglie was only too ready to brain him with the next pitch—and Sal threw close enough often enough to keep the idea fresh. Then that curve would catch the outside corner on the next pitch. Raschi, who depended more on a fast ball, had a spectacular, glowering scowl and unmistakable ferocity of manner. He seemed as mad at his catcher (usually Yogi) as at the hitter, who felt lucky to get through a turn at bat alive.

Yet, off the mound, both were (and are) the mildest of gentlemen, respected by foe and friend alike for integrity and compassion. Of the opposite style was Larry Jansen, Maglie's fellow 20-game winner on those Giant teams. Larry projected friendly innocence and warmth, and made plain his own sense of shock and dismay every time a pitch "accidentally" got away and came too close to a hitter. Jansen seemed apologetic, and the hitters knew he didn't mean it—but nevertheless, if they dug in too firmly, another pitch would "get away" and the batter would pick himself up, retrieve his cap and comment to the catcher about poor Larry's uncharacteristic wildness that day.

But pitchers, naturally, are just as subject to being psyched as anyone else. Koufax, no less, was psyched into ineffectiveness in the early stages of his career by the thought—carefully nurtured by the opposition—that he was tipping off his pitches. An enemy coach or player would whistle just as Sandy was winding up, indicating to the hitter that a fast ball was coming—at least, that's what Sandy thought it was indicating. Actually, the signal meant nothing because they weren't really reading his delivery (by noting his grip or his motion, for instance). But Sandy thought they were, and worried enough about hiding his non-existent tell-tale to lose some degree of stuff or control.

Generating positive trains of thought is usually the province of a manager or coach. In old movies, this is accomplished by exhortation of the "let's win

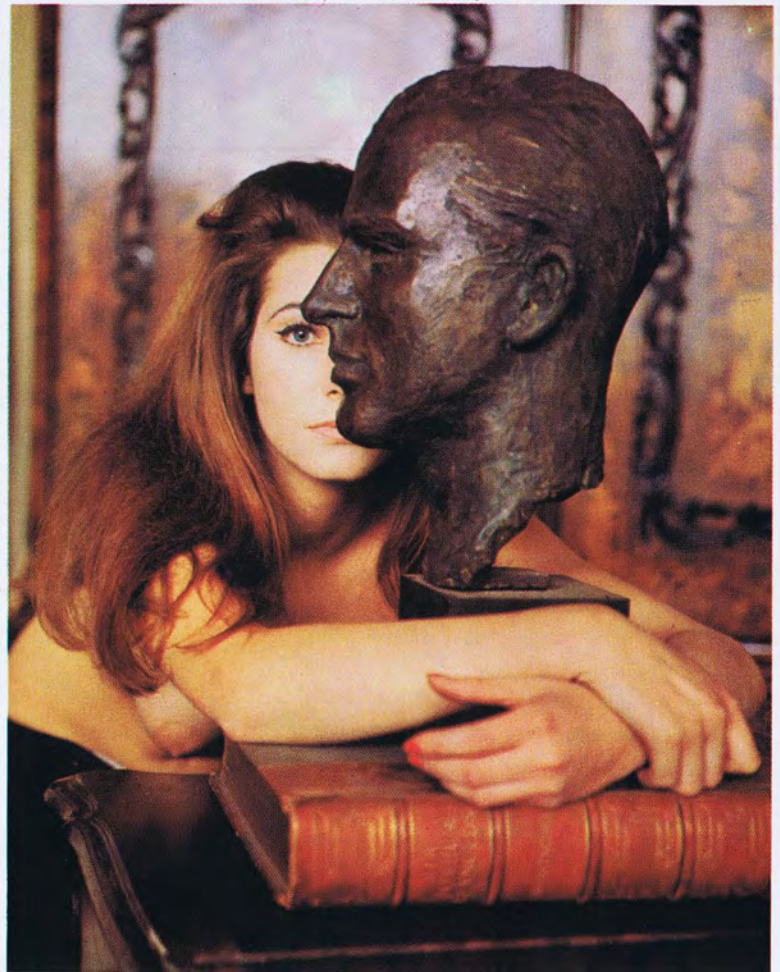
CONTINUED ON PAGE 97



KATHERINE



We may not know much about art but we know what we like in the way of artists' models, and 22-year-old Katherine Mannering is as palatable and paintable a Pet as we're likely to encounter. An emigree to Chelsea's artful shores by London's River Thames, Katherine fled her native suburbia two years ago in quest of something more stimulating than peace of mind. "I love my parents and our home—it's a wonderful old rambling house and the country is still and beautiful and one shouldn't really ask for more than that. But one day I looked round and things all became clear—everything, my whole life. I think it was the time—the way time works, like an old clock, terribly reliable but



KATHERINE THE GREAT

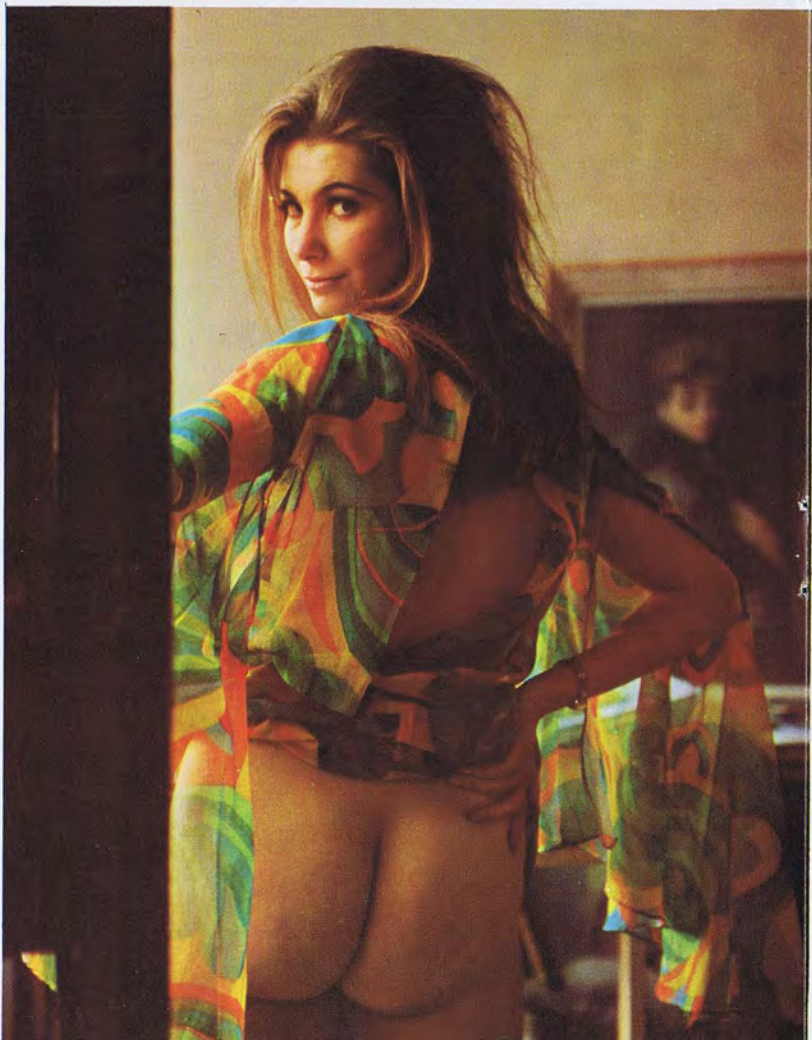
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUCCIONE

slowly running down and down,
and yet you know it won't ever actually stop.
My home and the village and the people I know
will always be there and for them nothing
much changes. But I wanted to be in on change,
and be where I'd be part of what change
might bring." Katherine paints but candidly
confesses to "an insufferable lack of talent."
She has no serious aspirations, she told
us, "not in the arts, anyway, but I like
painting because it's a little expression
of individuality, and I like the people
and the feeling that as a group we can make
things happen. It's a comfort to feel that life doesn't
run through us like it runs through most people,"
given the right theme for discourse—
in a Manner of speaking, that is.









Katherine's most tangible contribution to art is posing for someone else—a unique contribution, she points out: "I can contribute *me*, and in all the world there's only one of me. That's what I think people often miss—knowing that everyone of us has something exclusive. Isn't that what life is all about—finding the something that we can use, that we can sell, develop, share or exchange?" Distracted, understandably we believe, by our pulchritudinous Pet's absorbing facade, we cannot guarantee the completeness of our recollection of her unexpected cerebral reflections. She did convey something, however, to the effect that her reaction to certain contemporary social movements was not "a dropping out—it's simply a case of never joining." Her affinity for change, we gathered, excluded the hippies and the flower children. "The hippies are takers," she continued. "They intrude with all those garish clothes and tinkling bells. They want to be noticed—that's their conformity." Anticipating some dreaded uniformity of opinion following the appearance of the persuasive Katherine in our pages, we can only plead that our young entrancer has irrefutably demonstrated that all points of view are pleasurable,





MISS KATHERINE MANNERING/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

GUCCIONE

TULIPS ARE BETTER
THAN ONE

LET'S
POLLINATE
BABY



I'M
NOT
THAT
KIND
OF GIRL



NO
NO



mmmm
mmmm



CHOMP
CHOMP



YUMMY



ANYMORE
WHERE
THAT
CAME
FROM



Guccione.

The fox, the toad, the badger, the rat and the bear were lying on their backs in the autumn leaves, doing what they liked to do best, which of course was absolutely nothing.

"Oh, what a lovely day!" cried the badger. "There's a nip in the air, but it's not too cold."

"And there's a sun in the sky but it's not too hot," said the rat.

"Kee-RIST!!" exploded the fox, "can't you bastards talk about anything but the weather?"

"But we *always* talk about the weather," said the badger, in a wounded tone.

"What's wrong with you today, Foxy?" said the bear.

"I'm bored, that's what," said the fox. He got up and began to pace about restlessly. "B-O-R-E-D, bored."

"But why?" inquired the rat.

"Because nothing," said the fox, "absolutely nothing out of the ordinary ever happens around here."

As if in heavenly refutation of the fox's complaint, the animals became suddenly aware of an unearthly squeaking and creaking and clattering. The sound grew louder and louder, and a minute later a thing emerged from among the trees.

"God's truth!" cried the fox, "what's *that*?"

The thing was a vehicle of an extremely curious kind. It was a high, horse-drawn caravan, rickety and ornate, with a much-patched canvas roof and a profusion of clanking cooking implements hanging from the sides. It was like an old circus or gypsy van, but, seated on the buckboard and holding the reins was a large dog in a cassock and Roman collar, while beside him, also in clerical gear, was a weasel.

"Peace be unto ye, brethren!" barked the dog. He handed the reins to the weasel, climbed down from the buckboard and walked up slowly, with dignity, to the puzzled animals. Here he spread his paws about their heads in a sort of benediction position and intoned: "Oh, oh, trust in the great, the omnipotent, the omnipresent, the all-powerful God, and cast from the darkest quarters of thine immortal souls the minion and ministers of malevolent ministrations!!"

"Must be a bloody immigrant," whispered the toad to the fox.

"Either that," whispered the fox, "or he's got a speech impediment."

"Thee mistakest thyself, beloved brethren!" thundered the dog. "I am neither foreign nor afflicted. Allow me to introduce myself. I am the Right Reverend Francis Xavier Dog, and yonder on the buckboard, riding, as it were, heavenly shotgun, is my assistant, Brother John. He has taken," added the dog meaningfully, just as the weasel was about to speak, "a vow of eternal silence."

Now all this while, the fox had been scrutinizing the dog. Suddenly he said: "Hey? don't I know you from somewhere?"

"I hardly think so, dear brother," said the dog smoothly, "as this is the very first occasion on which I have the opportunity to bring my Holy Revival Crusade to the Piney Woods."

"I've got it!" cried the fox. "You're no reverend! You're that damned singing dog that was through here a couple of months ago. You're—you're a FRAUD!!"

RETURN OF THE SINGING DOG



A FABLE OF OUR TIME
BY
RORY HARRITY

"Fraud!" chorused the others.

"Peace, brethren! Peace!" admonished the dog. "You have made a grievous, yet understandable error. That wretched, singing mountebank who passed this way and who bore, I gather, a marked resemblance to myself, could be no other save Sebastian—my shame, my stigma, my veritable albatross, my disgraced, disgraceful—*twin*!"

And with that, the dog burst into tears.

"Uh—I'm sorry, reverend," said the fox shamefacedly.

"Yeah, me too," said the toad, and the other animals followed suit, feeling ashamed.

At length the badger said: "Tell us, reverend—is there any way we can make amends?"

"Yes!" barked the dog without hesitation. "Tonight I shall hold a great Crusade Revival Meeting, the first of many in the Piney Woods, on this very spot. If you would be so good, all of you, as to assist Brother John and myself with the erection of our tent, I will appreciate it and so will God."

"Oh, gladly!" said the badger, and the others agreed.

"Also," continued the dog, "I have always found that revival works best when the greatest numbers are present. So—after the tent is up—go ye, each one of ye, and spread the Word!"

"Amen, brother!" croaked the toad, who was getting in the spirit of things.

"Halleluja!" cried the bear, who was getting pretty worked up as well.

And so that afternoon, under the foremanship of the reverend and of Brother John, the

animals sweated and strained at the riggings and fastenings of the tent and, when they had got it up, they went off to spread the word. This they did with such efficiency, that the tent was packed that night with all manner of animals, ready and waiting to fall under the spell of the great evangelist.

At length the dog himself appeared, resplendent in a gleaming white satin cassock, clinched at the waist by a wide red sash. Even the fox admitted that it was an awe-inspiring sight. Slowly and quietly, the dog began to talk. Calmly, he spoke of heaven and hell. Then, still calmly, he described heaven. But when he started describing hell, the calmness disappeared.

He spoke of yawning, smoking caverns in which the unrighteous were slowly toasted on spits. In his organ tones he painted great verbal frescoes, in which animals were submitted throughout eternity to hideous tortures, bears were deprived of honey and not allowed to sleep. Rabbits must be chaste. Foxes were caught by hounds on an hourly basis, and badgers and hedgehogs were strictly forbidden to dig. By one o'clock in the morning each and every animal in the tent was scared out of his wits.

"And what," said the dog, "is the cause of most damnation?"—here he paused dramatically—"Brothers and sisters, it is POSSESSIONS! Wretched, wicked, soul-corrupting possessions! You must eschew them! You must unburden yourselves this very night! Go! Go now, while the spirit is on you—go to your homes, your houses, your nests and warrens and burrows, fetch the material things that you hold most dear and bring them back and *leave* them in the tent and go your ways, that the almighty God may see your cleansing sacrifice and spare you unimaginable horrors in the world to come!"

And the animals, now completely under the dog's spell and happy for the chance to escape the fates he had so vividly described, rushed out *en masse* and did exactly as he had commanded. By four o'clock the tent was filled with favourite pipes, cakes and cookies and many bottles of beer and wine and spirits—in short all the things that make life worth living. And then, utterly exhausted at being revived, the animals went home to bed.

A few days later, the fox and the toad were having tea. It was cheap tea because, in their revivalist zeal, they'd taken the good stuff to the tent and left it there.

"It was awfully thoughtful of the reverend," said the toad, "to have taken all that stuff away with him. Otherwise, we might have backslid."

"Yeah," said the fox grimly, "the thing about that dog, he was all heart."

"Hey," said the toad, "you know, I've been thinking—suppose that really *was* the singing dog all along? Boy, the joke would be on us, wouldn't it?"

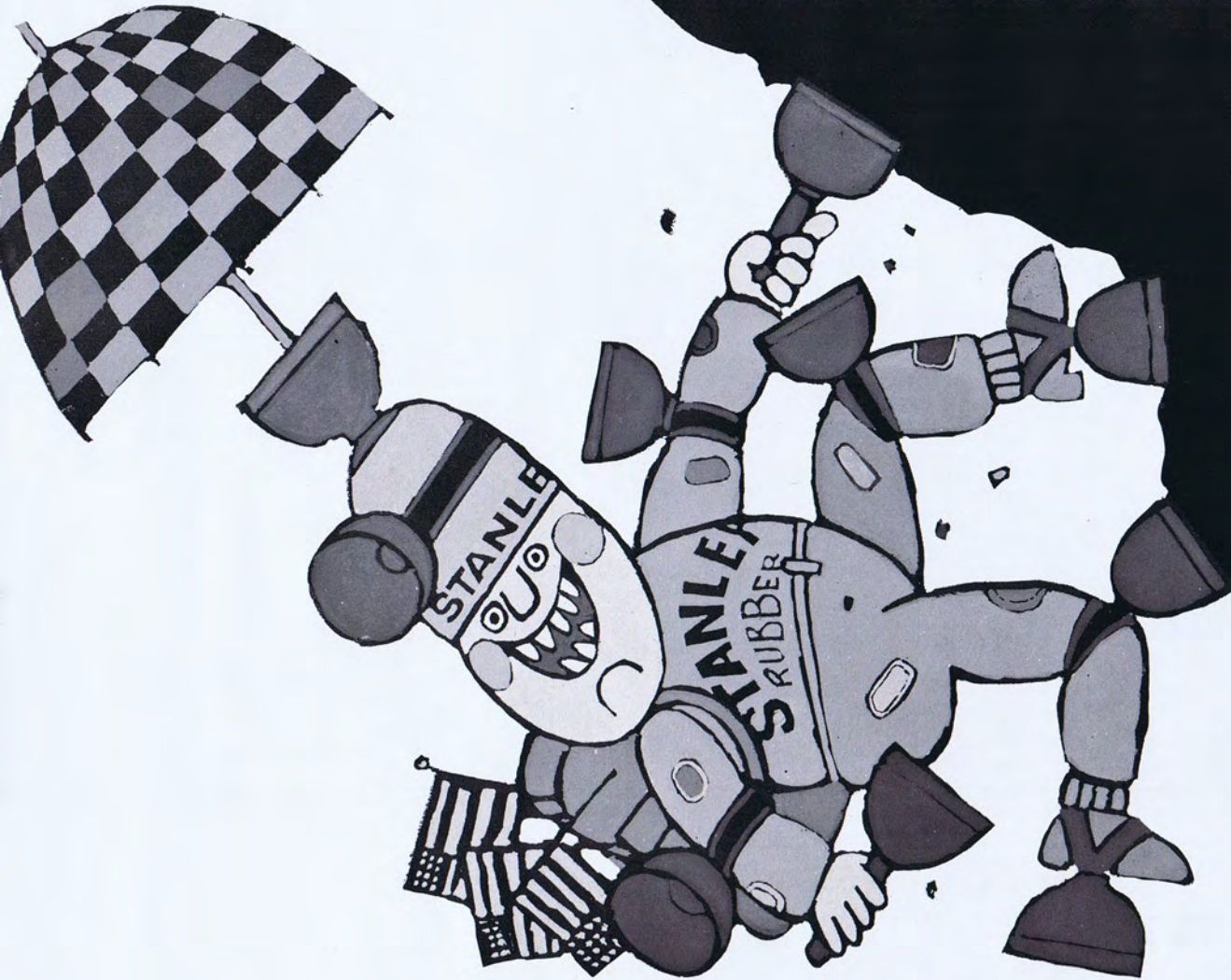
"Shuddup," said the fox.

And they drank their tea in silence, each telling himself that life was earnest and that life was real—and trying not to feel like mugs.

MORAL: You can't teach old dogs tricks that are new,
But sometimes they know a few,
That you didn't know they knew.



I CLIMBED THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN



A resident Penthouse humorist chases the cult of the alpinist right up the mountainside and pushes it clean off the top . . . by Rory Harrity

Mr. Goner, how old were you when you started climbing mountains?"

If I have been asked that question once I've been asked it a thousand times—by newspaper reporters, by "fans", and by fellow mountaineers. I have never been able to answer precisely. Impenetrable fog banks have settled over my early childhood, and I, like the reader, must content myself with an educated guess, based on an excerpt from Mrs. Goner's (my Mom's) personal diary. It goes in part:

"Babykins is an active baby, always on the go. He's a late walker but he sure is an early climber. On all fours, that kid can go up anything."

There we have it. How late is a "late" walker? How early is an "early" climber? We shall never know for sure, because some years ago Mom roped up with the Big Mountaineer, knocked out her last piton on This Earth, and peacefully traversed into Eternity.

Let's put it this way: The first thing I remember in life is the watertower at Runkley Junction, Missouri (my home town). I remember being on top of it. And I remember not being on top of it for long. I'd no sooner scratched my initials on the dome when, by means of a telescoping ladder, a member of the Runkley Junction Fire Department gained the base of the summit and scrambled towards me. Unfortunately, my "rescuer" had no head for heights. He fainted. Slowly he began to slide off the dome. I managed to belay him at the edge, and in what amounted, ironically enough, to a fireman's lift, I transported the plucky but acrophobic firefighter back down to terra firma.

I was eight years old.

This was not to be my last encounter with bungling do-gooders or fame-hungry "rescue squads", not was it to be, I need hardly state, my last ascent. In the years that followed I climbed everything around Runkley Junction that I could lay my hands on—smokestacks, trees, cliffs, buildings, flagpoles. As long as it was upright it was all right with me.

By the time I was 14, only one type of climb was able to slow my progress from that of a brisk, upward walk: this was the ascent of a sheer stone face, with no hand or foot holds whatsoever. Naturally, by means of rope, ax and pitons, I could do it. At 15, I became the first (and last) person ever to scale the North Wall of the Runkley Junction Courthouse, by cutting steps and banging in pitons all the way. It was my first major ascent, but instead of throwing roses at me, Runkley Junction's civic nitpickers threw the book. They said I'd defaced the North Face. They voted unanimously to sandblast the whole building. They also voted unanimously that I should foot the bill.

In consequence, I didn't climb anything for the next two years except stairs. Specifically, I climbed the stairs which ran from the basement of Roamer's Runkley Grocery to its main floor—I was under court order to work there each day after school until the sandblasting operation had been paid off.

Those were the bad years . . . up with the onions, down with the deposit bottles . . . up with the sugar sacks, down with the cans . . . "Hey, Goner! Get off your backside down there and haul me up some more of them oranges!" . . . The adenoidal twang of Old Man Roamer's voice is something I shall never forget. In the basement, I had managed to make a kind of pallet out of old flour bags. I would lie on it, a can of Old Man Roamer's beer in hand (I have always enjoyed a nip as much as the next fellow) and watch the ceiling, braced against the hated voice from upstairs which, every five minutes or so, would bend my young back double under

a stinking crate of edibles.

One day, watching the ceiling, I saw a fly. I had nothing better to do, and so I continued to watch the little fellow. He walked around, as nimble as you please, paying not the least attention, it seemed, to the fact that he was hanging upside down. How did the fly do it? I got up from the flour bag, intending to examine this tiny master climber more closely when, from above, wretched Roamer bellowed for a gross of cantaloups. I was startled—the fly, terrified. He vanished in a buzz.

Next afternoon I was back, and so was the fly. We were both back, with one big difference—I had a magnifying glass. Providence was kind that day, in that business was extremely bad for Old Man Roamer. Through the magnifying glass I was able to observe my sure-footed companion for hours on end. His feet (all six of them) resembled nothing so much as miniature suction cups.

Extraordinary. I asked the question I was destined to repeat to myself *ad infinitum*: "If the fly can, why can't I?" Incredible to think that in the vegetable prison of Old Man Roamer's basement a new concept of mountain-climbing was beginning to take shape!

If anyone had seen me that morning in 1962, as I walked across the daisy-dappled fields of the Western Ozarks towards the base of Grandma's Tooth, they would have laughed and eventually gone to the police. Someone *did* see me, in fact—an Ozark farmer who immediately burst into gales of laughter. Later I discovered that he went to the police. Who could blame the rustic? He had looked up from his labors and beheld a fellow human, dressed from head to foot in a patchwork suit of red innertube rubber, with the business ends of Plumber's Friends securely fastened to both hands and feet.

Bruce, it is said, learnt from the spider. Well, I'd learnt from the fly; suction was the ticket. I continued over the field, hearing only the steady whoosh-pock! whoosh-pock! of my foot-suckers gripping and releasing on the ground. At length I reached the base of Grandma's Tooth.

A deceptively homely name for such a treacherous mountain! Grandma's Tooth rises straight up for 400 feet, a concave, waterfall-ridden mass of rotting limestone. Strong men, looking up, have been known to burst into tears at its base. Not even lovers will leap from it. For my part, I made one last check of my suckers and kept on walking—straight up. I gained the summit in 50 minutes flat, had a sandwich and a snooze on top and walked back down.

A contingent of the Highway Patrol was waiting for me, summoned by the edgy farmer. These officers had nothing to do save tender their wonderstruck congratulations to the first man ever to scale the North Face of Grandma's Tooth, and I was driven back to Runkley Junction with sirens wailing, not, this time, in ignominy, but in glory.

I was 17 years old.

Suckers had done the trick on a steep but admittedly short climb. Would they work as well on the longer ones? There was only one way to find out: I waived college and headed for the heights.

In the year that followed, I ascended Pike's Peak, Mt. Rainer, 376 silos, the Hoover Dam, assorted Titans, and sucked up Blowing Rock in a breeze. By April 1963 I was ready to tackle the greatest faces in the United States. Equipped with bigger and better suckers I went to Mount Rushmore. There I climbed Abraham Lincoln's Face, Theodore Roosevelt's Face, and the Face of Thomas Jefferson. (A word of warning to the tyro: Lincoln is tricky.

I almost came a cropper in his beard. Profiting by this alarm I added suckers to each knee, and by means of an adjustable hard-rubber bandeau secured a smaller one at the exact center of my forehead. In place it resembled a miner's lamp.)

Now I was ready for a really big "first" and, civic officials being what they are, I decided to make the entire climb under cover of darkness. I wasn't kidding this time—no more of your Mid-West grain towers or Blackstone Hotels, thank you very much. My eyes were roving east: I had decided to climb the Washington Monument. At 10 p.m. I started up its North Wall, which, owing to the curiously symmetrical configuration of this peak, is identical to the South, East and West Walls. By eleven I was over half way up.

Then, disaster struck . . .

My forehead sucker whooshed but it didn't pock. I was stuck—literally stuck to the wall. Desperately, I attempted to wrench my head free. I thought of unbuckling my head-sucker and proceeding without it, but freeing my fingers for this job would involve removing one, perhaps both hand-suckers—which was downright foolhardy. I glanced at the panoramic glitter of the nation's capital far below me . . . no, I would have to wait . . . wait, hope, and try, if possible, to get some rest.

Such are the nerves of the seasoned mountaineer that I immediately fell into a deep sleep. At 7 a.m. a veritable thunderclap of a *pock!* ended my repose. My head lolled backwards. I was free! And there, not more than 200 feet above me was the summit, glistening in the morning sunshine!

My next move will doubtless surprise the reader. Fumbling one sucker into a special pocket on my rubber suit, I got out the necessary articles and *I brushed my teeth*. For the layman, I can only explain this seemingly extraordinary behavior by pointing out that all great mountain-climbers are known to indulge in these little "quirks". For example, even in the most hazardous circumstances—2,000 feet up, say, on a sheer cliff—Sir Edwin Bore would invariably change for dinner. The great French Alpinist, Gaston Fallé-Levéés, had a famous "quirk". Above 25,000 feet, he would nightly essay the mandolin, much to the dismay of his already jangled comrades. *I brush my teeth*.

Choppers dispatched, I continued up, reaching the singularly pointed summit in under 15 minutes. I felt exhilaration, but I also felt the need to get down pronto because, thanks to my overly zealous forehead-sucker, I was now forced to climb in broad daylight, fully exposed. There are four little windows just below the top of the Washington Monument. Perhaps some of you have noticed them in photographs or on postcards sent by a friend. As I passed the little window on the West Face (I'd decided, for the sake of experience, to take a different route of descent) an arm reached out and grabbed my leg. It was a long arm, sheathed in an ominous blue. It was the Long Arm of the Law.

Of the following two months I shall say nothing, except to mention that I spent them in jail. But instead of breaking my spirit, those 60 unspeakable days served only to strengthen it. Three days after my release I was half-way up the North Face of the Empire State Building and climbing like mad. Enthusiasm, however, can take a man just so far. A hundred feet from the summit I was trapped—trapped in a net which the New York City Suicide Prevention Squad had strung (in dramatic reversal of the norm) above me.

Of the following six months I shall say nothing, except to confirm what the clever reader has already guessed—I spent them in jail. I shall restrain myself from a nuts-and-bolts denunciation of penal conditions in New York State, and only mention in passing that the Jug in Washington was a regular Conrad Hilton by comparison.

One day in the prison library, I happened on the periodical that was destined to change my life. It was an English mountaineering magazine, entitled, with typical understatement, *Up*. Glumly I thumbed its pages. All over the world,

free men were climbing . . . then I saw *Up's* editorial for the month, entitled, "Yankee, Go Down". I read: "It has recently come to *Up's* attention that an American has made some 'climbs' in his own country by the use of round red objects normally reserved for the unplugging of drains . . ."

Heavens, they were talking about me! I read on:

"*Up* is happy to report that this exhibitionist trifle is at present right where he belongs—in prison. When he is released, let us hope that he confines his antics to a circus and leaves the mountains for *men*. Imagine this clown sucking up the North Face of the Furdievoglenhorn! Though it is unlikely that this colonial has even heard of that soaring and unconquered Alpine monster."

I was hopping dirty-word mad. The prison librarian told me to watch my tongue. My answer was the copy of *Up*, fast-bowled at his midriff. Later (in solitary) I calmed down and considered the slight I had suffered. To suggest I hadn't heard of the Furdievoglenhorn (literally "the Birds' Mountain") was like saying Orville Wright had never heard of Wilbur. I had in fact determined on its ascent as long ago as the age of seven. Now *Up's* venomous comments decided me. I would show them . . . ! I struck my fist into the palm

The author wishes to make it clear that any reader attempting to scale the peaks by copying the Goner Method risks not being around to read the next article
by Rory Harrity

of my hand . . . that did it! Next stop: the pride of the Bernese Oberland section of Switzerland, the Furdievoglenhorn!

It was raining the day they released me from prison, just like in the movies. I had not got 100 yards from the Main Gate, before the traditionally ill-fitting prison-issue blue serge suit had been reduced to a dripping swaddle, and the 10-dollar bill in my pocket was fast becoming pulp. I carried a large sack which contained suckers, various hard-rubber bandeaus and my rubber climbing suit. These items seemed to catch, rather than repel the rain.

After a few more steps, the weight of the sack was unbearable. I set it down in the road and experienced a moment of something rare for me—despondency. What was I doing with my life? Where was I headed? What was it all leading up to?

Imagine my surprise when a black limousine, complete with chauffeur, came to a stop beside me and one of its rear windows slithered down. "Hello," said a man's voice from the back. It was a cultured voice. I peered beyond the window. Inside, was one of your grey-flanneled gentlemen types, possibly in his late forties. He smiled. "Mr. Goner, I presume?" he said. I was curious, but in no mood to stand there in the rain, swapping rhetorical, so I let him have one of my witty broadsides: "Who are *you*?" I said, "Stanley?"

"As a matter of fact," said the man in the back, "I am. I'm Hancock Stanley of the Stanley Rubber Company. Allow me to give you my card." He handed a small white rectangle through the window and I looked at it. "Don't worry about getting it wet," said the man, "it's rubber". A rubber calling card! I squeezed the springy object between my fingers. Stanley was Stanley all right . . . the natty stranger was on the level.

I accepted his invitation of a lift to New York City and, on professional advice, I shall skip over the next few months as being too technical, by and large, for the lay reader. Suffice it to say that at precisely 10 p.m. on the first day of June, 1969 (a scant four months ago), I was standing on the wall of my suite in the Grossenhof Hotel, Grossenhof, Switzerland, and looking down at my bed. On it I'd laid out the equipment for the "Climb of Climbs". Out of my hotel window the awesome, two-mile-high Furdievoglenhorn loomed, a darkness within a darkness, and next morning before day break I was planning to begin its ascent.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



•FORBES•

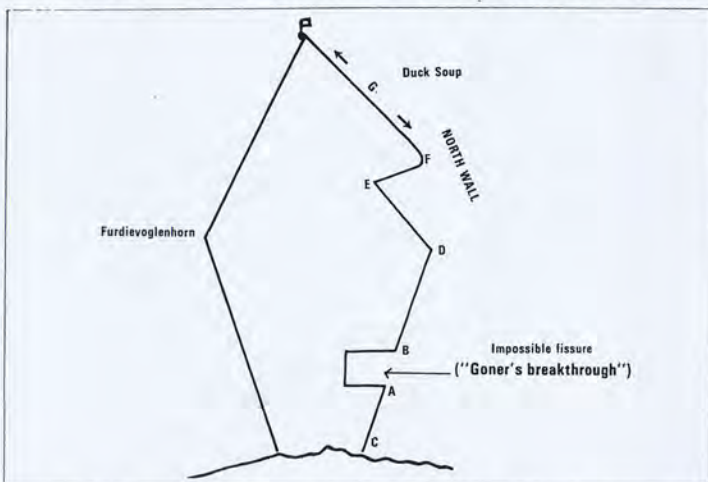
"I know all that business about taking from the rich and giving to us poor... it's how we have to earn it that bugs me...!"

Visually I checked off each item—this time there could be no mistakes. The inventory was as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 1 red rubber knapsack | 12 red rubber body suckers |
| 10 steak pills | 4 " " head suckers |
| 100 brandy pills | 6 hard rubber bandeaus |
| 3 water pills | 2 red rubber suits |
| 1 red rubber hat | 1 can rubber cement |
| 3 enormous red rubber bands | 1 can rubber cement solvent |
| 7 rubber American flags | 2 hard rubber-ribbed red rubber umbrellas |

I'd no sooner finished my check when a young night maid opened the door and walked smartly into my suite, intending, I suppose, to turn down the bed. She saw me on the wall, gasped, and walked out even more smartly. I scrambled down and rapidly packed my things. The privacy-flouting domestic could easily spell disaster. *Up's* insinuations had carried weight in Switzerland, so much weight that the Swiss Government, in an open letter, had forbade me to climb anything in their country. Fortunately, I had got past Swiss Customs on assumptions (name, passport, air, etc.), but now a Nosey Parker was in the act . . . she would know, and she would tell.

Hurrying like mad I glued my now bulging knapsack on to my back, ran out my bedroom window and down the hotel. I crossed the intervening Alpine meadow at an easy jog, and by midnight I was 70 feet up the North Face of the Furdievoglenhorn. Here I stopped, as hundreds of climbers had done before me, because I stood at the bottom of the famous "Impossible Fissure". I stood at the place beyond which no climber had ever managed to go. Why? A glance at my rough hand-diagram of the mountain will illustrate several points.



The problem which had long confounded climbers was, obviously: how do you get from point A to point B? There is over 80 feet of thin air in between them. Here's how I handled the Impossible Fissure. I removed one of my huge red rubber bands from my knapsack and by means of rubber cement, glued one end to the rock at point A. I glued the other end to my chest. I allowed the glue to set. Then I *sucked back down to point C*, or the base of the mountain. The rubber band, some eight inches across in repose, was now stretched to no more than a pencil's width. Carefully, I began unpopping my suckers . . . now, my right hand-sucker was the only one holding me down. I am here to tell you that the strain on that last sucker was fantastic. At last, all was ready. With a downward wrench of my right wrist, I disengaged the sucker.

In the hush of the Alpine night, a great *zoinng!* reverberated . . .

Seconds later, I found myself safely and successfully suckered at point B, with no more than a case of wildly popping ears on the minus side of the ledger. (I have since named this method of vertical thin-air ascent The Goner Lift. I hope it sticks.)

I renamed the Impossible Fissure "Goner's Breakthrough" (see diagram), glued a rubber American flag to point B, and saluted. I experienced a moment of reverential triumph which only those who have accomplished great feats on dangerous mountains can know. A celebration was definitely called for, but delay was not—I took four brandy pills and kept on going.

Noon found me rounding the curious formation on the North Face, shown in the diagram as point D. I named it "Goner's Corner", stuck on another rubber American flag, saluted, ate some steak pills and pushed on. Soon, avalanches, rock falls and water were coming down all around me—the terrible "mountain artillery" of the North Face of the Furdievoglenhorn. I was, however, prepared for this. I put on my red rubber climbing hat, opened one of my rubber umbrellas, and, by means of a hard-rubber bandeau, affixed the umbrella to the back of my neck, angling it properly over the upper part of my body in the manner of the beach variety. Rocks bounced off, snow slid off and water dripped off. No problem there! I kept going.

By dusk I'd reached point E on the diagram, and decided it was as good a place as any to spend the night. I glued myself into the inverted, U-like rock formation in a prone position. Even with everything going perfectly it had been a hard day's climb. It felt good to stretch out . . . everywhere I looked, Alpinrose glowed on the peaks of neighboring Alps. It was indescribably beautiful. With the sense of a job being well done, I stuck a rubber (Neva-Smoke) dummy cigarette in my mouth and broke out the brandy pills.

Next morning I negotiated the strange nose-like formation (shown as point F on the diagram) with little difficulty and named it, in passing, "Goner's Overhang". Considering, however, the number of brandy pills I'd taken the night before, Goner's Hangover would have said it better. I didn't glue a rubber American flag in place or salute, and I didn't even brush my teeth—that's how bad I felt.

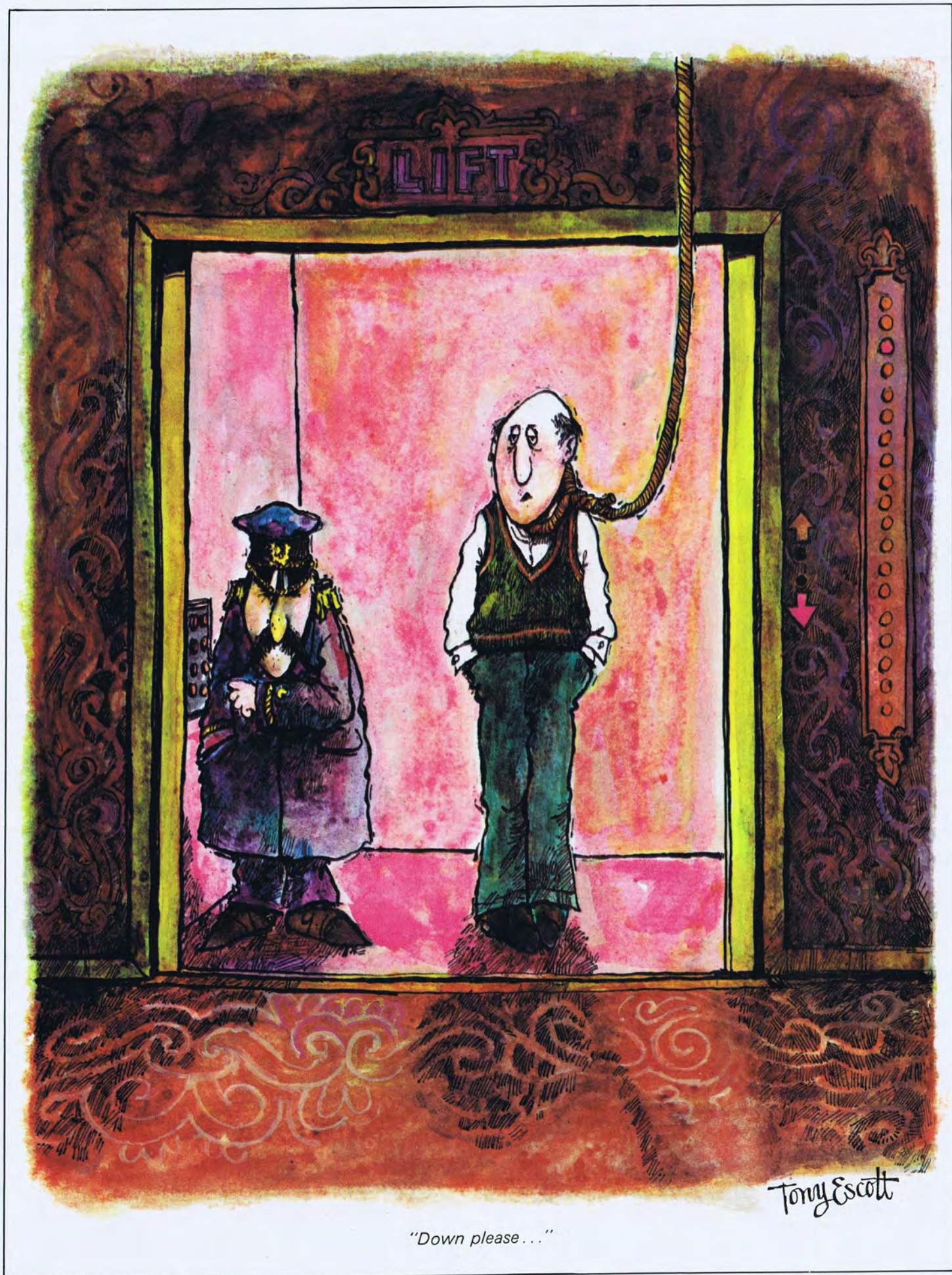
After this the walk to the summit was duck soup, and I named it that (area G on diagram). I reached the summit at exactly 11.31 a.m. on the third of June, renamed the mountain the Runkleygonerhorn, glued an American flag in place, and saluted.

But my success, great though it was, was somewhat beside the point because my head was really killing me. I sat down on the bizarrely sharp summit and broke out the brandy pills, and this time I broke them out good. Of the six or so hours that followed, precise recollection falters. Let us face it—*nobody* can take more than 50 brandy pills, each following hard on the other, and remember much. I *do* remember looking up and seeing a helicopter . . .

Of these last three months I shall say nothing, save confirm what the astute reader will have gathered for himself—I have spent them in a Swiss jail. As I write, I am still a resident, and I use the word "resident" advisedly, since the Swiss are charging me a daily Resident Tax. But it is an excellent jail, as jails go, remarkably clean, and I'm not as unhappy as I might be. After all, I've climbed the North Face of the Furdievoglenhorn (Runkleygonerhorn) and nobody else has. I've proved once and for all the value of rubber and suction in mountain-climbing.

What of the future? Well may you ask! First, bail *is* being arranged. I'll be out in no time. Second . . . well, second, I've got to be pretty tight-lipped at this point. I'll just say that the Himalayas are certainly not out of the picture. How could they be? How could they be for such as I, whose love of mountains and mountain-climbing transcends the spiritual and is unquenchable. "Up there," all alone, a certain oneness with Creation, yes, with the Creator Himself possesses me utterly; indeed I feel sometimes as if I were a god myself. Sensations such as these are truly priceless. They reduce personal glory or monetary gain to something less than a mere bagatelle. And so if you were to ask me why I climb I would have to answer simply: "Because I am me." 

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"Down please..."



LEATHER:

THE LEAN LUSH LOOK

FASHION BY RON BUTLER/PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENN MORI

With their tattered buckskins and road-stained motorcycle jackets, the hippies inspired American designers toward great innovations in American leather. Now leather is the fashion rage for both men and women. Fresh finishes such as metallic, reverse suede, anilinity (the semi-wet look) and burnished antique, give leather a new visual lift along with long-time standards such as brushed leather and kidskin. Colors now range from white to vicuna, British Gold to Scotch Broth. The alliance of the American tanner and leather-goods manufacturer has also produced new products: leather flight

Right: Leather goes formal with a brown suede dinner jacket with ponyskin lapels, \$125. Shirt by After Six. Janet's white leather maxi-coat is by Sony Schotland of Golet, \$185.

Top: Ground row shows leather for every day and every way (left to right): Freeman two-tone short wing-tip shoe and strap, \$25; El Cid oak and leather wine rack, \$50; Hush Puppy burnt peach leather slip-on, \$18; Bostonian side strap and buckle Oxford boot, \$27; Dopp leather carryall, \$31; Swank sueded leather billfold (shown on carryall), \$7; Weyenberg two-tone slip-on, \$28; Acme monk strap boot, \$21; Schlessinger leather writing case, \$25; French Shriner crinkled patent leather slip-on with wide strap and buckles, about \$30; Jarman brown leather slip-on with strap (shown on case),

about \$25. On bench (from left), Bostonian lemon suede slip-on with strap and cinch rings, \$21; Johnston & Murphy "Madronne" patent leather tassled slip-on, \$47.50; Hush Puppies Morning Blue slip-on with strap and cinch rings, \$15; Jack Milana punched pigskin thong sandal (shown against case), \$20; El Cid leather glass holders, set of four, 8 ounce, \$10; 14 ounce, \$13; Plymouth burnished grey demi-boot with black trim (shown on case), about \$25; Schlessinger camel leather traveling case with strap and buckle, \$70; Paris black leather wide belt with brass buckle (shown on case) \$9; Acme burnished Spanish Brandy leather boot with strap and buckle, \$22; Dopp mellow touch cowhide case, \$25; Thom McAn two-tone monk strap shoe (shown on case) \$16; Shicca Male Bag (pocketbook), \$2;





Cresca Winchester shaped topcoat in navy suede. Features include horizontal flap pockets, ticket pocket, wide lapels and high center vent. Price is \$175. Left: the young Broadway actor-singer wears a brown antiqued-leather waist jacket with flared matching trousers. Complete outfit, by Robert Lewis, is \$135.

Canterbury wide leather belt with large buckle, \$10; Shield's-Dante slim 8-card leather billfold, \$7; Shicca blue crinkled patent leather slip-on, \$28. Shoes in front of case are Oleg Cassini by French Shriner slip-on with burgundy kiltie, \$50; Freeman two-tone double strap slip-on, \$32; Johnston & Murphy brown glove leather slip-on with black trim, \$37.50; Bostonian teak stained leather genuine hand-sewn moccasin slip-on with strap and brass loops, \$22. Shoes hanging on bench are: Hush Puppies fiery copper brushed pigskin leather slip-on, \$17; Freeman two-tone oval toe slip-on with perforated detailing, \$28; Thom McAn two-tone capped toe monk strap slip-on, \$16; El Cid leather bottle case with padlock (on bench beside case), \$18; Pedwin two-tone wide strap and buckle slip-on, about \$20; Acme burnished Spanish Brandy boots, \$22; Jarman crushed grain leather demi boot with wide strap and buckle (shown on boots) \$20; Jack Milana red patent leather belt, \$10.



bags and wine racks, neckties and triple-width bands. Here to show leather's fashion versatility is Broadway leading man Peter Lombard, currently playing the young romantic hero in the smash hit musical *1776*. Peter, who has starred in the past with such delectable beauties as Juliet Prowse and Gwen Verdon, appears perfectly content sharing our spotlight with last month's Penthouse Pet and covergirl Janet Pearce.

Opposite: Peter wears a six-button, shaped, double-breasted suit, the Champagne Barington by Cresca. Jacket features include angled flap pockets, high center vent and wide lapels. Matching trousers are flared. Complete outfit is priced at \$180. Shirt is by Sero. Pet Janet wears a white smooth

leather bellbottom ensemble designed by Sony Schotland of Golet, \$195. Below: Peter wears a fully-belted, six-button double-breasted leather coat by Bert Paley Ltd., \$150. Shirt is by Sero. Janet wears a fringe Indian dress in nutmeg suede, designed by Arch Gross of Highlander, \$75.





LAS VEGAS AND THE PETROV PAPERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL CRESPINEL

My dear Petrov: You are no doubt surprised to be hearing from me so soon, but in the circumstances I feel that we must act quickly or face ruin. You were right, Kravchinski is a shrewd and elusive man. Only yesterday Josef told me that he himself had traced Kravchinski to an address in Hoboken, New Jersey, where he lived and worked as an exterminator (a cover typical of Kravchinski's flair). But our ex-compatriot had fled. All Josef could find were 12 rolls of flypaper and a travel folder. Would you believe, dear Petrov, that your suspicions were precisely right? The travel folder was about this very city to which you sent me—this slum of capitalism which I daresay is typical of the North American continent. But enough of Las Vegas; it is the immediate pursuit of Kravchinski that concerns me . . .

Dear Petrov: I have been here three whole days and not a trace of K. But he is in Las Vegas—I can almost sense his presence. As you well know, Kravchinski has a selective and orderly mind. One travel folder and one only—Las Vegas. He can be nowhere else! But why, I ask myself, Petrov, why does a man of K.'s sensitivity choose such a garish venue? Think of it—a city composed wholly of lights—winking, flashing, incredibly colored lights, rivers of neon tumbling and twisting into messages of untold profanity. It is capitalism gone mad—money quivers in every purse, glows insanely in every eye. What has happened to the revolutionary heroes of America's frontier? Were they too a myth?

Girls, Petrov, hundreds, no, thousands of them glide through the city like golden swans. There are cars such as you have never seen and hotels of staggering opulence and magnitude. Everywhere, money spurts from hand to hand. Would you believe that the United States is constructed almost entirely of casinos? But enough of the local color—Kravchinski must be found. . .

My dear Petrov: Another day, another failure. That K. is hidden in this curious city I have no doubt. But where! On a hunch (knowing our friend's flair for the exotic) I toured the sewers of Las Vegas. I was sure that I would find him—K. with a wrench in one hand (remember the jaunty figure he cut at the fencing academy) and that enigmatic smile on his face, half laughing, half mocking.

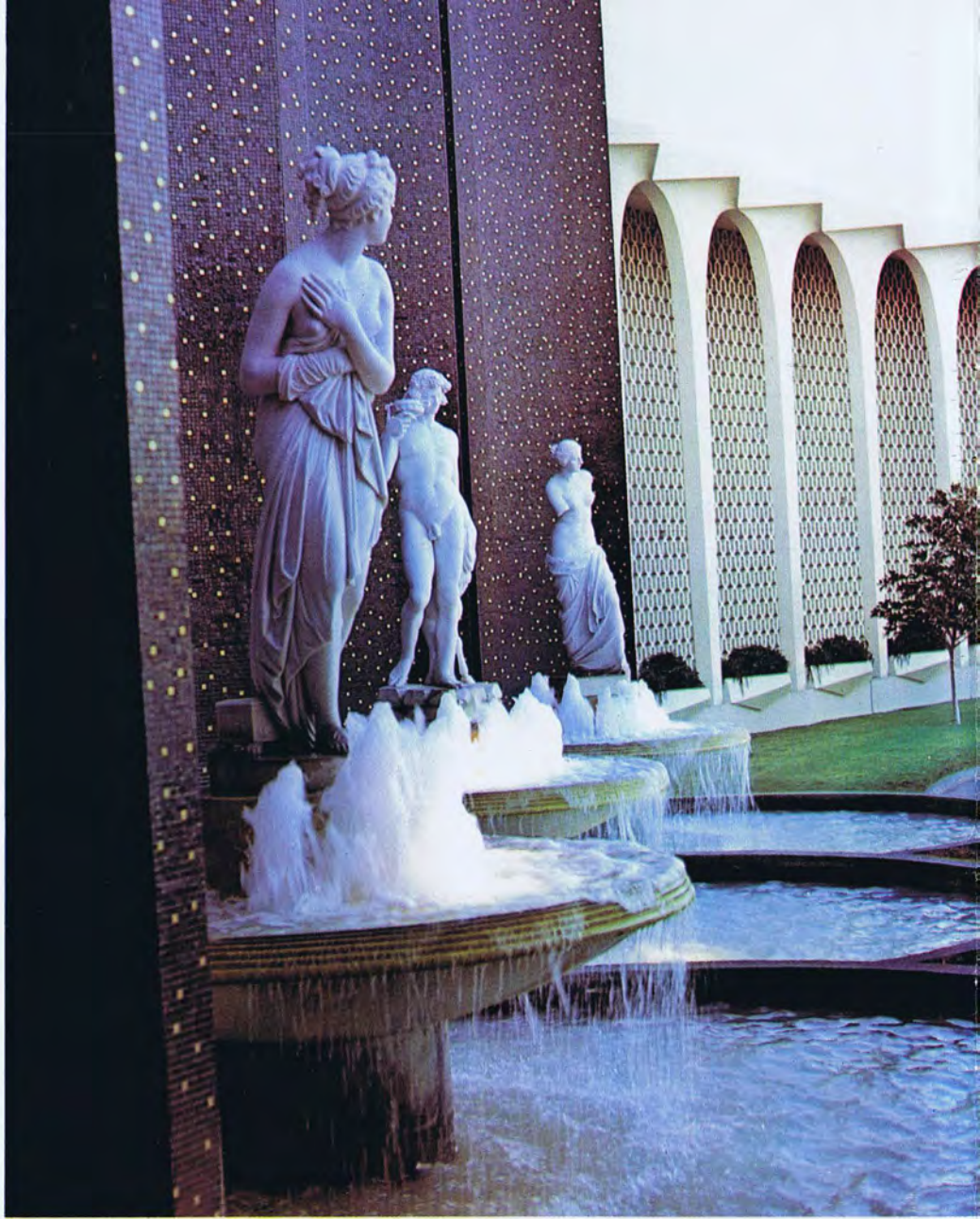
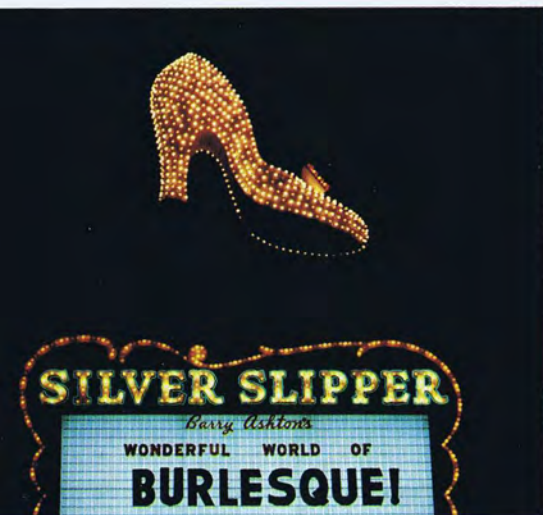
If I appear to deviate, Petrov, it is only because this incredible city baffles me. America is everything we were told. The dollar is God, and its pursuit the most zealous of all religions. Wherever you turn, altars of flesh and fantasy beckon. It is intolerable, Petrov, and yet I find myself smiling—no, almost laughing—at this ridiculous heartland of American decadence. How could a country that manufactures three one-arm bandits to every citizen, consider itself a major power in today's world of sacrifice and dedication? You know, my dear friend, gaiety was never our hallmark in Minsk, but our values and principles remain unimpaired. Still, despite whatever personal sacrifice it may entail I will struggle on. Kravchinski *must* be found!

Dear Petrov: This morning I leapt from my blanket on the desert floor. I had an idea K. must suspect that we are in hot pursuit; therefore, knowing that I am at his heels, he would *never* have chosen the sewers. He has too much flair to be so predictable. I now believe, Petrov, truly believe that I know where he has hidden himself. Until this

Night view of Las Vegas's International Hotel.



*Signs of the times . . .
pedestrian's eye view of
Caesar's Palace (right),
and the long-standing
Bonanza casino and
nightherie (below).
Opposite: Full-stage
productions typical of
lavish Vegas fare.*







Opulent staging, pretty girls, and extravagant costumes are hallmark of Vegas's larger-than-life hotel theater productions. Scenes are from the Casbah Theater at the Sahara, the Silver Slipper, and Caesar's Palace.



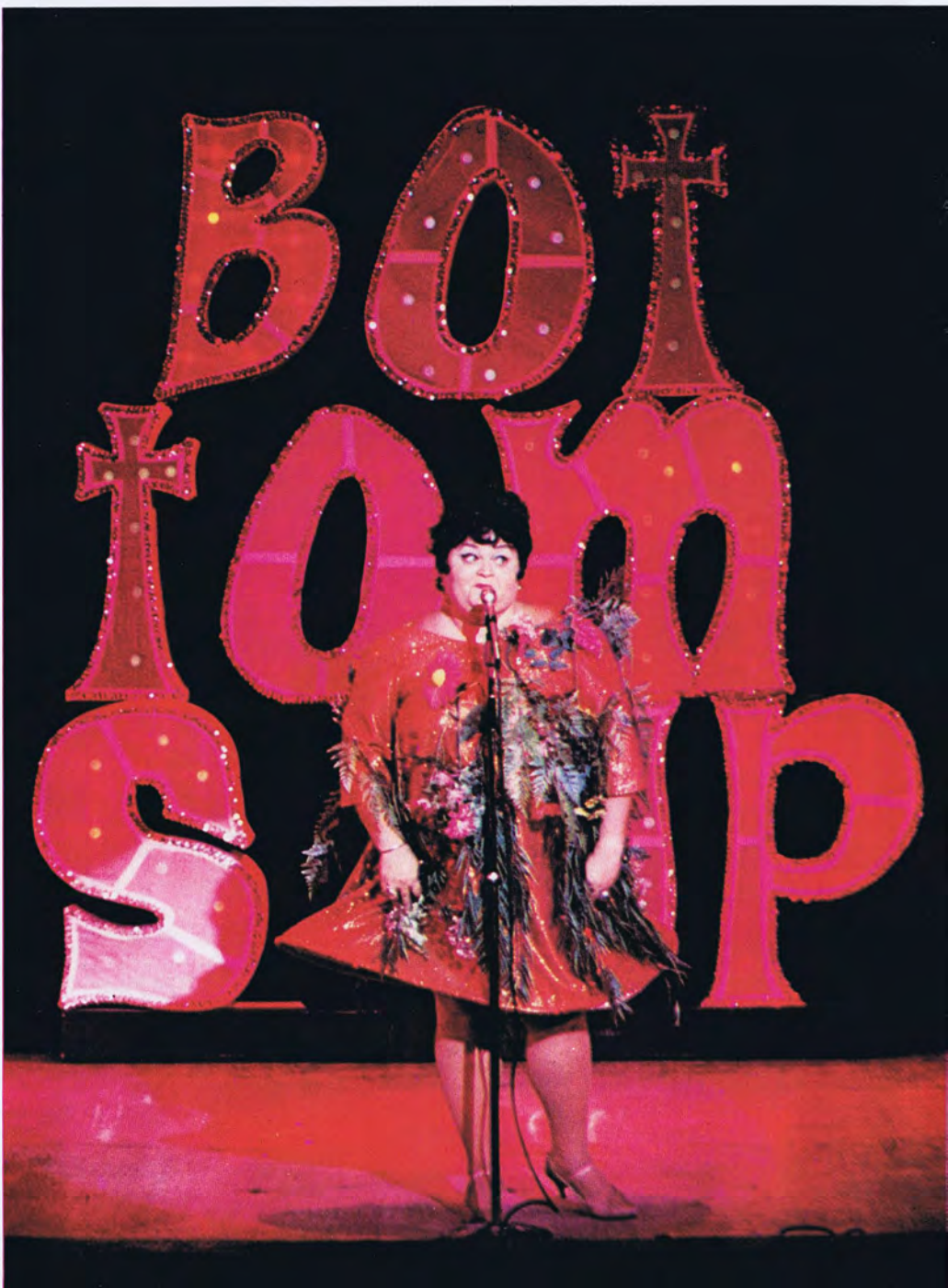


moment I had not thought of the obvious: the hotels themselves, Petrov, the casinos. Those abhorrent palaces of pleasure in which a true son of the Russian soil would never normally venture. Today, I myself plan to take the plunge. I will enter not one but *all* of those evil places until I find the scoundrel, and knowing Kravchinski's demonic sense of the theatrical, I can almost pinpoint him from here. Where else, dear Petrov, but as an attendant, in the men's toilets?

Dear Petrov: Forgive me. I have not written for several days (or is it a week?) but the elusive K. is nowhere to be found. I have explored every toilet in Las Vegas, literally peeping into every cabinet, and the results have been disastrous. Not only have I not found K. but I have been stared at, kicked, cursed, chased by the police, and called some unpleasant names. But it was a revelation, Petrov, and my eyes still smart with disbelief. The toilets of Las Vegas are not unlike the grand ballrooms of many of our resort hotels on the Black Sea. Except for the interminable one-arm bandits, there is little difference in material comfort.

My pursuit of K., however, did not stop there. Not on your samovar! Emboldened by my penetration of these bastions of western materialism, I ventured further. At one point—and here you must laugh with me—I discovered an edifice of truly ridiculous proportions. It is called Caesar's Palace and believe me, Petrov, no palace of Caesar ever looked like this. It was the crudest possible reconstruction of what the *untutored* American mind accepts as historic accuracy. Did Caesar live in a world of green baize, spinning wheels and clattering chips? *You bet he didn't!*

The next step of course was the swimming pool. Here I positioned myself next to a snack bar and waited. (I would at this point like to suggest some changes in our agent's manual for North America. First of all our clothes. As you and I agree, there is nothing finer than the six-ply, heavy duty fabrics of a man's suit lovingly hand-loomed in the little factory behind the gasworks in Minsk. And I personally have always liked the loose-fitting look in men's wear, the voluminous trousers and jackets that provide service and durability rather than mere decoration. And believe me, comrade, I would be the last to suggest that I was uncomfortable in these delightful raiments even while sitting in 100 degrees of heat. But here, in the practical pursuit of my secret duties, I was perhaps a wee



bit conspicuous. People were staring. May I recommend that we be allowed some little freedom to adjust to our surroundings?

Nonetheless, I assumed my vantage point at the far end of the pool (you will recall, of course, that K. had a penchant for sport and the great outdoors). It was a sweltering day and were it not for my profound sense of duty I would have torn the hat from my head. But I remembered, Petrov, I remembered my training. Without my hat I would have been the only bald man at the pool—I would have been dangerously conspicuous. (With your permission, Petrov, I would like to look into these little hairpieces that American men wear on top of their heads. It is not a matter of personal pride, you understand, but one of efficiency in the field only.)

What follows is a matter of abject disgust to me. While taking up my vigil I could not but see the most decadent display of feminine flesh you ever imagined. And whereas the main thrust of my observations was aimed, understandably, at seeking out our missing agent, the sheer vulgarity of the display compelled me to watch.

They were there in their hundreds. Young brown-limbed creatures gliding by in that remarkably easy manner that appears to characterize the American woman. Most of them were mere children—in their early twenties, and when they strolled past you could not help but see the articulate roll of their buttocks, the lazy sway of their hips, the firm *pitty pat pittypat* of their plump young breasts. It was awful, Petrov, the way these children of capitalism—alright, these incredibly *sensuous* children of capitalism exhibit themselves in public. And what do they wear? Two little triangles of cloth tied in some mysterious manner that threatens to burst with each step. But they don't all walk, Petrov. Some of them just lie there in the sun like golden fish, their huge breasts glistening all white and pink and spilling out of the thing that contains them, and their buttocks undulating, Petrov, even as they turn over

Backstage scenes (this page) from Stardust Cafe at the Continental and the Silver Slipper. Opposite: Erotic strip sequence (top) stresses new accent in sophisticated Vegas life style. Comedy relief (bottom) provides tongue-in-cheek balance to saucier follow-up at Caesar's Palace.







Candid backstage uncoverage at the Silver Slipper—sights and sounds the spectators never see.



all young and smooth brown skin—except the redheads, who have smooth white skin—and their flat little bellies revolving around their tiny little belly buttons, Petrov, just big enough for you to insert the tip of your little finger. They all have such firm thighs, these wicked women, and tiny little triangles of cloth down there where it all comes together, and with the heat and the Minsk suit that made me sweat so much and all those young girls with the breasts and the bellies and the thighs and the little triangles of cloth that Petrov . . . I am crying . . . I am crying. It is a terrible sight that a man from Minsk should never have to see. Farewell for now. . . .

Dear Petrov: It has been more than a week since my last letter but I have not been well. I apologize. The sun, it seems, does not agree with me and since I have spent every day scrutinizing the pools of Las Vegas I have become increasingly weaker. I have had to move, naturally, from my blanket roll in the desert to a proper room in town. The desert becomes very cold at night, Petrov, and for a man of my years after the enervating experiences of my duties at the pool, I had no alternative. The hotel I chose will please you immensely. You will compliment me on both the humor and sagacity of my choice. I am living, Petrov, I am living in The International. Can you believe it . . . the *International* . . . the plushiest, most incredible monument to Western imperialism you ever saw. . . . the International, the name of our own beloved revolutionary anthem, our lifelong call-to-the-barricades emblazoned high above the towers of this American city. It is too much!

The other evening, if you will forgive the digression, I wandered into the dining-room while familiarizing myself with the layout of the hotel. I was invited to sit down and once there nothing would do but for me to order a meal. You will understand my desire to remain as natural and inconspicuous as possible.

Almost at once the lights dimmed and the curtains of a stage directly in front of me swung back. It happened in an instant: the boom of music, a flash of twinkling lights and suddenly, dear Petrov, the stage swarmed with screaming, laughing, half-naked women. I could not believe my eyes. They were everywhere—dancing, jumping, bounding from one side to the other, singing, shaking their full naked breasts, jutting their incredible bottoms out at the audience in a manner too lewd to describe. I got up, weak with disgust, and immediately one of their number leapt across the stage to confront me. There she stood, Petrov, directly in front of me, a pert wild thing with flaming lips and eyes that bore into the depths of my Russian soul. I staggered back and with a cry that was like that of a wounded animal she sprang forward and gathered my face into her bosom. How long she held it there I shall never know. My cheeks were on fire (as you know, I have not been very well this last week) and when I finally opened my eyes she was gone. All that remained was the wee fragrant echo of her naked young body in my nostrils. The music roared on, comrade, and a sea of naked breasts and buttocks shimmered before me. Was it a dream? I fled the room barely reaching the fresh air outside before collapsing against the curb. I will report further when I have examined the reasons for my collapse. . . .

Dear Petrov: I am not well at all. Admittedly three weeks is a long time between letters but I am not myself. I have been driving the old engine as if the very fate of Russia depended on the capture of Kravchinski. Every day I scour the pools, every night the theaters and club rooms of Las Vegas. He is clever, that one, and for all we know he is watching me, watching the strength drain from my body, waiting for my inevitable collapse.

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Las Vegas, Nevada

THE LAYS AND LIES OF FRANK HARRIS



by
John Deane Potter

When the memoirs of Frank Harris were first published, in the easily shockable 1920s, the book fell into the same notorious category as its near-contemporaries *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Ulysses*: it was a book guaranteed to bring the prospect of a jail sentence to any bookseller foolhardy enough to stock it. And so it remained for several decades, a collector's item, more familiar by repute than by reading. The book not only failed to achieve the circulation Harris hoped for, but it also escaped the normal process of critical review and discussion.

By the time the moral climate had changed enough to permit general publication of the book, Harris was a

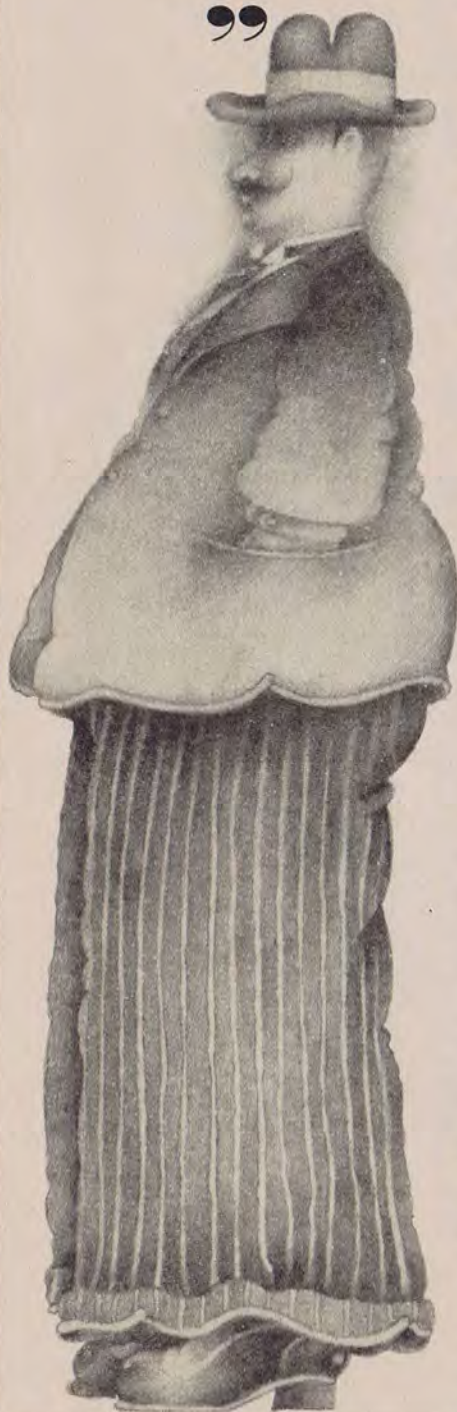
forgotten man as well as a long-dead one, and critics could no longer muster enough interest in his recollections of the distant past to accord the book serious notice. Besides, doubt had long been cast on the veracity of Harris as displayed in his other works, such as his biographical essays. As Mr Malcolm Muggeridge lately put it: "It has been shown again and again that Harris was

a liar of stupendous proportions, inordinately given to recounting conversations in direct speech which never took place with people he never met".

The effect of all this is that *My Life & Loves*, as Harris aptly titled his book, has passed into hundreds of thousands of homes without any critical discussion of the kernel of the book: Harris's purported baring of his sex life. In the 1,000-page paperback version, his memoirs have become an international best-seller* of our permissive age, largely on the strength of his claim to have produced the most candid autobio-

* *My Life and Loves*, by Frank Harris, edited and with an introduction by John F. Gallagher. Copyright 1925 Frank Harris. Published by Grove Press Inc.

“
Harris constantly demonstrates an elementary ignorance of female physiology, and subscribes to various fallacies concerning contraception and virility.
”



graphy ever written—and by his own account he left Casanova standing at the bedpost. Yet the question remains to be answered: does his book contain more lies than lays?

It is only fair to say that Harris's alleged objective was a worthy one. He contended, reasonably enough, that sex played the biggest part in the lives of men yet was always suppressed in their memoirs. He believed that an honest autobiography should tell all, and as a master journalist he sought to set the example.

"I put both my arms under her clothes and my hands were on her warm hips, and I was speechless with delight; in a moment my right hand came round in front and as I touched her sex our lips clung together and her sex opened at once, and my finger began to caress her and we kissed and kissed again. Suddenly her lips got hot and while I was still wondering why, her sex got wet and her eyes began to flutter and turn up. A moment or two later she tried to get out of my embrace.

"Really, dear, I'm frightened," I drew her to me, but seeing she was only half-reassured, I said, while lifting her dress, 'Let mine just touch yours, and I'll let you go'; and the next moment my sex was against hers and almost in spite of herself she yielded to the throbbing warmth of it; but, when I pushed in, she drew away and down on it a little and I saw anxiety in her eyes that had grown very dear to me. At once I stopped and put away my sex and let her clothes drop."

Erotic recollections of this detailed kind recur at length throughout the book, sounding as if they had been written down immediately afterwards. In fact none of Harris's accounts of his youthful sexual exploits was written down until he was 60. Many men cannot remember with as much detail the girl they had last night, but Harris presents every encounter with total recall.

Forestalling such questioning, Harris informed his readers that his memory had always been phenomenal. "The ordinary man will think I am bragging about my memory," he wrote. "He's mistaken." He alleged that when he ran away to America at the age of 15 his abilities impressed a fellow passenger, Doctor Keogh, who "went about bragging of my memory and power of reciting until some of the cabin passengers became interested in the extraordinary schoolboy. The outcome was that I was asked to recite one evening in the first-class cabin, and afterwards a collection was taken up for me and a

first-class passage paid and about 20 dollars over and above was given to me."

In the same vein is his account of how he learnt instant French: "I threw myself on French like a glutton and this was my method, which I don't recommend but simply record, though it brought me to understand everything said by the end of the first week. I spent five whole days on the grammar, learning all the verbs, especially the auxiliary and irregular verbs by heart, till I knew them as I knew my alphabet. I then read Hugo's *Hernani* with a dictionary in another long day of 18 hours, and the next evening went to the gallery in the Comédie Française to see the play acted by Sarah Bernhardt as Dona Sol and Mounet-Sully as *Hernani*. For a while the rapid speech and strange accent puzzled me, but after the first act I began to understand what was said on the stage, and after the second act I caught every word; and to my delight, when I came out into the streets, I understood everything said to me."

Uncheckable adventures in the Wild West

The trouble is that Harris was a compulsive liar. Even his name was false. He was born James Thomas of Welsh-Jewish parents in 1856 near Tenby in South Wales. That was not romantic enough for him, so he claimed to be the son of a Galway sea captain and called himself Frank Harris. His height too was a sham. He was a sawn-off little man of 5 feet 5 inches who wore two-inch heels to give himself a lift. Although he went to Denbigh grammar school he wore an old Etonian tie with an emerald pin. Dressed in seal-skin coat, a dove-grey trilby, gold-headed cane, buckskin shoes, his moustache hanging down like cutlasses, he looked like a cardsharp working the Mississippi river boats.

He had in fact worked in the Wild West after leaving school and emigrating. In America he had a series of uncheckable adventures as a cowboy (which inspired a Jack Lemmon movie). He was bitten by a rattlesnake—and saved from a painful death by drinking whisky! He fought with Mexican cattle thieves and "bad Injuns" in the best *Boy's Own Paper* tradition. "I heard the zip of a bullet pass my head and turning I saw pretty plainly a man riding 50 yards away from me. I took careful aim at his horse and fired and was delighted

to see horse and man come down and disappear." Deadshot Harris never missed—either in bed or in the saddle.

Unfortunately Harris provides continual evidence of romancing, along with his reporting. He constantly demonstrates, for example, an elementary ignorance of female physiology. Repeatedly he asserts that "her sex opened", a phenomenon that would surprise plenty of teenagers nowadays. He also seems to share the once-common belief that women ejaculate at their climax, describing numerous incidents such as the following: "Slowly I pushed my prick into the full and drew it out again to the lips, then in again, and I felt her warm love juice gush down . . ."

A more serious fallacy under which Harris labored was the belief that contraception was unnecessary after the first ejaculation, the man's semen being no longer powerful enough to put a woman in the family way. He instructed most of his conquests in this astonishing belief, and habitually acted on it. Claiming to have reached orgasm half a dozen times with one girl, he assured her she could not get pregnant: "Doctors say that what comes from me after the first time is not virile enough to impregnate a woman. You can take that as a fact." Any doctor who gave such dangerous advice deserved to be disqualified!

How soon did Harris find out it was wrong? Apparently never. Constantly, after a first orgasm, he was proclaiming, "Now love is queen"—meaning that there was no further danger and they could make love safely again and again. And according to his own gloating testimony they always did! If his story is true, heaven knows what a trail of illegitimate progeny he must have left behind him. Yet there is no mention of a single bastard, or abortion, or even a scare, anywhere in his long, active career.

Harris also subscribed to the belief that every man had only so much virility in him. If he used it up too quickly he became sexually useless before his time. One of his heroes was the Russian general Skobelev, who told him: "I had them all, every girl and woman in the place from 13 to 50, but I liked the older ones best. If I had not had to go to school, I'd have killed myself with them; as it was I weakened myself so that now, at about 40, I'm practically impotent. Since I was 25 it takes some extraordinary circumstance, such as a drinking bout, to bring me up to the scratch!"

"Good God!" Harris cried. "What a

dreadful fate!" He added: "Till then I had no idea that the patrimony of sex-pleasure was so limited." Childish rubbish, of course, and observably untrue, one would have thought, to anyone so acute as Harris pretended to be.

Did Harris thrash the school bully?

The fact is that when Harris wrote his memoirs he was broke. He had not had a success for more than a decade. He needed money, and he wrote his book in the hope of a bonanza. Did he invent what he thought would make it a best-seller? Certainly he does not seem to have left much out. In the best tradition of Victorian schoolboy fiction, diminutive Harris even claimed to have thrashed the school bully, Jones. He wrote: "Jones struck savagely right and left as I came within striking distance, but I slipped inside his weak left and hit him as hard as I could, first right and then left on the chin and down he went on his back. I never had so many friends and admirers in my life as came up to me to testify to their admiration and good will. The whole lower school was on my side and one or two of the sixth."

Jones, the soundly trounced bully, was "kept in the sick bay for days afterwards."

Taken along with his professed hobnobbing with every late Victorian and Edwardian celebrity known to history, from Maupassant to the Prince of Wales, from Rhodes to Bismarck, it is somehow too good to be true. Yet the enigma remains, for the fact is that Harris was editor of the London *Evening News* at the age of 27, and went on to edit numerous leading magazines besides writing plays and books, including an esteemed biography of Oscar Wilde. If he was a man of boasts he was also a man of achievement.

Also, Harris did not shrink from recounting incidents that were hardly to his credit. As he grew older he developed a passion for what we now call nymphets, and he did not hesitate to indulge it, buying young girls' bodies without a qualm. As he explained it, his "love of plastic beauty" went naturally with an "adoration of virginity". He summed up: "It was the young and untried, and with the years the unripe, that drew me irresistibly; and once at least a little later I gave myself to the pursuit for months in an orgy of lust."

India, where child marriages were the custom, was obviously the place for a





man like Harris. He went there and met a procuress called Mrs Redfern on the boat, who brought him a girl of 12—a widow—rather pretty but childish. "Her sex was naturally very small but she had little response to passion in her," he wrote. "She seemed afraid to complain and didn't enjoy it greatly. She was happy for the first time when I paid her. Mrs Redfern could only say, 'Better luck next time,' but better luck seldom materialized. Time and again she brought pretty children but we could not talk and there was an awkwardness over the whole affair; several of them had all their hairs taken off, which seemed to increase their youthfulness. The experience cured me of my liking for the immature. For even the best of them never gave me the thrill I had experienced with older girls. The sex was often very small, but it had not the gripping, pumping power of the mature woman."

From India he continued to travel the world, going to bed with black girls, yellow girls, any girl he could find in any country. He gives no reason for his journeys or explanation of how he afforded them. No doubt the cost of living was much cheaper then, yet it seems surprising that a journalist who was broke at 60 had so much money to throw around a few years earlier. Casually he mentions that he bestowed a yearly pension on a Chinese mistress who had obliged him with her "girl-child of 12 or 13". In Japan too he gave a complaisant mousmée "enough to make her independent"—she had not only procured other girls for him but tested them for erotic response "before bothering you".

Always money for his erotic pleasures

In Italy to work on his book about Shakespeare he appears to have had half the girls in the neighborhood stripping off for lecherous beauty contests conducted by him and his friends during an entire summer—"the greatest amatory experience of my life". What brought the girls so readily to his villa were the prizes he liberally handed out—"100 francs for the prettiest, 50 francs for the second, and 25 as consolation prizes if five or six girls came". Throughout his book Harris is never short of largesse for his erotic adventures.

Nor is he ever starved of appreciation by his innumerable partners. "Oh, you great strong dear," she cried, with her arms clasping me. "Oh, who would have

believed such intense pleasure possible: I never felt anything like it before; how could you keep on so long? Oh, how I love you, you wonder and delight. Oh, it's divine," she sighed, 'better even than the first time.' Perhaps if any woman had really talked like that, the words might well have stuck in the memory. Unfortunately for that theory, all Harris's conquests shared the same quaint gift for dialogue. Listen to this one, begging for more: "Come to me when you can. You see, I've no pride where you are concerned: I just beg like a dog for kind treatment for my love's sake. I wouldn't have believed that I could be so transformed. I was always so proud: my husband calls me 'proud and cold'—me cold! It's true I shiver when I hear your voice, but it's the shivering of fever. When you came in just now unexpectedly and kissed me waves of heat swept over me: my womb moved inside me. I never felt that till I had loved you and now, of course, my sex burns."

And here's another satisfied customer, displaying a gift for words that would do credit to a novelette writer:

"That night in the hotel I really wanted you and the pleasure you gave me then was much keener than the first time. You kissed and caressed me for a few minutes and I soon felt my love-dew coming and the button of my sex began to throb. As you thrust your shaft in and out of me, I felt a strange sort of pleasure: every little nerve on the inside of my thighs and belly seemed to thrill and quiver; it was almost a feeling of pain. At first the sensation was not so intense, but when you stopped and made me wash, I was shaken by quick, short spasms in my thighs, and my sex was burning and throbbing; I wanted you more than ever.

"When you began the slow movement again, I felt the same sensations in my thighs and belly, only more keenly and, as you kept on, the pleasure became so intense that I could scarcely bear it. Suddenly you rubbed your sex against mine and my button began to throb; I could almost feel it move. Then you began to move your sex quickly in and out of me; in a moment I was breathless with emotion and I felt so faint and exhausted that I suppose I fell asleep for a few minutes, for I knew nothing more till I felt the cold water trickling down my face. When you began again, you made me cry, perhaps because I was all dissolved in feeling and too, too happy. Ah, love is divine: isn't it?"

Can anyone believe that even the most romantic Victorian mistress ever talked like that, even if Harris could

conceivably have remembered it all? And here it must be remarked that Harris's own turn of phrase was nothing if not out of the ordinary when his fancy was roused. To quote again:

"It's your naughtiness saves you," I responded, 'and your wonderful beauty of figure; your little breasts are tiny-perfect, taken with your strong hips and the long limbs and the exquisite triangle with the lips that are red, crimson-red as they should be, and not brown like most, and so sensitive, curling at the edges and pearly with desire'."

Was the whole thing largely an exercise of his literary imagination? Even if Harris failed in his "honest biography" bid, he succeeded in writing an undeniably amusing book. Liar or not, he will survive as the author of one of the greatest erotic literary entertainments, equal to the *Decameron*.

Too hot even for the French

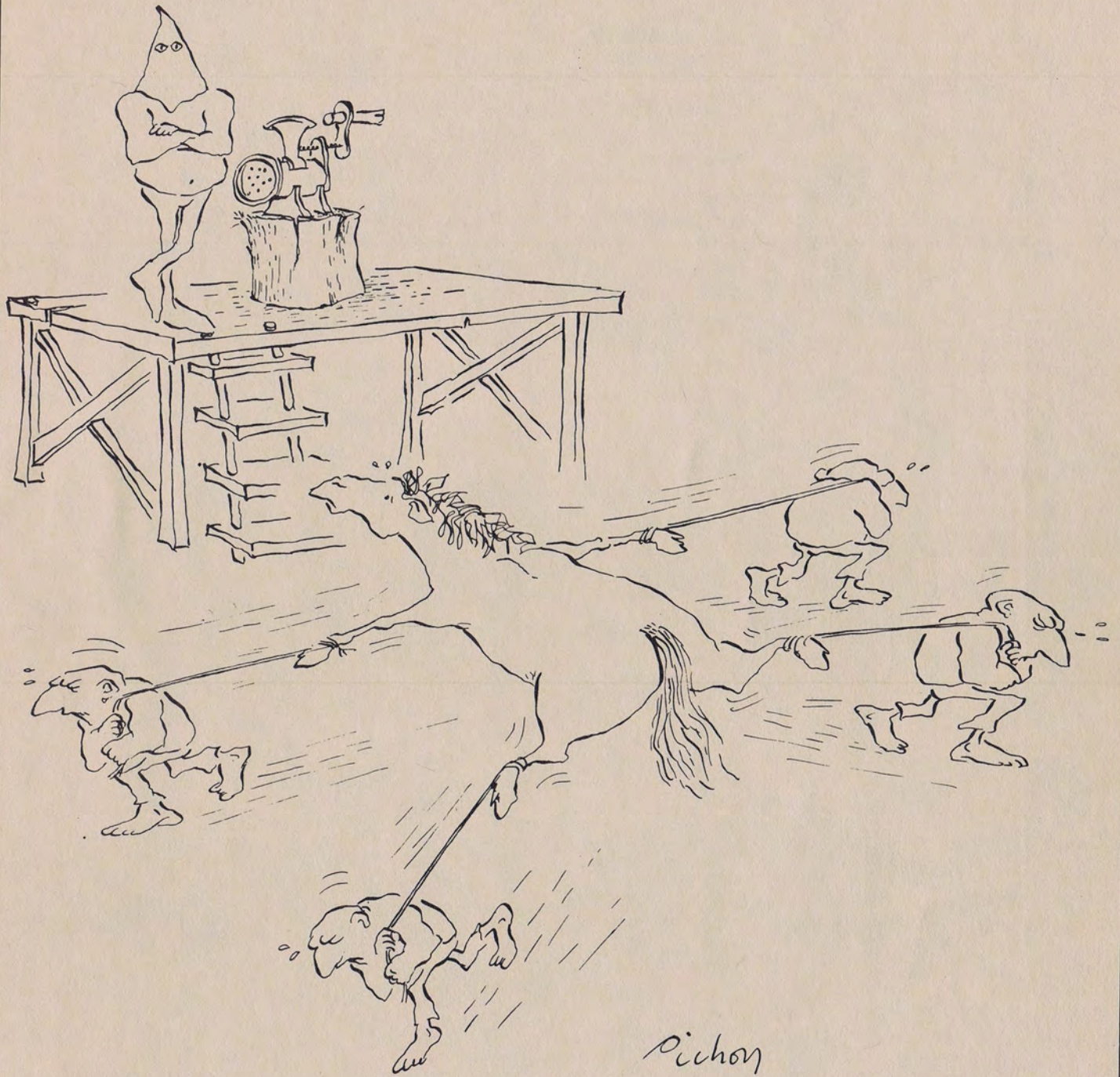
Frank Harris died in the south of France in 1931, aged 75. Even in France his frankness led to his prosecution for offending public morals. And Mr Justice Levy of the New York Supreme Court, banning the book in America, declared furiously: "It is not only unquestionably obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent but it is filthy, disgusting and utterly revolting".

In our permissive society his diverting book has at last come into its own. Published for the first time in the 1960s, it is now some sort of classic—the only one of Harris's works that anyone remembers.

At the end of *My Life & Loves* Harris mused: "I write of all these things quite frankly because I believe that Puritanism is not only dead but deserved to die, and I feel sure that bodily pleasure of all sorts will be more and more sought after in the future. We are coming to a new understanding of life and its joys, just as we are reaching a deeper realization of our duty to our neighbor. We are developing an intensified paganism or the cult of the body... We really should seek to help and benefit our fellow-man in every way, just as we naturally seek to get all possible pleasure out of life. The reconciliation of the two creeds in a higher synthesis will possibly be the religion of the future."

Frank Harris, ludicrous liar and bedroom braggart, was also a prophet. That could have been written about the swinging '60s. 





GREET, DRINK AND BE MERRY

*Of naked ladies, the wisdom
of Catherine de Medici,
and other formulæ for putting
the male partygoer in the
best of spirits*

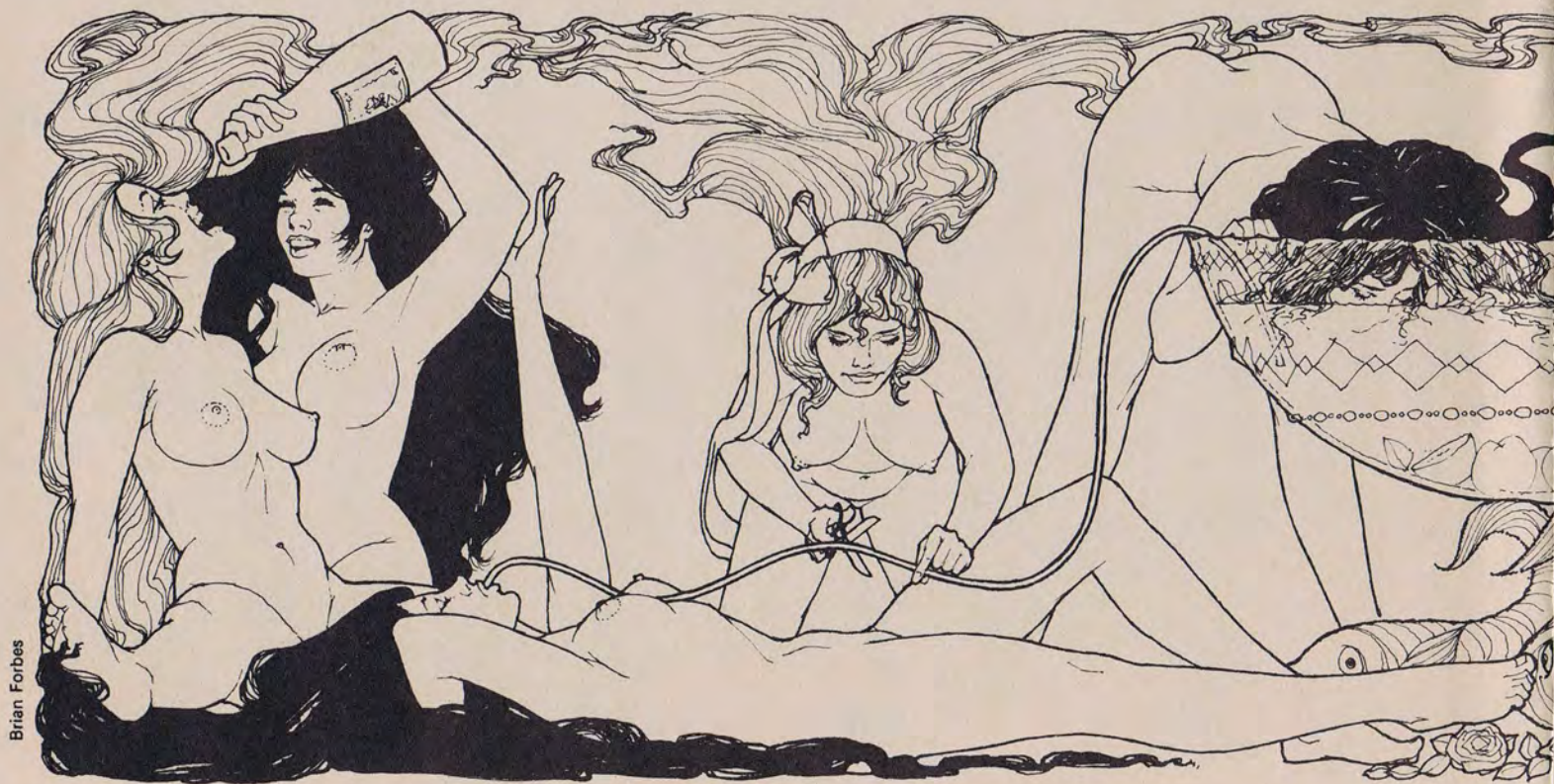
by Lionel Braun

It's the season of parties, the time of year when we talk of seasonal chills—and personal warmth enhanced (more often than not) by those diverse potables that help us keep our festive cool. Or those warming concoctions called flips, punches and grogs. It's the time of the year to live "high on the Nog!"

Ah, the tinkle of ice in a fine goblet, the clink of a stirrer in a pitcher!

Controlled indulgence, in which your guests hang up their anxieties (at the door before you pour) and part from you later without reproaches about what was in your drinks, is the right theme for a host. So start your parties as a charitable mission, i.e. distribute copies of two or three hangover cures before the festivities begin. Low lies the guest whose stomach is laden with golf balls, or the school chum who awakens with the sword of Excalibur embedded in the base of his skull. The thing to remember is that there are good drinks and bad drinks, so it is your personal obligation to create the differences necessary for at home pleasantries.

But what if you're stuck with the unfortunate soul whose spine wilts like imported linquine (*al dente* of course) and through one watery eye spots the bourbon bottle . . . "Three fingers are what I need before the grim reaper takes me away. There is no hope, no salvation . . ." Through the sheer saturation, the shock and coma, you cannot offer quick relief. Small pills and



fizzies that neutralize stomach acid may throw off your whole defense system.

My friends, quiet and time are by far the most reliable hangover cures, but for those who can't wait there's this centuries-old concoction which comes by way of Catherine de Medici. Begin with a goblet of cool milk, into which you beat the freshly laid egg of a pullet. Add 1 tbsp. of honey and 2 fingers of Cognac. The honey supplies the energy, the Cognac picks you up and the milk helps settle the stomach!

A favorite trick of mine was learned from an oil executive in South America. This companero used to take a whole avocado, often chilled, and season it with a bit of salt, freshly cracked pepper and the juice of a lime. Naturally the pear is seeded, but avocados have soothing oils in the meat, which cling to your stomach and help give you the protective coating that will protect against the zap of the alcohol.

Here is advice from an old black barrelmaker in a rum distilling house in the West Indies. It is a cure that is supposed to tune down the rumbling stomach and give you a great pick-up. You start with 2 oz. of good French Cognac, 2 tps. of fresh lemon juice, 1 tsp. honey, and 1 oz. of 151 proof Demerara rum. Shake the ingredients with shaved or cracked ice into a stemmed glass, and add a couple of dashes of Angostura. This remedy should make you hoot like an owl, bark like a dog and leap like a dolphin. You'll feel so picked up, you're likely to drive

your mother-in-law into the spare room!

To your health! *Skaal! A votre santé! L'chai'm!* With this assortment of toasts and the "hair of the dog" recipes out of the way, let's take a broad view of this party we're planning and get a little expansive. I begin with two basic rules:

1. Never buy the cheap stuff

2. Never buy the cheap stuff

Oh what a difference! On this score the probable best recipe for profitable pouring is to buy the best, and to have long ago decided on the person or persons you like best to drink with. Collect these people over the years in ones and twos, or in whatever manner you build your library of wines, books and those things of which men drink deeply!

If you'll permit, I'd like to take time out a moment, for a self-imposed view of this toasting business. You may, like me, drink upon occasion. You can curl up with a snifter of Cognac (Hennessy X.O.), or a glass of port, or sherry, or Madeira and drink on no occasion! You may like to review past and present loves, or those urges that cause you to think of drinking lasciviously, salaciously, deliciously! I welcome the quick relaxation that comes from a glass or cup when quaffing is done for immortality and joy, and not like as a drum-beating voodoo ceremony. When you have reached this level of perceptivity, it's fair to drink as you please, and please those with whom you drink, whenever and whatever you choose.



"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter Sermons and soda-water after."

—Lord Byron



GREET, DRINK AND BE MERRY

Before we can get on with the pleasant sport of elbow-bending you are going to have to check your arsenal of weapons, or you'll never pass this bar examination:

1. Glasses: whiskey 1 oz. to 1½ oz.
cocktail 3 oz. to 4 oz.
Champagne 6 oz.
(fill ¾ of glass)
highball 12 oz. to 16 oz.
pony 1 oz. to 1½ oz.
old-fashioned 4 oz. to 8 oz.
sherry 2 oz.
2. Mixing spoon, squeezer, measuring cup
3. Cocktail shaker and strainer
4. Corkscrew and bottle-opener
5. Coasters
6. Ice bucket
7. Juices, sparkling water, cola, ginger ale, fruit juices.

Now here are some of the drinks you should be prepared to make, and a few definite rules to follow:

- Cooler:** A long iced-drink you make with wine, sherry or sloe gin. Ice up with sugar, lemon and club soda in a tall glass.
- Flip:** Mostly for the girls, and you make it best of all in a blender. Start with 1 whole egg, sugar, some cracked ice and whiskey. Sherry is okay too! Pour into sour glass and sprinkle with a spice.
- Sour:** A marvelous cocktail that uses gin, rum, brandy or any whiskey. Mix with juice of ½ a fresh lemon, ice and sugar. Garnish with a slice of orange and a cherry.
- Fizz:** Make with whiskey, gin or wine and your favorite fruit syrup or sugar, ice, lime, club soda, and egg white.

When making any of the above drinks remember, there are definite procedures to follow, but place the least costly ingredients in the glass first—so if you make a mistake, you can always begin with a minimum of loss.

1. When mixing drinks with fruit juices or sweeteners, pour your spirits last.
2. Never fill half-empty Champagne glasses. You'll detract from the wine if you mix cold Champagne with warm.
3. Shake only drinks containing eggs, fruit juice, cream or any ingredients difficult to blend.
4. All cocktails should be strained before serving.
5. Old fashioned are better when glasses and fruit are chilled.
6. Wash ice before using, then shake to eliminate excess water.
7. If you are one of the millions of apartment-dwellers throwing a bash, keep the door open to save running when the bell rings.
8. Don't make up or even order little triangulated or rhomboidal tidbits of tuna, ham or chicken. People really hate 'em—so stock a really good cheese, like Gruyère from Switzerland and a firm round Gouda from Holland. Put in a supply of half-a-million crackers. Splurge with a bucket of caviar surrounded with lemon wedges and chopped onion.

NAKED LADY

- 1 jigger light rum
1 jigger sweet vermouthe
4 dashes apricot brandy
2 dashes grenadine
4 dashes lemon juice
Shake well with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

- ½ oz. light rum
½ oz. Grand Marnier
½ oz. Cognac
½ oz. lemon juice
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into glass.

FLYING NUN

- 1½ oz. J&B Scotch
1 tsp. sugar
3 oz. milk
Shake well with ice. Strain into sour glass. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

MAIDEN'S PRAYER

- 3 jiggers gin
3 jiggers Cointreau
1 jigger lemon juice
1 jigger orange juice
Stir well with ice. Strain into glass.

FRENCH "75"

- 2 jiggers imported gin
1 jigger lemon juice
1 tsp. powdered sugar
Champagne
Pour into highball glass over cracked ice. Add Champagne to top.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY

- 2 jiggers Calvert Reserve
1 jigger cream
Shake with shaved ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

HOT BOMBAY MARY

- 1 quart Bombay Gin
1 large (14 oz. can) V-8
2-inch stick cinnamon
pinch of clove
1 tbsp. Worcester sauce
Combine V-8, cinnamon, cloves, Worcester sauce over low heat for 15 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add lemon juice before serving. Pour in gin. Serve in demi-tasse cups.

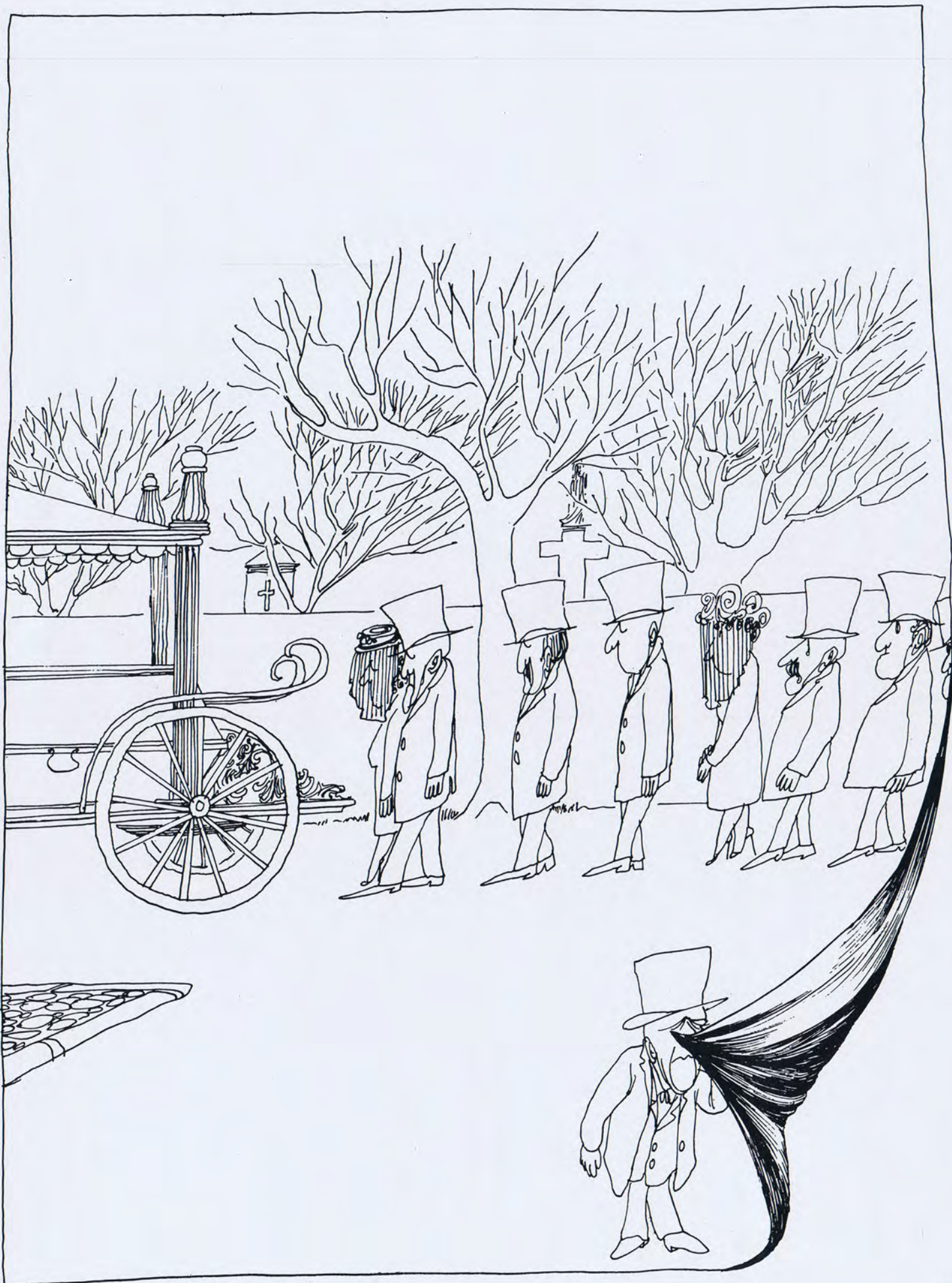
Cautionary rules: drinks inside yourself and not in your shaker can have a devastating effect when starved for rest, or in tired physical shape. And let us not love our goblet so much that little inclination is left for amatory pleasure.

If you have only one stop to make on New Year's Eve, begin the occasion with:

Preyatnya Apetit! Salud! Prosit! A la sante!

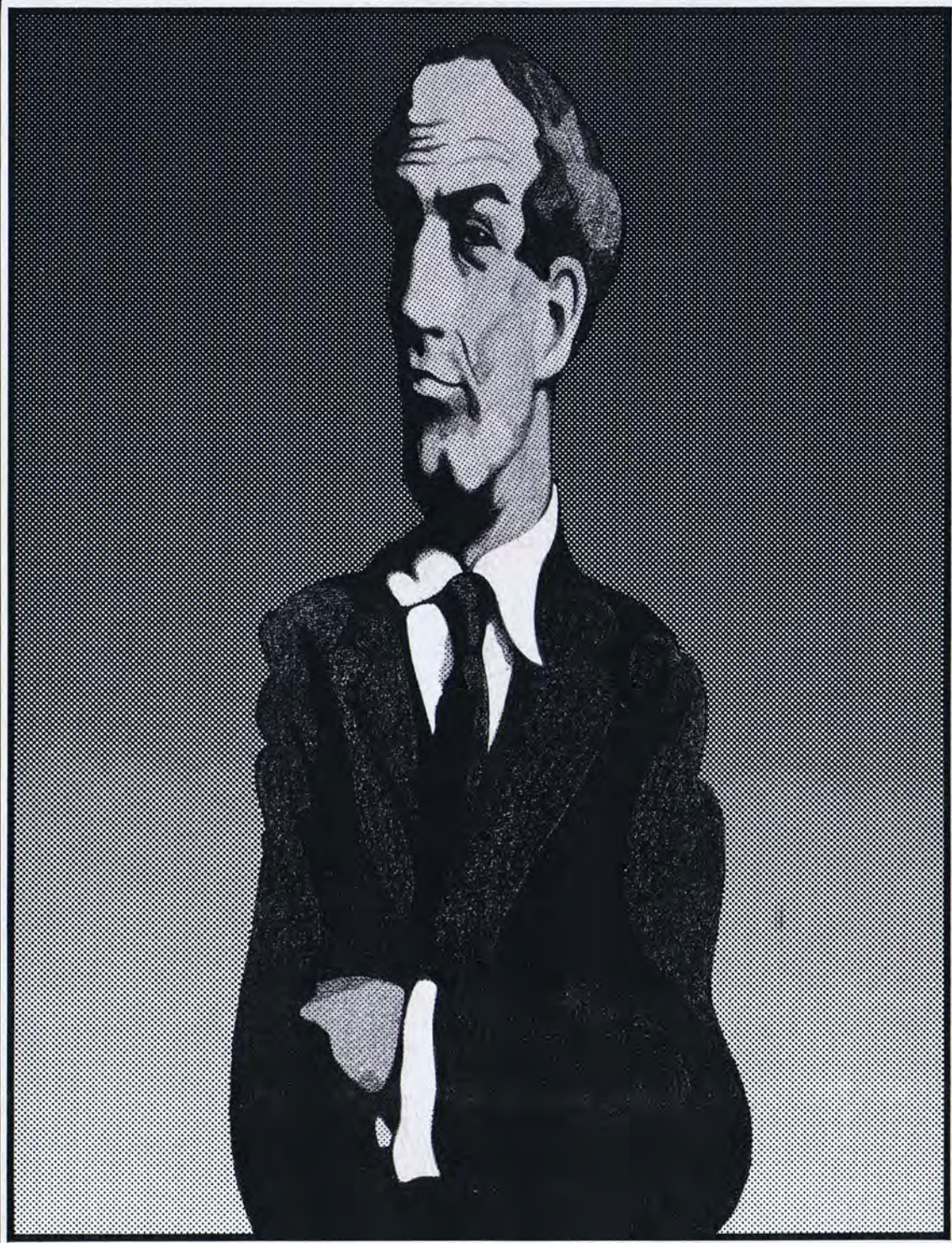
And if you live in my neighborhood, keep the door open, the ice bucket filled, roller skates off the floor, so that I may drop by and say "To all a good night!"





POST COTTUS TRISTUS

Fiction by
Samuel A. Eisenstein



I have kept many women in my
life, but the novelty and pursuit
were always the most enchanting
parts. So late in my life I am in
love with one of my own sex,
a young man.

I am 54 years old, conductor of a semi-professional symphony orchestra in a large American city, married. I still speak in a charming Viennese accent after 20 years. So late in my life I am in love with one of my own sex, a young man.

When he first made suggestions to me, I was furious. I nearly threw him out of my sight. He saw something in me, saw that I was suffering, but I did not recognize the nature of the pain until it was too late for me. He offered me an unselfish hand, a gift I had never before had offered to me.

I have kept many women in my life. I could never bear to be without one. But the novelty and the pursuit were always the most enchanting parts. Once, like fish, safely landed, women lose their glitter and begin to smell. They demand, they protest, they whine, they cry—there is nothing that can remain unexplained and unspoken. If I could have retained the silent communion with other males I had as a boy and young man! But guilts and repressions crept in. After all, it was the age of Freud. I had to prove myself.

Innocence is lost when one takes up with women. As boys, we walked arm and arm, we touched freely. Boys slept together until an advanced age. We engaged in every kind of activity together, bathed naked in rivers, wrestled naked on the banks, and thought nothing of it.

Did I experience any extraordinary thrill from these contacts? I don't think so.

My hair was not cut until I was six years old and ready to go to school. It was the custom. I look at pictures of me, girlish, cute, with long eyelashes. What about Oedipus? Did I hate my father and want to sleep with my mother? But I did sleep with my mother, every night my father was away on business. Even, I put my head on her bare breast when she was ill or sad to see if she was breathing.

The memory of her flesh arouses me even now. When I gave Laura perfume my mother used, the chemistry of her body reacted to it in the same way, and I was enormously excited; yet I did not hate my father. The sight of his heavy penis and testicles filled me with wonder, but they did not disgust or attract me. He did not handle or beat me. He was a kind man, a little fat, given to Turkish baths (which did not have a bad name in Europe), and wore a little moustache that he cultivated as carefully as my mother kept her long hair.

They were happy, I think. Why not? In well-ordered households, relationships were formal and we did not feel the depression after the Great War. We were envied and respected. I went to school and, when the time came, I masturbated together with my friends. We used French postcards. I believe I am not deluding myself when I call these activities normal.

When I was 16 we went to a whorehouse, a well-known establishment, furnished in red-flocked wallpaper and deep carpets, an altogether proper place, suitable for upper-middle-class boys. There I had my first experience, a willowy country girl who spoke German with the soft rural dialect superior people find charming.

I was not afraid. Rather, I felt like protecting the girl, and I knew what to do. Though I was excited and our contact was brief, I was prepared for that and felt no shame. Moreover the rest of the boys were long since waiting for me, because of the time I took to talk to the girl. She was so grateful that I had a fantasy of her becoming my mistress, but of course I had no money of my own and so it came to nothing. I never went back there.

I wondered what happened to her during the war. Did she find someone and leave the house, or was she one of those sent near the front to service Hitler's troops as a field-whore? I pictured myself in her place, spread out on a pallet, muddy, brutal soldiers trampling into my cubicle, falling on my body, not taking off anything but their boots, grinding into me with their massive organs. Was it horror or anticipation?

My orchestra is composed of doctors and lawyers, accountants, even housewives, but we have a very good reputation; we have been written up in national magazines, an indication of a "cultural renaissance" in America, a blend of "Old World and New". Very gratifying, like the consolation prize in a circus. I am second-rate, I knew it early. Laura knows it, but she never said anything when we listened to Toscanini, then the younger conductors like von Karajan, Boulez or others. My musicians are good, however, and they come to rehearsals sometimes at tremendous sacrifice, and when they call me "Maestro", I don't flinch.

Laura is like a large, sleek cat, pardon the hackneyed expression. She comes of very good family, we have an excellent relationship—only she is so healthy! Her abundant health is not quite an insult, yet sometimes I imagine she is dead, and I can weep openly, everyone sympathizing. She lies in a coffin, top part like a dutch door open and surrounded by the roses she spends so much time tending. I weep and weep. People take me by the shoulder to comfort me.

But then, what do I do the night of her death? A heroine in a novel of Thomas Hardy had a rendezvous for a ball and so she locked the door on her dead husband and went. Mostly I think I would seek one of the parties, orgies rather, to which I am now welcome, on account of my daughter. "My wife is dead," I might say. Someone would swivel his leg, hand me a drink, and announce: "I'm so sorry, darling. Do have a drink, it's the only thing." I would be drunk, pass out. A stranger might take me to bed out of kindness. Or maybe I would wake to find the clear face of my own young man cradling my head.

This is only fantasy; I have many. My life has stood in their way.

This is the way life has been: Laura sighs and snores a little. It's hot and we are covered by a single sheet. Her belly is convex. She has always been voluptuous, like a thick spring. When I was 25, playing in a good orchestra, a young musician on the way up, she came to hear me every night. I noticed her, thinking the situation very like stories one reads in the

● I have always been a voyeur, hoping to see naked women at their windows. Now, stirred and ashamed, I watched two young men clasped in each other's arms, kissing. ●

lives of musicians of great note. Later came nights in hotels—wonderful, wet, slippery nights of lovemaking. Then she was pregnant. I offered to marry her immediately but she refused and had an abortion entirely on her own, and told me only weeks later. I was horrified—but, now that I think about it, I was more excited by an image of a strange man, I don't know whether a doctor even, pulling Laura's legs apart, opening her up, inserting his hand and instruments into her. I shiver!

She had no ill-effects. Eventually we married in her own good time.

When we were about to leave for America, she was again pregnant. This time, I wanted her to have an abortion, because I was involved with one of the girls in the orchestra. Laura sat at home with the roses, giving piano lessons, and waiting, big and pregnant. When I came home she always had drinks prepared, then she would stretch her fleshy arms for me to kiss her, and I would have to fall into bed with her, sharing space with my unborn daughter. I liked bed, even Laura's body, but at that time I did not want to fall into bed with her.

My girl friend was Jewish, skinny compared to Laura, with exquisite nervous breasts. She was so hungry, so passionate, that she initiated almost every movement, she made love to me. But I was young, I didn't mind, it posed no threat. But she was not able to achieve a climax. Sometimes, when I could hold no longer, she continued on, pushing and rubbing us both raw.

"I won't be any man's mistress," she told me. "What do you want of your life? Do you love Laura? Do you want to stay with her?"

"I don't love her."

"Then do you get pleasure from sleeping with her?"

I would squirm and have to answer. "Yes, I try to leave her alone, but when it starts, I enjoy it."

I thought, married to this girl, what would be my life? Now, it was exciting and illicit. She had so many questions, I became evasive. I didn't want to think about complications, about love. But we clung to each other. She was definite about her future, *our* future together, with her intense black eyes, her hands always alive. She expected great things of me, especially if I left Laura for her; she saw that I was stagnant. She herself practised through the night on her piano after I left her to go home to Laura's arms and bed.

I'm sure Laura knew all about the affair. We continued to make love, and she had these deep climaxes along with a great muscular control that pulled me into her in such a way I have not experienced with other women. It should have been delicious.

We left for the United States. The Jewish girl escaped to South America and became a famous soloist. We corresponded and met again, in New York, when she finally came to the U.S. during the war. She was still thin and nervous, dressed in a mannish suit with lapels. We made love awkwardly, almost as a duty to our past and to our impassioned letters. I had only dreamed of running away with her. My life was already hopelessly compromised and lackluster. We had lost our chance long before. Rather, I had.

I always fell back on my comfortably demanding Laura, never truly ever leaving the nest. I took what came easily. I never shook life by the shoulders. If I had been a hero, I would have broken with the past, but the affairs I have had with life have been just a long coitus interruptus. I have had good jobs, a beautiful wife, security, and then a lovely daughter. But my love affairs have ended ridiculous.

I was alone in our hotel room. Laura was out having her hair done. The hotel was not a very good one, and our bathroom had a common air vent with the bathroom in the next room. While I was in there, I heard voices, so I got up on the rim of the tub and looked into the next room. I saw two men clasped in each other's arms, kissing. I had a vision of a Rodin statue and fragments of all the romantic music I had ever played.

I have always been a voyeur, hoping to see naked women at their windows. Now, stirred and ashamed, I watched—only, it was nakedness of a higher order. I was not ashamed or stirred at this act of homosexuality. I was stirred because it looked like an act of *love*. The men were *in* love.

Before this I had sneered at young homosexuals walking hand in hand in the park. The young man I had turned away played in my orchestra. He used to wait for me to help to put away something, he wanted to talk, he seemed to want to make me his father confessor. I misunderstood. Even at 40 or 45, I meant to be young. I was piqued that the young man didn't want *me* as I am, instead of my counsel, like a desexed old woman. I didn't want to be his father confessor. Finally, when he brought another young man to meet me, obviously involved with him, I let them know that I felt them to be abnormal, all the time imagining what they did together. I didn't know I was jealous, or rather, that I wanted him. If I could have learned slowly what unselfish love can be.

I never had a *love* affair. I made love, enjoyed doing it, but it has been always like a mutual masturbation. Clearly this was how it was with the Jewish girl. With Laura I perform faithfully, not a virtuoso, but adequate. Now I am tired and afraid. The deception is that I *love* to do it. I believed that I loved the women with whom I have slept, but I have found no love; yet, Laura continues to bloom. Whereas I am not more than six, seven years older, I am mistaken for her father—thin, pot-bellied, with eyes sunken and cheeks hectic when they are not chalk-white. I walk with a quick, nervous step

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88



Are you an athletic supporter?

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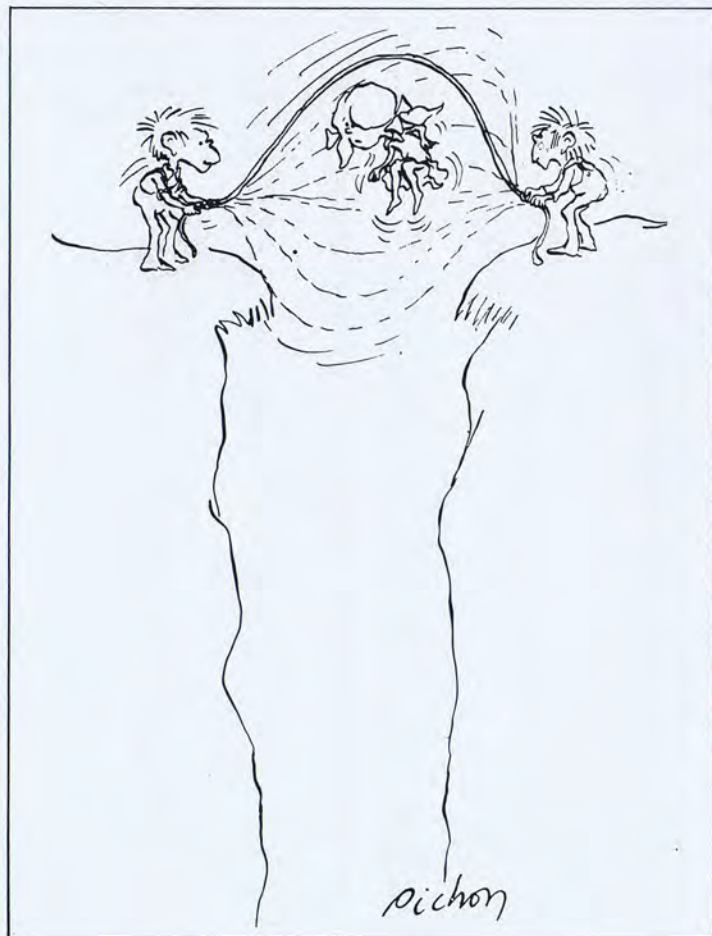
☐ Bill me later.

mistaken for boundless energy, but when I go home to be faced with Laura, my unhurried Laura, with her endless smile, her ample bosom and overflowing bloom, I begin to suffocate.

To avoid her everlasting amorous digestion, I more and more rehearse, hold conferences, guest conduct. I am more frantic, my music is always the same. My eye is out for a savior, someone or something to expel me from my dead alley. The truth is, I am more exasperated by lack of variety than intimidated by Laura's inexhaustibility. I am sure there exists in homosexuality infinitely more variety, more chance of connection and communion in the love that is between men.

But my young man left the orchestra and never returned. I have sat, his phone number on my pad, for hours, then torn it up into long, narrow strips.

My daughter, also a musician, plays in my orchestra when I need her, but she prefers jazz coffee houses. She brings young poets home. I began to notice them and to sit with them in the living room. Many were homosexual. I went with my daughter and a young man to a coffee house where he gave a reading of a long poem that among many incomprehensible items celebrated the orgasm. There was no ambiguity in his poem concerning the partners between whom the most exalted orgasms occur.



We later sat at a table, the three of us, the boy in the middle, our knees all touching. In my solar plexus grew a nervous excitement to feel his thin, young knees on my legs and thighs. I was even experiencing the thrill, at second hand, of touching my daughter's legs. It is true among humans even as with animals that offspring arouse a parent as no mere stranger can do. My teeth chattered and my skinny shanks trembled all evening. Was I catching a cold? My daughter and her friend were solicitous, while she smiled her knowing smile.

I had occasion to travel to New York. Near Greenwich Village is an avant-garde movie house, which shows "gay" movies. The place was full of bearded young men, and what was worse, bearded older men. Nobody looked clean; everybody looked artistic. In my white shirt and tie I was as conspicuous as possible. And yet, am I not as artistic as most of them?

Next door was a Turkish bath. I had not been near one since my father took me as a child; yet I know their reputation

“Would you mind, would you find it very terrible”, I said, “if I kissed you?”
Her lips were so yielding that tears came to my eyes.

in the United States. Weak and trembling, I walked away and turned into a coffee shop. I could hardly breathe. A slender long-haired girl, like an actress, took my order.

The Turkish bath sign flashed on and off in my mind. I had to go back. I finished my coffee, spilled change on the counter, climbed stairs, put money on another counter, and tried to ignore men who sat with legs spread, towels around their waists. I was shown to a locker and my “resting” room.

Certainly this was not a place where two true, male lovers would go? What was it but a whorehouse with men as inmates? The corridors were dim. I stepped into a steam room where I felt many eyes explore me, but I looked back at no one. I went out, showered, and walked upstairs. Men lay on cots in an open dormitory and also behind partly closed doors in little cubicles. Others prowled the corridors. Sometimes one man nodded to another and they both disappeared into a cubicle. There was no question in my mind about what they were doing. The only question was: did I want to do that too?

I turned a corner, and on a cot in view of several silent spectators was a couple locked to each other's organs. I was rooted to the floor. Then I turned, and with trembling fingers found my locker and threw my clothes on. I was sick with the desire to look on and then allow someone to draw me into one of those dark holes, to do whatever he pleased with me.

I got out, but I knew with sickening clarity that I would be back, if only to test the thing to its very end.

I remember with pain that once the young homosexual musician gave me a massage in my hotel room. We were on tour and my muscles were taut and painful. I was in shorts when he knocked softly on the door and apologetically told me he had noticed my twisting and turning my neck and shoulders. Could he give me a massage?

His hands were tender and searching, as Laura's never were. Most good masseurs are men. But his hands also secretly caressed. This was before I turned him and his friend away, of course. He could have been one of the men in the bathroom. The massage never went beyond propriety. “Put your hands all over me,” I should have said, to save my soul, to put unspoken desire in the open. I didn't have the courage to say it.

Before the war, I traveled through France with a friend.

We stayed at youth hostels. In early spring there were not many other travelers, so we had a big room with many bunk beds all to ourselves. After an exhilarating day of mountain-climbing, drinking and eating, we lay after taking cold showers in the empty room. I knew he was still awake, and now I realize he was waiting for something. My teeth began to chatter, I didn't know why, or perhaps I did.

"Are you cold?" he asked me.

"Not so much. My teeth are clacking a little."

He didn't say anything more. I was in expectation that he would. Pine trees scraped at the windowpanes, the ground was wet with disappearing snow. This was all before I was married, and I had a hot-blooded girl waiting for me in Vienna. I suppose I was shivering with desire for the girl. But perhaps it was not her I wanted so much as wanting to be able to want her.

I would expend my passion on myself if I could but reach my own organ to do so!

Young men are pliant, even more feminine than a woman like my wife, who is not so much womanly as catlike, as I mentioned before. Young homosexual men are fine and delicate. I grow older but not impotent, only reluctant. I want all of me drawn into lovemaking, like a fugue. I want a fugue that is not predictable. I want the thrill of the unexpected, but I never burn bridges. Romanticism is what has made of me a second-rate musician and third-rate human being. I fear the unpredictable and crave it.

My friend was not a known homosexual, but could we not have lain sweetly in each other's arms all night without sin and without pain? It would have been the first and perhaps only time for us both. Instead, I turned him away with a bad joke and a pretended yawn, rolled over and shammed sleep. In the morning there was awkwardness. Before long, we invented excuses to terminate the trip early.

I am trying to write a confession, but it doesn't work. All is too reversible, too guarded, nothing is conclusive. I have not been found in "flagrante delicto", and some things I have not recorded out of shame. Here it is: I am 54 years old, cringe from my wife and cry in my heart for the pale, slender boy in whatever incarnation he may be hiding, and I fail, fail and fail again in my life and in my work, which does not interest me. The more desperate I am to know, to love, to *participate*, the more am I led into experimentation, and this is what destroys me, as I am immutably middle-class, bourgeois, and careful.

My daughter brought home another poet; I couldn't really tell about him. He invited all to a party, including Laura, in honor of the publication of his first book of poems. The usual type of crowd, Laura and I the only outsiders. I was introduced and some of the guests knew my name. I was feverishly aware of everyone around me. At once, here seemed a last chance, as though I might die if something conclusive were not to happen.

Laura soon pleaded headache, but urged me to stay on though I offered to accompany her home. I was drinking with some of the young men, who talked a private language, at which I smiled knowingly. I noticed that my daughter was looking at me, her eyes glowing, stimulated by the party or too much liquor.

I had to go to the toilet, knocked on the door, and hearing nothing, entered. There was a young man urinating. I mumbled an apology and began to back out, but he put out an arm. "Come on in, the water's fine. Don't mind me." My heart thumped, but I stood looking away while he shook himself. "Have a good one," he said, waiting for me to take mine out.

"Well," I said.

I tried. I couldn't. I couldn't take it out. In the dark, maybe. When I left the room, I was sober, my evening was over.

My daughter's young man brought over a lovely girl for me to meet. "This is Sally. She's attended your concerts for years. Say hello to Walter, Sally." He talked to her as though to a little girl. I was charmed. The top of her head came up only to my eyes, though I am not tall.

"I'm so glad to meet you", she said.

I made a ridiculously low bow. "I'm charmed to make your acquaintance."

We went out together several times, the poet, my daughter, Sally and me. One afternoon I called her and we had lunch alone in a small, charming place. We then visited a museum, outside which were exhibited straw huts reconstructed from prehistoric houses of the region. It began to rain. I scrambled up the plank into one of the houses. She was surprised but hobbled up after me when I put out my hand.

"Now we are living 2000 years ago," I explained, squatting and motioning over a fire. She was delighted. "Would you mind, would you find it very terrible," I said, "if I kissed you?" I put my arms around her shoulders and kissed her without waiting for an answer. Her lips were so yielding that tears came to my eyes. There was no hard demand, only response. We stood and kissed again.

Saying nothing at all, we climbed down from the hut and walked hand in hand in the light rain. I took her to a little hotel. She was so much smaller than my wife, almost a teenager! She was 30-35 years younger.

"Don't", she said at first. "It's dangerous for me right now."

I asked her to wait, dressed, and went out to a drug store.

"Please, some prophylactics," I whispered. The clerk looked at me admiringly, or was I imagining? I hurried back to the hotel, but when the time came the lovely girl thrust the rubber appliance aside. We made *love*.

I cannot tell the long or the short of it. For this time, for the first time, it was unimportant. We lay and hugged each other and laughed and cried.

"I must call my wife. She will be wondering where I am."

"Shall I do it for you?" Sally laughed.

"Never mind," I said.

"Are you afraid of her?"

"I certainly am. Aren't most men afraid of their wives?"

"You're honest," she said, falling back and drawing me again on top of her. People have always thought that I am very honest.

At first, I was afraid that Sally would insist or demand or reject. I thought it might be better for me to court young men in a Turkish bath, where there is no fear of failure or disappointment. Sally lived with a room mate. It was difficult for us to arrange times when she would not be at home. Hotels are not satisfactory for long-term relationships. Even so, life! How it became fresh in my nostrils, and colors, like flavors, sharpened! My daughter smiled to see me bounce into a room. Now she introduced me to no new young men. And Laura, as long as she had her rations, was content.

But I began to feel that I must leave my wife, as it became harder and harder to part with Sally every time. But I was comfortable at home. To think of separating—piano, records, books, pictures, things Laura and I had accumulated. Everything upset. Who would own what? And I was afraid of Laura's rarely stirred anger.

Sally, feeling that we must know *all* about each other, revealed among other things that the car she drove was not hers but belonged to another boy-friend. At my insistence, she offered him the keys, but he refused. I was intensely relieved. Would I have had to provide her with other transportation? She was determined to help me. She remembered a performance of one of my overtures, a highly imitative work: I would begin to write again. I would flower.

We went to all the romantic places Laura and I had worn out. Was I using Sally that the colors and flavors might be renewed? Did I love her, or was she again an instrument? But this question is vital to a man only when he is sure of the devotion of the other person.

● My daughter began again to take me to parties with her young men. It began to be accepted implicitly that we all slept together. The homosexuals greeted me like one of their own.●

"Do you always have to wear a tie?" she asked, a little irritated, masking it with a smiling shake of her pert head. We were dressing; I found it hard to be casually dressed.

But I wanted to take her to places where people her own age went. She frowned and made excuses; she found these places boring, the kids were too childish. Her homework, never before a problem, began to keep us apart.

"You have real elegance in your face and hands," she told me once. "But you've got to act your age."

I had not been rejected by a woman for many years, but I knew the signs. She still talked about my leaving Laura, but her encouragement had more the sound of my saving my soul from sloth than saving it for herself.

Secretly I was relieved—from the intensity, our honesty, her probing. I knew I would never be any better than I had come to be.

Sally wrote to let me know that her boy-friend, never really out of the picture, was now re-entered and clearly in focus, etc. It was better, etc. I didn't delude myself. I knew I had been a fool. Not love, but variety, that was what it had been about. All right then!

My daughter began again to take me to parties with her young men. It began to be accepted implicitly that we all

slept together. The homosexuals greeted me like one of their own. After returning home from such a party I had sex with Laura in a kind of fury which she enjoyed quite as much as anything else. So she approved of my going to parties. She even invented situations so that young men could often be at the house. I was otherwise at loose ends.

I became an accomplice to other men's smallest physical acts. I suffered walking up stairs when someone's behind was on a level with my nose. I was in a sweat during rush hour when I was pressed together with the crowd. Where are my hands? Where are the hands of the person next to me? I noticed men hitching up their trousers. When I went to the ballet, I noticed only the bulge of men's sexual organs. While I conducted I waited for the moment the french horn player emptied his saliva tube; I imagined being caught under the instrument. I began to look furtively at magazines that displayed muscular young men in shorts. In all this hysteria I hoped my young man would come back, bearing some sort of poultice that would end the fever and begin a cure.

Like a fool, I went to a tailor. I had always dressed conservatively, hoping to be "discovered" without calling attention to myself on account of my clothes. Now I saw it was because I had early given up competing. I had myself fitted in tight, thin pants and narrow jackets. My daughter admired me, Laura smiled and pinched my behind.

I had an impulse to expose myself in a crowd or faint. In a restaurant I saw a man dressed exactly like me, surrounded by smiling young men. His face sagged and his eyes were greedy. Like Death in Venice—finite, let the comedy end, I thought! I went, even in my new clothes, to confession—I had not gone since I was a child. The incense was like perfume peaceful. The priest walked by to light candles. His robe swished as he bent to caress an altar boy. The sweet, sickish excitement was on me. I fled.

I recklessly drank too much at the party. Reeling and sick, I tottered into the garden. Let someone come to me now, I prayed. Let me be helped, let cool hands love me and bless me. Nausea rose and fell in my stomach. A young man was in front of me where I clutched a tree. He touched my hand. "Anything I can do?"

"Get out of here," I yelled.

He went away, but came back with a cold towel and gently sponged my face. I nestled my face into his hand. He put his arm around me.

"That's all right now, isn't it?"

I felt he must kiss me, but I was repelled by my own sickness. He would get dirty. Would he be careful about personal hygiene? Yet, if he loved me, it would not matter. He half-carried me into one of the bedrooms where he fondled me as I lay in the dark. My daughter came to the door and stood whispering with someone.

I lay, cold and rigid. There was no love in me, nor echoes of love in any pore or inch of my soul or skin. I wept. The young man cradled me like a baby, and I wept. After a short, unconscious time, I put out my hand for him, but he was gone.

I staggered to the door. The guests had taken off most of their clothes, men were dancing with men. There were a few girls, in bras and panties. Where was my daughter?

In the bedroom, another couple had taken my place. I could make out little in the dark. I too lay down on the bed with them.

"Hey, get out of here. Can't you see we're busy?—accompanied by a kick from one and a giggle from the other.

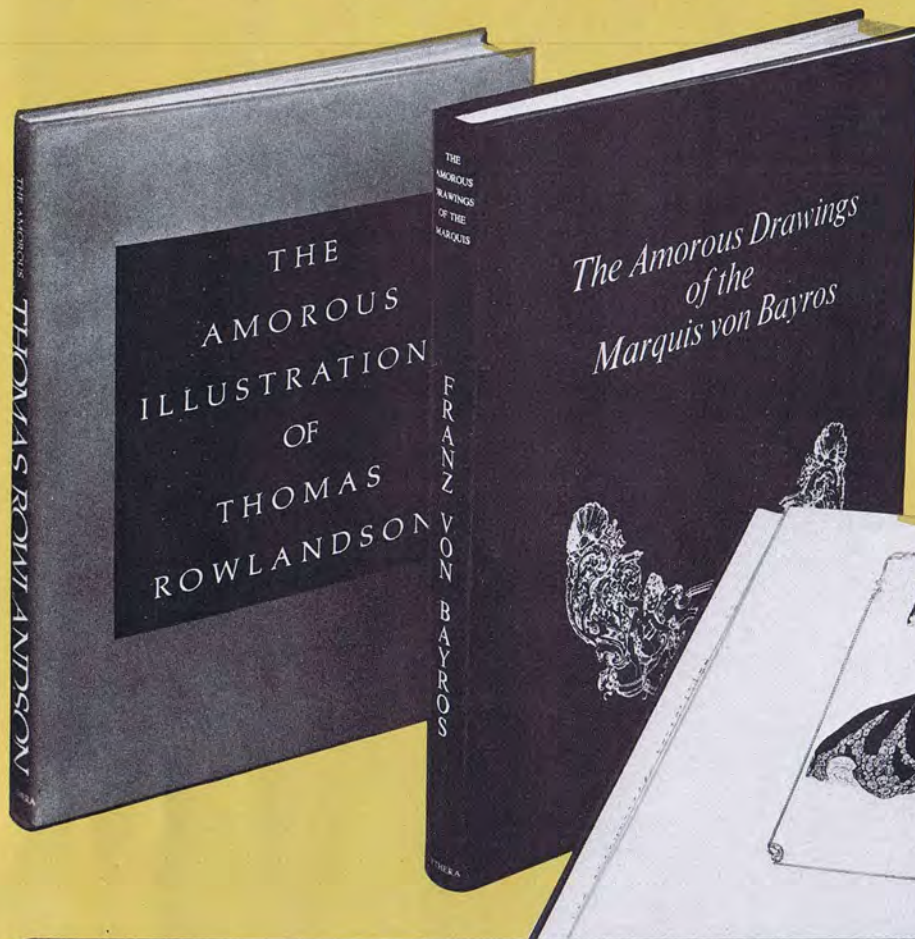
Were they making love? I stood and rearranged my clothes. I put on my tight fashionable jacket and closed the door behind me. As I stood in the light someone in only his shorts smiled at me.

"Why such a sad look, post coitus tristis? Try again."

Maybe my daughter will be coming home soon. There will be another party. She will bring someone home for me to meet. ●



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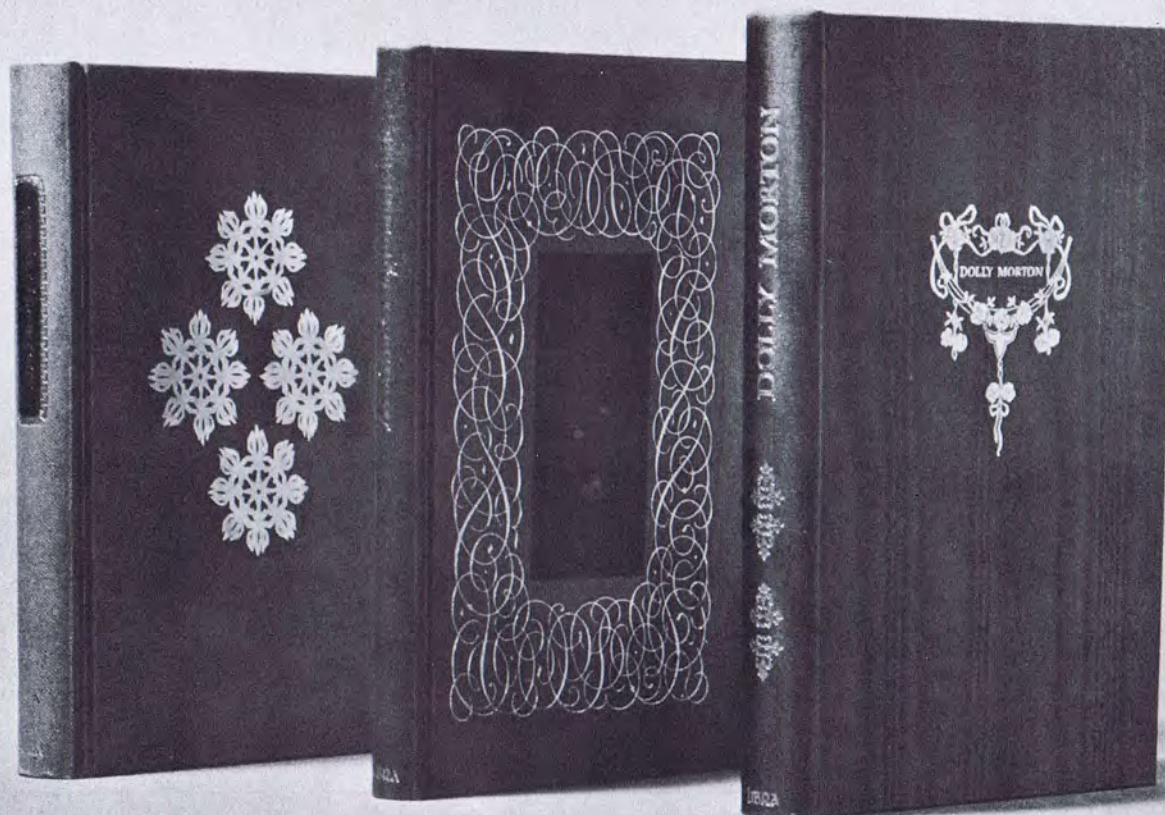
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GROOM AT THE TOP

BY RON BUTLER

Two party invitations we didn't accept . . . "George Barrie, President of Faberge, and his associates invite you to come through wood and dale on the sacred river Alph to Kubla Khan's 'Pleasure Dome' in Xanadu. Come feed on honey dew and drink the milk of paradise . . ." "The Wool Bureau cordially invites you to preview the New Art of Going Naked collection of contemporary fashions . . ."

POWER SHAVING

"I was about five at the time and was standing at my father's knee while he was shaving," said the late George Bernard Shaw, telling one of his favorite stories. "I said to him, 'Father, why do you shave?' He looked at me for a full minute before throwing his razor out the window, saying, 'Why the hell do I?' He never did again."

The rest of us still spend about 3,350 hours, or 140 days, of our lives shaving off 28 feet of beard. Fortunately, these rather startling work figures are being reduced. Leading manufacturers of electric razors continue to make advances that make shaving easier, more comfortable and, best of all, faster.

From the Remington Electric Shaver Division of Sperry Rand, for instance, comes word that its new line of Lektro Blade shavers means "an end to the days of bloody shaving battle nicks, cuts and scrapes as well as those red badges of courage—patches of bathroom tissue hastily slapped onto a cut, bleeding cheek or chin."

The secret, of course, is the

company's new disposable blade system, available with all of its five recently introduced shaver units. When the regular blade cutters, which normally last from three to six months, begin pulling and nicking they can be tossed out. Replacement blades, three for \$1.95, are available at all drug counters, just like regular razor blades. You needn't have a degree in advanced electronics, either, to replace them. They simply click in.

Another big name in electric shavers, Ronson, offers a money-back close-as-a-blade-shave guarantee with all its models. Its current line uses an instantly replaceable cutting system, the well-proved "Micro-Thin" shaving screen which permits close, smooth shaves, and "Super-Trim", the largest trimmer found on any electric shaver. ("The trimmer is also great for shaving the back of neck", say its makers.)

Ronson's cordless razor, the Cobra, is available in a Deluxe version with a dual-volt charging stand that may be set for 110-120 volts for ordinary recharging, or 220-240 volts for recharging in Paris or Afghanistan. The Cobra Standard may be recharged by plugging it into any standard household outlet. Ronson also makes a Lady Cobra.

Ideal for travelers, servicemen, campers and sportsmen is Norelco's new Cordless 20B, a lightweight, compact, self-contained, pocket-sized portable shaver that operates up to 30 days on four regular penlight batteries. It sells for under \$20 and contains a mirror fitted into its cap for on-the-go grooming.

If electric shavers really turn you on, Norelco (North American Philips) is a com-



Wetted paper powers Norelco (top). Remington has disposable blades.

pany worth watching. Recently it developed a shaver powered by "energy paper", something new in the way of portable electric power. Conceived by Holland's renowned electronics firm, N.V. Philips Gloeilampenfabrieken, the new power source is a wafer-thin paper

battery weighing less than 1/10 of an ounce and containing a power density five times greater than an ordinary dry cell automobile battery. Though fully operative, the energy paper Norelco shaver is an experimental prototype and is not yet being manufactured commercially.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

"The first really great dirty book..."

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**"This is either the funniest, most
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STERLING POLICY

The one thing we've always liked about British Sterling toiletry for men is its advertising and promotion campaign, geared strictly toward women: "If the man in your life complains because he can't squeeze a two and one-half-inch-thick can of shave cream into a slim two-inch-high attaché case, British Sterling has a perfect answer with its new 'Courier', the first really practical overnight kit." Or "Make your man a legend in his own time". Or "Gift him with a Bar he can open without a license—a six-ounce flask of British Sterling".

Actually, such an approach is well taken because sales statistics prove that women do buy more men's toiletries (for men) than men do. Also, the criterion for men's fragrance is almost always based on scents that women associate with men—leather, tobacco, musk, sage and pine.

The four-stage technique used in formulating a scent such as British Sterling is explained by the man who concocted it, Victor DiGiacomo:

"It starts first with what perfumers call 'top notes' which impart the first impression—the clean, fresh exhilaration of classical citrus combined with exotic spices. Then come the 'body notes', built around geranium and herbs, enhanced by the floral scent of jasmin and rose and strengthened by balsam and resins. The 'end notes' which are added next are influenced by the traditional woody trio vetiver - sandalwood - patchouly with typical oak-moss adding greenness to woodiness.

Finally the well-known animal fixitives of ambergris, musk, tonquin and civet, together with new polycyclic musks, harmonize the ensemble, ensuring a perfect interblend and adding a sensual touch."

British Sterling is a product of Speidel, which also produces a line of toiletries called Bravura, for the contemporary male. Bravura's advertising and promotional

theme is, "For the Man Who Hears a Different Drummer". Decanters containing Bravura after-shave and cologne are topped with large genuine walnut caps which, we're informed by the company, can be used when the fragrance is gone as candlestick holders. Different drummer, indeed.

SPACE ANTISEPTIC

From a letter received here: "That moon-germ killer of Apollo II fame, Betadine antiseptic, is now available as a mouthwash, gargle, skin cleanser, ointment, shampoo and douche".

BODY JEWELRY

Body jewelry for men was the "latest" in men's fashion accessories to be shown at a fashion show at Hess's well-known department store in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Gold and silver metallic chain vests, in various lengths,



designed exclusively for Hess's by Alfredo Picchi of Florence, Italy, were shown.



But I am not so stupid as to fall for that. Only the other day I changed to a larger and more comfortable room. I have all my meals sent up so that I move about as little as possible. Even my clothes, my precious Minsk suit, have been sacrificed in an effort to make detection more difficult. I have 40 new disguises (and 40 new shirts and ties to match). You would never recognize your old comrade. Nor need you worry about money, Petrov. Naturally I could not accomplish my task on the official allowance; that was good enough for the desert but to take as one's cover a three-room suite at the fashionable International Hotel one needs the real thing, comrade. How do I get it? You will be proud to know that I have turned this vulgar economic system to my own advantage. Every night I put in five or six hours at the tables. It is a gruelling task, particularly when every other waking moment is spent in the pursuit of Kravchinski. But it works. . . .

Dear, dear Petrov: It no longer works. My six weeks of silence may have been difficult to bear but believe me I was desperate. My bankroll is gone. After weeks of incredible luck (I was about 60,000 dollars ahead) my fortunes changed. I had developed a system which took every moment of every day to apply. I never left the tables, never! It was my duty, comrade, to ensure the proper economic rationale for the cover I had chosen. I am back in the desert but all is not lost. *I have Kravchinski!*

Yes, comrade Petrov, I have Kravchinski. I found him at the other end of the dice. He is a boxman at the International and it is he, and he alone, who beat me. For 12 days and 12 nights I shot craps at his table, never raising my eyes from the dice until that fateful moment of truth when the final remnants of my fortune were whisked away. I heard a tiny laugh, Petrov, a chuckle that took me back to Minsk and my youth and those happy days at the academy. I looked up and Kravchinski grinned back at me. It was not the mocking grin of Kravchinski the swashbuckler, it was the warm grin of friendship and recognition. We embraced, Petrov, winner and loser together, and then, excusing himself from the table, he told me everything. In the first place he was not running away. He was, in fact, overjoyed to see me. He sends his dearest fraternal greetings and begs to be remembered to your wife and children. His story is simple. He lived in Hoboken for nine years. That's where you assigned him and that's where he went. He set up his cover as an exterminator and waited for instructions and they never came. In nine years he heard nothing but his business prospered and he grew to enjoy the offerings of his new environment. Finally, distressed by the department's silence (and secretly believing himself to be abandoned by a service that needed him no longer) he moved to Las Vegas, leaving behind what he thought to be sufficient evidence of his whereabouts.

Tonight I am having dinner with K. and a few friends backstage at the International. I will learn more, no doubt, and communicate with you later. Best regards from us both. . . .

Dear Petrov: Several months have now passed since my last letter. Much has changed. I am once more out of the desert and sharing a pleasant apartment with K. Needless to say we are the best of friends and he has helped me enormously. I have a job, thanks to him, which I cherish for its humble and utilitarian quality. In short, dear Petrov, K. and I are happy with our arrangement and wish to resign herewith from active service. Neither one of us has the smallest secret in our bald heads and you cannot possibly need two very useless and tired old men.

As for my job (this will amuse you), I was introduced to the stage manager of the International the very night of my reunion with K. We, too, became friends and soon afterwards he offered me a unique if not disconcerting job. In short, I stand in the wings as the dancers go on. In one hand I hold a huge powder puff and in the other a can of talc. As those lovely little nymphets trip by they pause for a moment and I pat them with powder. I pat their glowing cheeks, their foreheads, chins, shoulders and, yes, even their breasts and dimpled buttocks, my dear Petrov. In fact, I pat them wherever I determine their bodies to be too shiny, and it's amazing how a dancer can get shiny in such interesting places. But it is an exacting job, comrade, and a serious one. I alone ensure that each plump and perfect breast remains a thing of beauty throughout the performance. That is *my* contribution.

Now, Kravchinski is one of the best boxmen in Las Vegas and he enjoys his work. I have no way of ascertaining whether his passion for this particular position is such that he would fight to keep it. But, Petrov, I am another story: I am the backstage powder boy at the International Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, U.S.A., and to keep this position I would fight to the death. Farewell, forever. . . .



HOUSECALL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

to your continued interest in this matter, however, we will re-examine our position on all foreign sex publications and their possible introduction to these shores.—TIME . . .

Dear Time: Thank you for your letter in which you confirm your willingness to re-evaluate *Time's* position on foreign publications seeking a marketplace in the United States. I would like, however, to qualify my own position on another point raised by you. You state that you are unable "to relate the manner and spirit of American democracy to a sex magazine." As such magazines are normally beyond my sphere of interest, my concern, as mentioned earlier in our correspondence, is purely academic. The fact that Penthouse may be sex-oriented is not at issue. The fact that you fail to recognize the natural equation between foreign-based publications of considerable following and influence abroad and our own democratic way of life and the natural interest, friendliness and receptivity of the American people is.

I am not suggesting that you have been deliberately unfair in your treatment of Penthouse. I am merely saying that the article was confusing, inconclusive and lacking in information. May I further point out that this is a personal opinion and in no way reflects the attitude of my office.—RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON . . .

Dear Mr. President: We are absolutely flabbergasted that with all the

pressures of state, the commitments of high office and the sundry incidental demands made on the presidency that you can still allocate *public* time to what appears to be an obsessive personal interest in sex magazines.

We up here at Time Inc. have had a lot of experience with amateur publishers, particularly imitative amateur publishers and most particularly imitative amateur *British* publishers. We know a bad scene when we see it.—TIME . . .

Dear Time: I could not help but notice the reference to imitative amateur *British* publishers with particular accent on the word *British*. My press office informs me that on February 27, 1933, *Time* reviewed another new magazine in its press section. This magazine was started by (to use your own words at the time) "a spirited little Britisher". Today this magazine is widely known and enjoyed as *Newsweek*. Am I getting warm?—RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON . . .

Dear Mr. President: Normally, we up here at Time Inc. do not have to listen to that sort of claptrap. And since *Newsweek* is not a sex magazine we cannot see how it could possibly be of interest to you!—TIME . . .

Dear Newsweek: Is it true that your magazine "separates fact from opinion" and if so, how soon could a man who likes to think for himself get a subscription?—RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON . . . B. G. 

this one for the Gipper" school. (Pat O'Brien portraying Knute Rockne is the stereotype). In today's sophisticated world different methods are needed.

The problem usually presents itself in two forms. A winning team may get complacent; a losing team, or a team facing a crucial test, may get too tense. In one case, the coach must get the team "up"; in the other, relaxation is required.

Red Auerbach, who coached those Celtic teams to all those basketball championships, usually faced the problem of keeping them sharp through long seasons of comfortable leads. He sought constantly for new ways to keep his men off balance: feigning anger, picking on an idiosyncrasy, making picayune criticisms. And many a coach has achieved squad unity by making all his players hate him simultaneously, creating the oldest of inspirations, a common enemy. This is dangerous in the long run, but it works occasionally.

The opposite technique is the "puff job", building a man's confidence to the point that he outdoes himself. The Yankees collectively, when they were winning, often had this effect on players who joined them, and when Ralph Houk managed them in 1961-3, he practised it assiduously. He had half his players convinced that they were the greatest in the world—and since the other half really were, the team won steadily. (Three years later, when he returned to managing, Houk was the same but the players weren't, and the team lost steadily.)

Mickey Mantle, the most famous Yankee, is remembered by teammates for a master stroke in the area of relaxing tension. In the 1958 World Series, the Yankees lost the fourth game to the Milwaukee Braves, falling behind, three games to one, in the seven-game series. Mickey showed up in the clubhouse with one of those trick arrows, with the point sticking out of one ear and the shaft out of the other, and the Yankees didn't stop laughing until they swept the remaining three games and the series.

Auto-psyching is application of the above methods without outside help. Jim Bouton, the Yankee pitcher who had two successful seasons in 1963 and 1964, and two very unsuccessful ones right after that, tries to get himself into the proper frame of mind for victory by reading clippings of his good years the night before he is scheduled to start. "I try to recapture how I felt before those winning games," he explains, "and it helps me if I can go into the next game with the same feeling."

Theater-goers will instantly recognize this as sheer Stanislavski. For Bouton, it didn't work well enough to keep him



And then there's
auto-psyching, to get
you in the frame of
mind for playing better
than you thought you
could . . .

from going back to the minors last year.

More common is the negative aspect of auto-psyching. Players get "down on themselves" when they're not doing well, and sometimes develop a sense of futility against a certain opponent. They "psyche themselves" out of contention before they start, knowing that something is bound to go wrong and waiting for it to happen. This kind of "losing attitude" is the hardest thing to root out when one is trying to turn a habitual loser into a winning team.

Defensive psyching is directed most frequently at umpires and referees. The theory is: if you complain loudly enough about all questionable decisions against you, you'll make sure that some of them will go for you. It's sort of a cross between lobbying and threatening, and since both sides feel it is necessary, the pressure on officials never lets up.

On the personal level, what might be termed a defensive psyche is the gambit

made famous by Walter Hagen. In a twosome, the great golfer was all milk and honey and conceded putts left and right, short ones, long ones, difficult ones, easy ones. For 16 holes, he didn't make his opponent actually knock the ball into the cup.

Then, on the 17th, with the match even, his opponent had about a 10-footer. Hagen considered the situation carefully, seriously, without haste or rancor.

"I think," he said finally, "you better try this one."

It worked.

The fifth category, in which the would-be psycher gets hoist by his own psyche-tard, is seen most often in altercations and approaches to records. When a team is flat emotionally, a brawl can prove beneficial. Now, if a pitcher throws too close to a batter, or a basketball rebounder throws too vigorous an elbow, the purpose is intimidation. If instead it produces rage, which may even erupt into a free-for-all, the wake-up effect on the aggrieved team may be considerable. Thus the original psycher, seeking the advantage of intimidation, winds up out-psyched by the aroused opposition. The ancients had a phrase for it: let sleeping dogs lie.

Another instance is a game in which a pitcher has a no-hitter going. The rather mythical tradition that no one should mention it assumes that it will make the record-breaker too tense if he hears about it. Therefore the opposition makes sure it reminds him before every batter that he is pitching a no-hitter. But this in turn unavoidably reminds the batters that their team hasn't got a hit, and they may tense up more than the pitcher does.

Is psyching merely a modern designation for plain old-fashioned superstition? The two do have something in common, but there is one significant difference. The superstitious man is at the mercy of events; he can't help seeing that black cat, and once he does, his negative psychology is set in motion. And he can't rely on finding a large number of four-leaf clovers. The psycher, on the other hand, is in control of his environment, or trying to be. His mental tricks may not succeed, on himself or his opponent, but they are not likely to prey on his confidence if they don't.

Psyching, then, is simply the current term for thought control, which ranges from subliminal suggestion to thorough brainwashing. In athletics, where thought so often can be the enemy of action, it's always worth a try. And in a sense, this attempt to describe the process has been a demonstration of it: it can be said that you, the reader of this article, have been psyched into thinking you've been informed when in reality you haven't been.

Or have you? 



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